THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly ine
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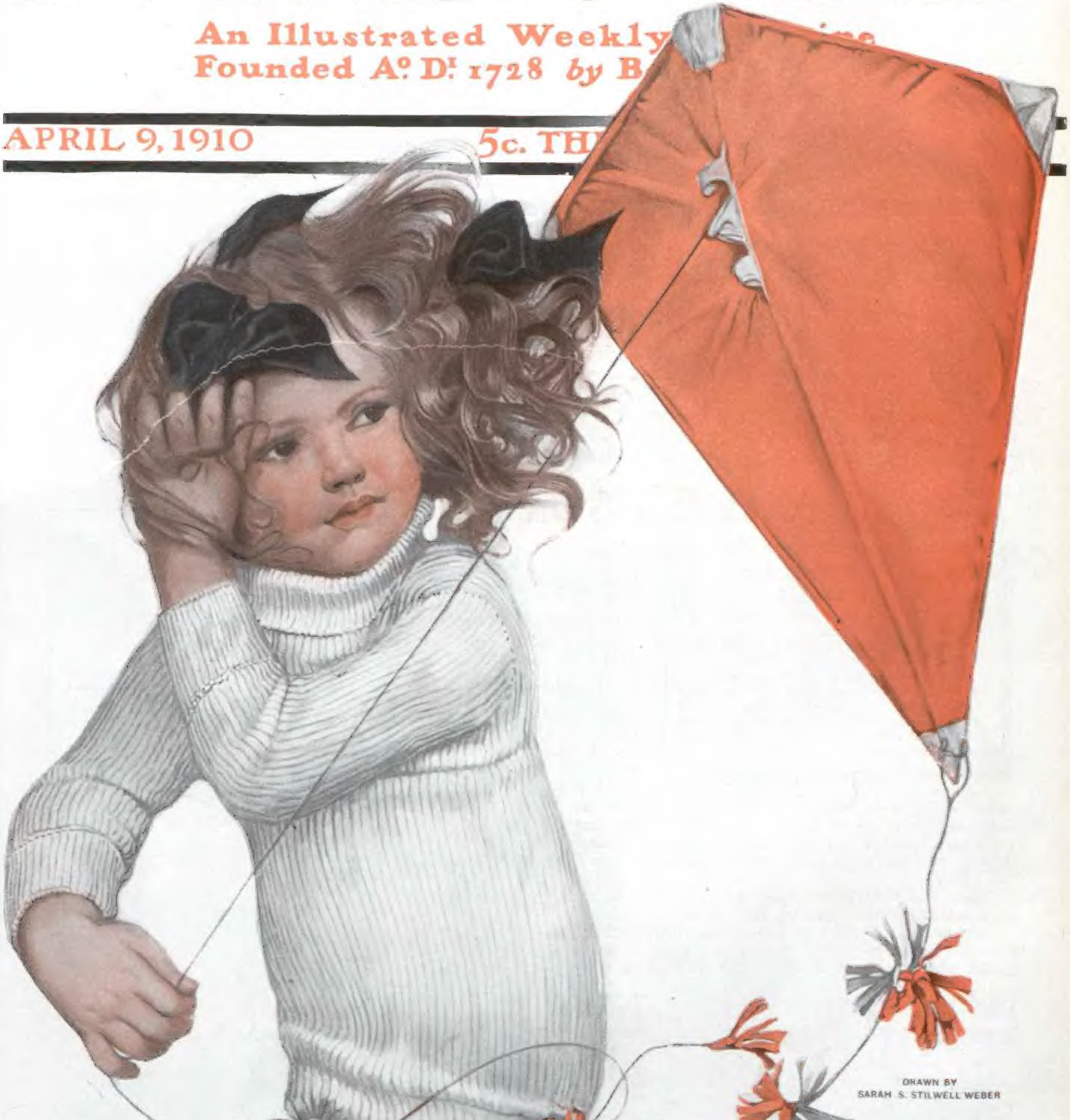
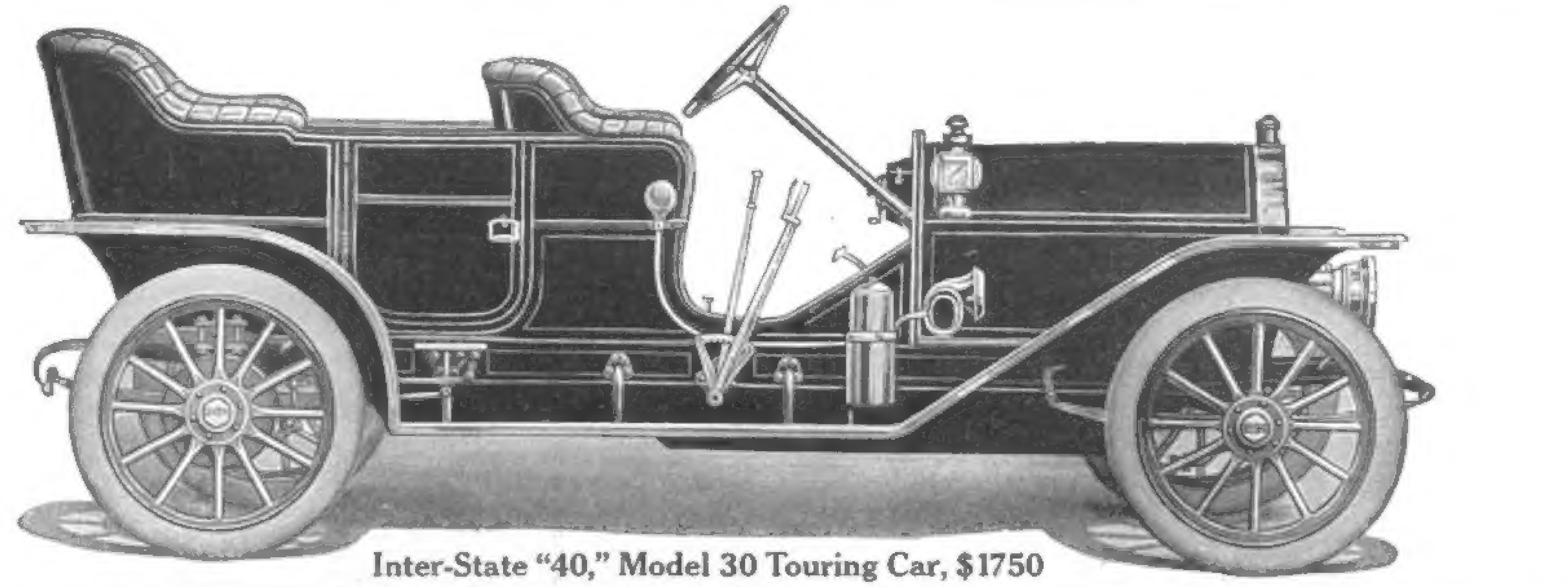


DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Inter-State "40," Model 30 Touring Car, $1750

You Get Your Car the Day Promised

ALL Inter-State Automobiles are actually shipped the day promised. No annoying delays. We only accept such orders for cars as we can execute immediately. We have never disappointed either dealer or consumer, nor will we. If you have placed an order for a car that is just due, or which cannot be delivered when promised, you will appreciate its annoyance.

Orders for Inter-State cars are accepted just as reserved seats are sold at a theatre. When we cannot ship at once, we do not accept your order. Orders are accepted from dealers and consumers in the order in which they are received. If you don't want to be disappointed in not getting your car when you want it, examine the Inter-State and decide at once.

40 H. P. 118 inch W. B. $1750

Same Features that the Highest Price Cars Have

Observe the extra long wheel base, 118 inches; the graceful lines and the roominess of these big forty-horsepower models.

No more highly efficient motor is in use than that of the Inter-State "Forties"—4½ x 5 inches.

These cars have the U & H imported high tension magneto, double ignition system, multiple disc clutch of improved cork insert design (only found on foreign and higher priced cars), three-quarter elliptic rear springs, 34 x 4 inch tires and many other high priced features. All models built on the same chassis.

Inter-State

"Equal of Any Car"

Says Big Eastern Dealer

The Holcomb Company, of New Haven, Conn., which handles seven of the best-known cars on the market, writes:

"We have unloaded the carload of Inter-States, and are more than pleased with finish and workmanship. The writer has not seen any cars at any price that were more complete than these Inter-States. We certainly will push these cars and you can expect that we shall ask for more cars than our contract twice over."

All the Class for a Trifle More!

It costs just so much to build the bare essentials of a good car. Up to a certain point the investment of all manufacturers of good cars is about the same. If the manufacturer stops short with the bare essentials, you have a "cheap" car—a "good enough" car, maybe, but a car for which you are always apologizing, because it lacks the refinements that go to make up that subtle something called class.

These refinements in the highest-priced cars mean comparatively little more. Only a few hundreds at the most.

We have discovered that the discriminating purchaser of a popular-priced car is willing to pay the actual difference in cost between a car of bare essentials and a car with all the refinements. Hence, the big, efficient, roomy, luxurious Inter-State models at $1750. For $1750 we offer you a car with all the refinements. Read the specifications. These are a few of the most important, but they suggest the rest. What more can you get at twice the price? If you are going to buy a low-priced car, don't think you are barred from the high-priced class. A trifle more gets you the Inter-State.

Inter-State Automobile Co. Muncie, Indiana

There are some choice territories open for dealers to handle the Inter-State Cars.

Send for Our New Catalog —Judge for Yourself

Our new Catalog shows all the models of the Inter-State and sets forth the details of the features that cannot be described here.

S.E.P.

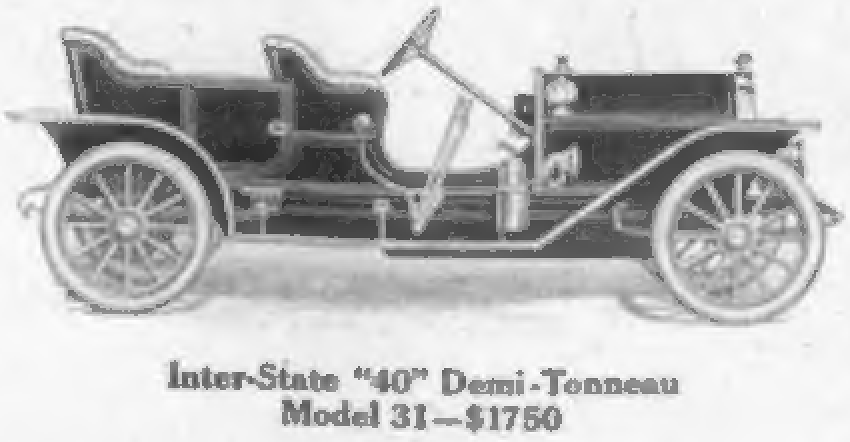
A Reminder

Inter-State Automobile Co., Muncie, Ind.

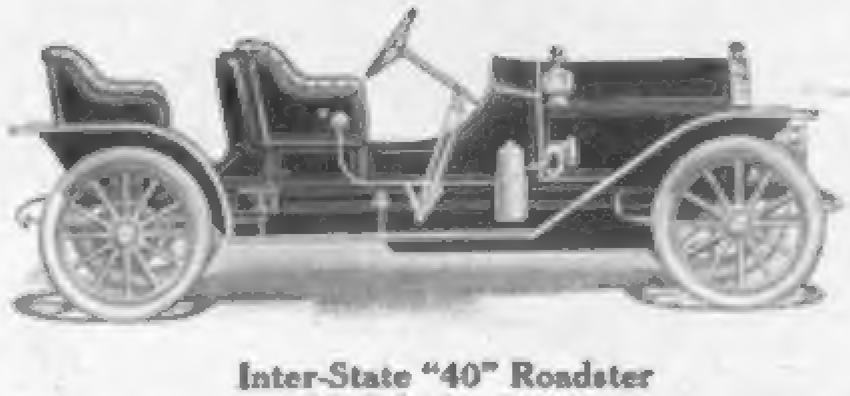
You may send me your 1910 Catalog.

Name ....

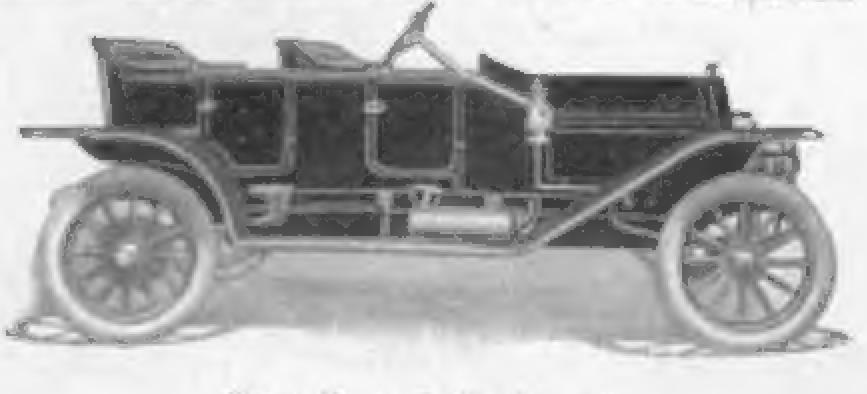
Address ....



Inter-State "40" Demi-Tonneau
Model 31—$1750



Inter-State "40" Roadster
Model 32—$1750
Single or Double Rumble



Inter-State "40" Torpedo
Model 34—$2000

It is Easy to make advertising claims for cars; but to make cars that will make good the claims is hard.

We ask automobile buyers to do this: After the advertisements have attracted your attention, then in fairness to yourselves and all the manufacturers, compare the cars *point by point.* That is all we ask.

On the Radiator

There are Chalmers dealers in all parts of the United States—more than 200 of them. We suggest that you get in touch with the one nearest to you at once. Let us send you his name if you do not know him.

Chalmers "30"—$1500

Judged by price alone you might as well buy some other car as a Chalmers: $1500 is simply $1500—no more in one bank than in another, no more in bills than in coin, no more in your pocket than in another man's.

It is only when you begin trying to buy something with your money that the sense of value enters your mind.

Your $1500 is worth more than another man's $1500 if at all, only because you are able to buy more with yours than he can buy with his.

We believe that when you buy a Chalmers "30" your $1500 becomes worth more than $1500 invested in any other car. Careful investigation will convince you of this fact.

Please remember you are not buying a *price* or an *advertisement:* you are buying a *car.* Therefore examine the *car* on its merits.

If you investigate thoroughly a Chalmers will be your *first choice,* if you are able to get a delivery in your territory.

* * *

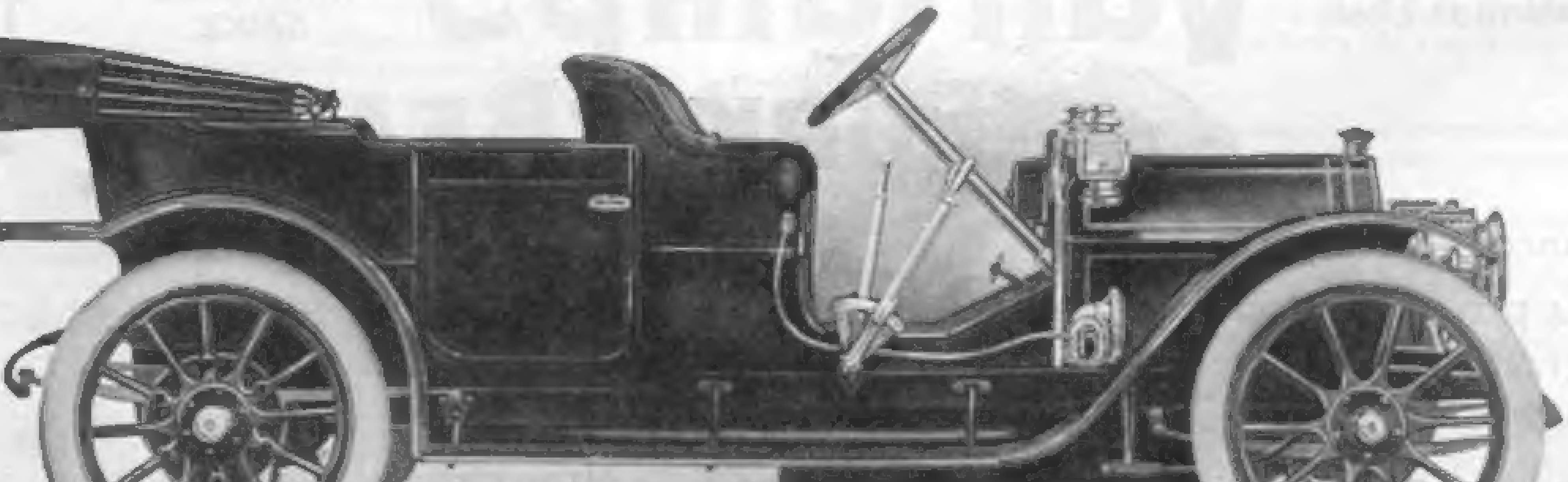
It is difficult to get more in a car, at any price, than you can get in a Chalmers "Forty" at $2750. The "Forty" has all the power one can want, the quality to endure, beauty of line and luxurious finish. Seats for seven if desired. **Catalogue "C" on request.**

On the Radiator

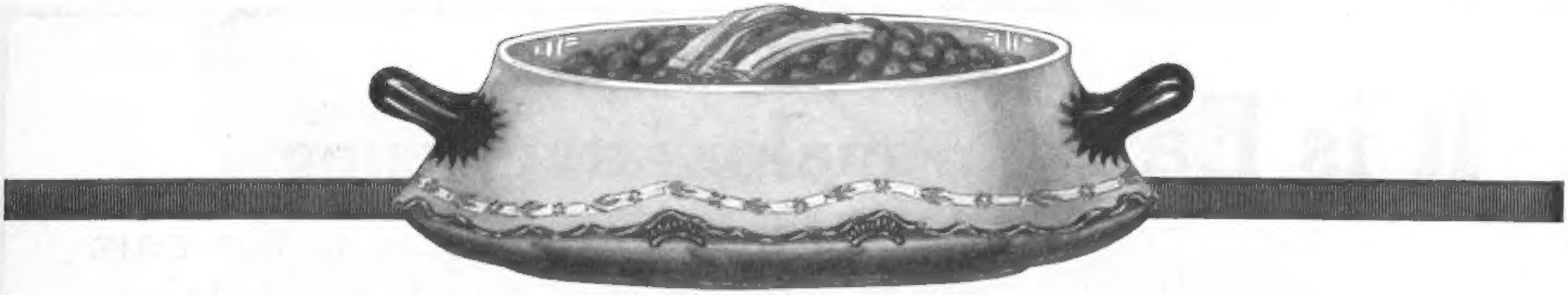
Chalmers Motor Company

Licensed under Selden Patent

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



Chalmers "30" Touring Car and Roadster, $1500
Pony Tonneau, $1600 Inside Drive Coupé, $2100 Limousine, $2750



Beans at Their Best

Nut-like and mealy—not crisped, not broken.
With the tang of ripe tomatoes baked in.

We are baking beans for the millions because Van Camp's are the best beans ever baked.

Our skill has been gained through 49 years of experience. Our facilities are such as no home can attain. We neglect no care, spare no cost to bring this dish to perfection.

So many people have found this out that the sale of Van Camp's exceeds all others combined.

We pay for our beans four times what some beans would cost. That is because we demand the choicest Michigan beans. Then we pick out by hand the whitest and plumpest—beans all of one size—beans that all bake alike.

Our sauce is made from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines—picked when the juice fairly sparkles. Every spice and ingredient is selected with equal care.

The cost is five times the market price of some tomato sauce, but everyone knows it is worth it.

We bake this tomato sauce into the beans, so every bean is permeated with its delicious tang and zest.

We bake these beans by superheated steam. Thus they are baked without crisping or bursting. They come from the ovens—just as you see them—nut-like, mealy and whole.

We apply to the beans more than twice as much heat as gets to the center of the home baking dish. Thus the granules are broken so digestion can act. The beans don't ferment and form gas.

No beans broken to pieces—none half-baked and none crisped—as with all beans baked in dry ovens.

These beans retain their oven freshness until the can is opened. Then they come to the table just as savory as though they came direct from the oven.

They can be served cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes—this dish that requires 16 hours to prepare.

Is it any wonder, think you, that so large a percentage have come to prefer Van Camp's?

The National Dish **Van Camp's** BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **The National Dish**

PORK AND BEANS

The importance of all this lies here:

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. Not even beef or eggs have so great a food value. Yet they cost one-third what beef costs.

When beans are baked as we bake them all people like them. One can hardly serve them too often.

Thus they serve to cut down on one's meat bills.

They are immensely convenient. A dozen cans on the pantry shelf mean a dozen meals ready for any emergency.

How can any housewife—in view of all these advantages—go without a stock of Van Camp's?

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

(55)

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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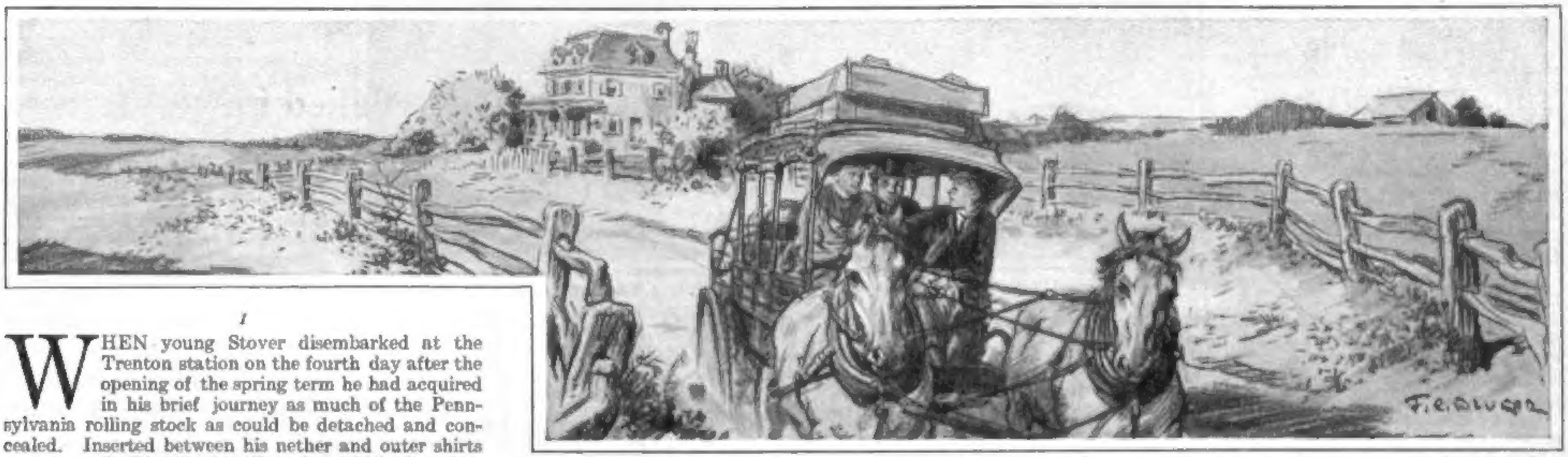
THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



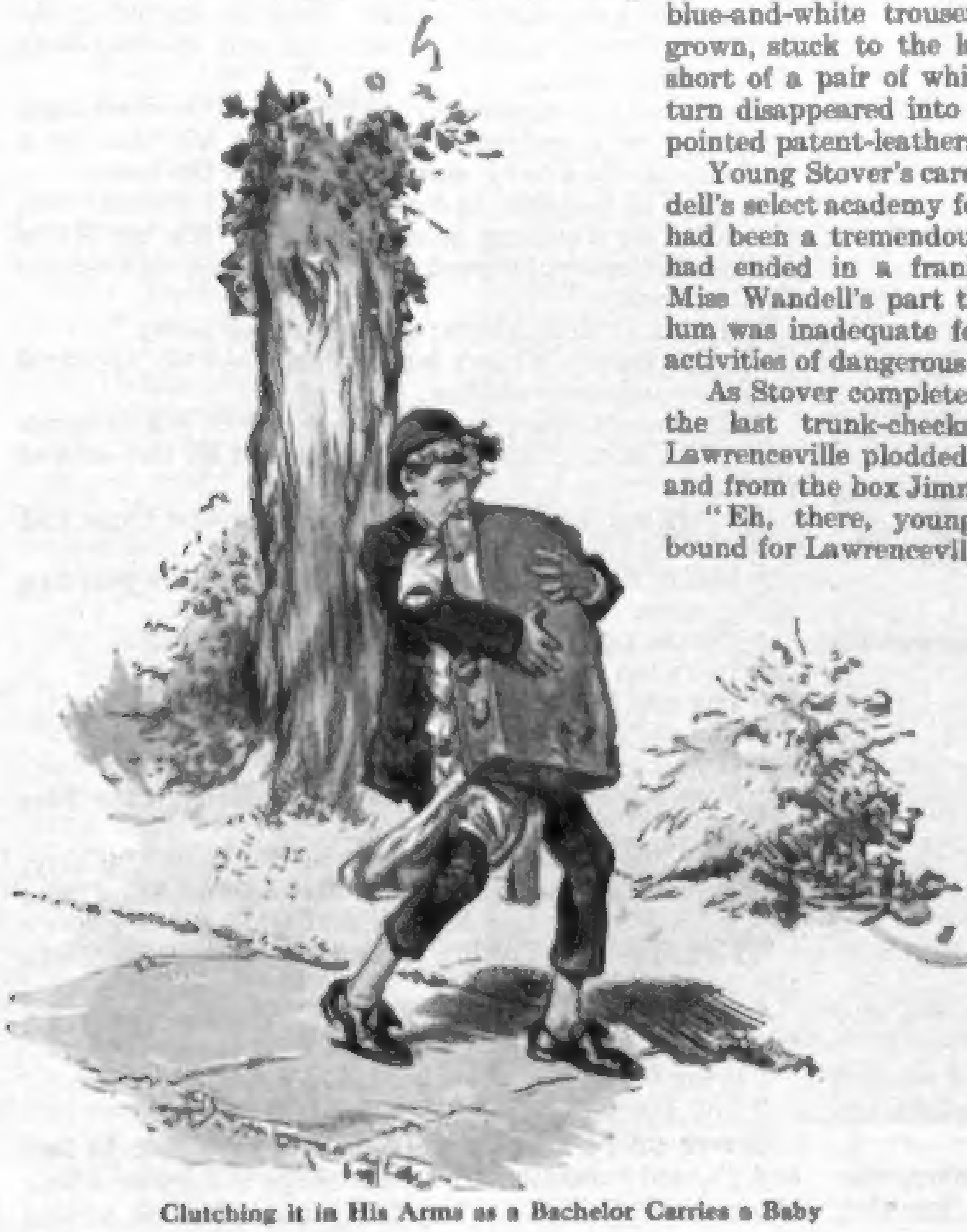
"I Was the Only One Saved, Me and the Ship's Cat"

I

WHEN young Stover disembarked at the Trenton station on the fourth day after the opening of the spring term he had acquired in his brief journey as much of the Pennsylvania rolling stock as could be detached and concealed. Inserted between his nether and outer shirts were two gilt Directions to Travelers which clung like mustard plasters to his back, while a jagged tin sign, wrenched from the home terminal, embraced his stomach with the painful tenacity of the historic Spartan fox. In his pockets were objects—small objects, but precious and dangerous to unscrew and acquire.

Being forced to wait, he sat now, preternaturally stiff, perched on a heap of trunks, clutching a broken dress-suit case which had been reënforced with particolored strings.

There was about young Stover, when properly washed, a certain air of cherubim that instantly struck the observer; his tousled tow hair had a cathedral tone, his cheek was guileless and his big, blue eyes had an upward cast toward the angels which, as in the present moment when he was industriously exchanging a check labeled Baltimore to a trunk bound for Jersey City, was absolutely convincing. But from the limit whence the cherub continueth not the imp began. His collar was crumpled and smutty with the descent of many signs, a salmon-pink necktie had quarreled with a lavender shirt and retreated toward one ear, one cuff had broken loose and one sulked up the sleeve. His green serge pockets bulged in every direction, while the striped blue-and-white trousers, already outgrown, stuck to the knees and halted short of a pair of white socks that in turn disappeared into a pair of razor-pointed patent-leathers.



Clutching it in His Arms as a Bachelor Carries a Baby

Young Stover's career at Miss Wandell's select academy for boys and girls had been a tremendous success, for it had ended in a frank confession on Miss Wandell's part that her curriculum was inadequate for the abnormal activities of dangerous criminals.

As Stover completed the transfer of the last trunk-checks the stage for Lawrenceville plodded cumbrously up, and from the box Jimmy hailed him.

"Eh, there, young Sporting Life, bound for Lawrenceville? Step lively."

Stover swung up, gingerly pushing ahead the battered bag.

"For Lawrenceville?" said the driver suspiciously.

"Right the first time."

"What house?"

"Oh, the Green will be good enough for me."

"Well, tuck in here."

"Thanks, I'll cuddle here," said Stover, slipping into the seat next to him, "just to look over the way you handle the ribbons and see if I approve of your method."

Jimmy, connoisseur of new arrivals, glanced behind at the only other passenger, a man of consular mould, and then looked at Stover in sardonic amusement.

"Don't look at me like that, old Sport," said Stover impressively; "I've driven real coaches, sixteen horses, rip-snorters, and all that sort of thing."

Jimmy, having guided the placid animals through the labyrinths of Trenton, gave them the rein on the long highway that leads to Lawrenceville and turned to examine Stover with new relish.

"Say, Bub," he said at length, "you're goin' to have a great time at this little backwoods school—you're going to enjoy yourself."

"Think I'm fresh, eh?"

"Fresh?" said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Why, fresh ain't at all the word."

"Well, I can take care of myself."

"What did they fire you for?" said Jimmy, touching up the horses.

"Who said they fired me?" said Stover, surprised.

"Well, what was it?" said Jimmy, disdaining an explanation.

"They fired me," said Stover, hesitating a moment—"they fired me for trying to kill a man."

"You don't say so!"

"I drew a knife on him," said Stover rapidly. "I'd 'a' done for him, too, the coward, if they hadn't hauled me off."

At this there was a chuckle from the passenger behind, who said with great solemnity:

"Dear me, dear me, a dreadful state of affairs—quite thrilling."

"I saw red, everything—everything red," said Stover, beginning to thrill.

"What had he done to you?" said Jimmy, winking at Mr. Hopkins, alias Lucius Cassius, alias The Roman, master of the Latin line and distinguished flunker of boys.

"He insulted my—my mother."

"Your mother?"

"She—she's dead," said Stover in a stage voice he remembered.

At this Jimmy and Mr. Hopkins stopped, genuinely perplexed, and looked hard at Stover.

"You don't mean it! Dear me," said The Roman, hesitating before a possible blunder.

"It was long ago," said Stover, thrilling with the delight of authorship. "She died in a shipwreck to save me."

The Roman was nonplused. There was always the possibility that the story might be true.

"Ah, she gave her life to save yours, eh?" he said encouragingly.

"Held my head above water, breeches buoy and all that sort of thing," said Stover, remembering something in Dickens. "I was the only one saved, me and the ship's cat."

"Well, well," said The Roman, with a return of confidence; "and your father—is he alive?"

"Yes," said Stover, considering the distant woods; "but—but we don't speak of him."

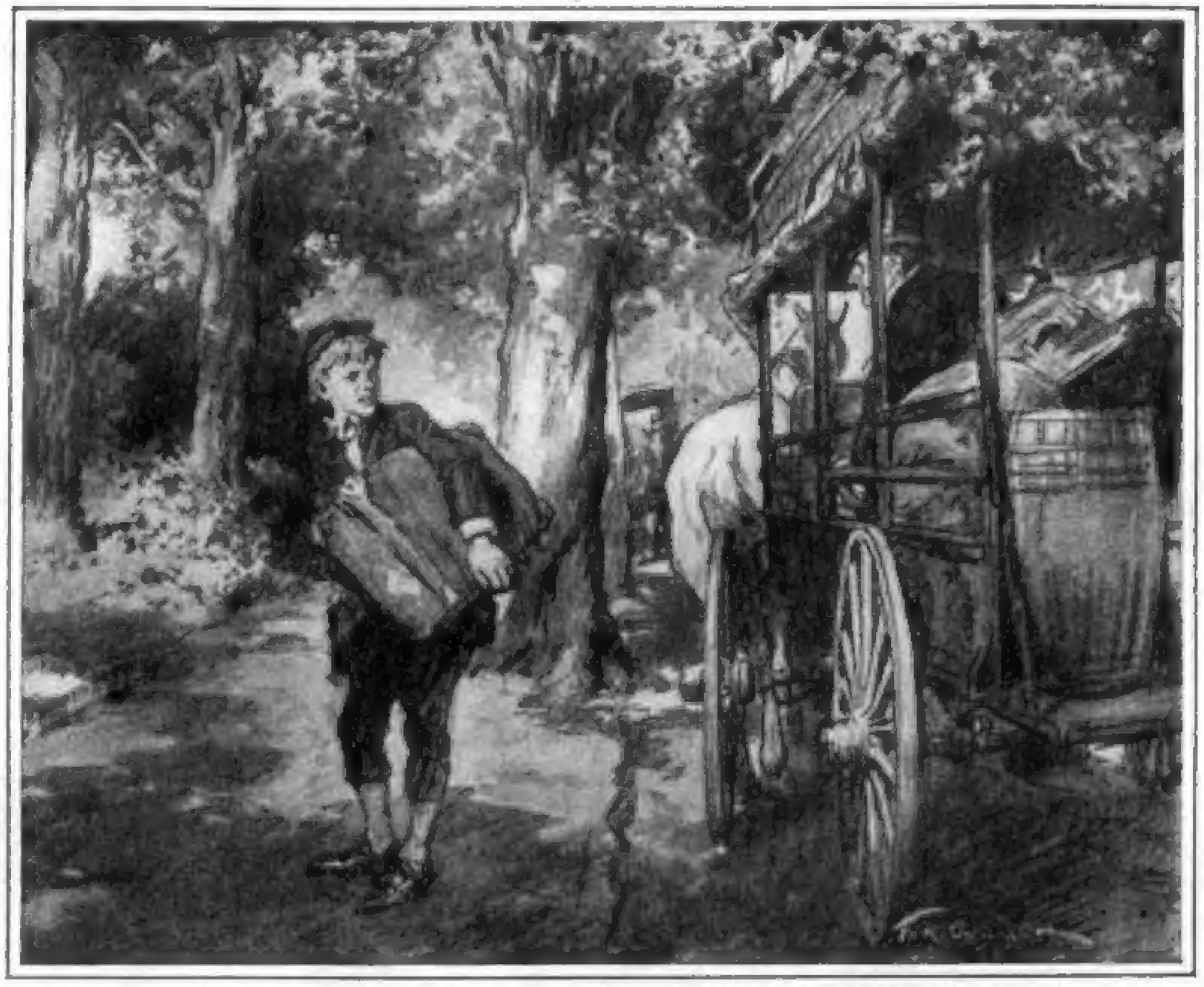
"Ah, pardon me," said The Roman, gazing on him with wonder. "Painful memories—of course, of course. And what happened to your brother?"

Stover, perceiving the note of skepticism, turned and looked The Roman haughtily in the face, then, turning to Jimmy, he said in a half-whisper:

"Who's the old buck, anyhow?"

Jimmy stiffened on the box as though he had received an electric shock; then, biting his lips, he answered with a vicious lunge at the horses:

"Oh, he comes back and forth every now and then."



"Discouraged!" Said Stover Disdainfully. "In a Week I'll Have 'Em Feeding From My Hand"

They were now in the open country, rolling steadily past fields of sprouting things, with the warm scent of new-plowed earth borne to them on the gentle April breeze.

All of a sudden Stover seemed to dive sideways from the coach and remained suspended by his razor-tipped patent-leathers.

"Hi, there!" cried Jimmy, bringing the coach to a stop with a jerk, "what are you trying to do?"

"Seeing if there are any females inside," replied Stover, reappearing.

"What's that to you?" said Jimmy indignantly.

"Keep your eye peeled and I'll show you," said the urchin, standing up, freeing his belt and unbuttoning his vest. In a moment, by a series of contortions, he drew forth the three signs and proudly displayed them.

"See these gilt ones," he said confidentially to the astounded Roman—"got 'em in the open car; stood right up and unscrewed them—penal offense, my boy. The tin one was easier, but it's a beaut. 'No loitering on these premises.' Cast your eye over that," he added, passing it to The Roman, who, as he gravely received it, gave Jimmy a dig that cut short a fit of coughing.

"Pretty fine, eh?" said Stover.

"Em, yes, quite extraordinary."

"And what do you think of these?" continued Stover, producing two nickel-plated knobs ravished from the washbasin. "'Pull and Push'—that's my motto. Say, Bill, how does that strike you?"

The Roman examined them and handed them back.

"You'll find it rather—rather slow at the school, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll put ginger into it."

"Indeed."

"What's your line of goods, old Sport?" said Stover, examining Mr. Hopkins with a knowing eye.

"Books," said The Roman with a slight jerk of his thin lips.

"I see."

Jimmy stopped the horses and went behind, ostensibly to see if the door was swinging.

"Let me drive?" said Stover, fidgeting after a moment's contemplation of Jimmy's method. "I'll show you a thing or two."

"Oh, you will, will you?"

"Let's have 'em."

Jimmy looked inquiringly at Mr. Hopkins and, receiving a nod, transferred the reins and whip to Stover, who immediately assumed a Wild West attitude and said patronizingly:

"Say, you don't get the speed out of 'em."

"I don't, eh?"

"Naw."

They were at that moment reaching the brink of a hill, with a sharp though short descent below.

"In my country," said Stover professionally, "we call a man who uses a brake a candy dude. The trick is to gallop 'em down the hills. Hang on!"

Before he could be stopped he sprang up with an ear-splitting war-whoop and brought the whip down with a stinging blow over the ears of the indignant horses, who plunged forward with a frightened leap. The coach rose and rocked, narrowly missing overturning in its sudden headlong course.

Jimmy clamped on the brakes, snatched the reins and brought the plunging team to a stop after just grazing the gutter. Stover, saved from a headlong journey only by the iron grip of The Roman, had a moment of horrible fear. But immediately recovering his self-possession he said gruffly:

"All right, let go of me."

"What in blazes were you trying to do, you young anarchist?" cried Jimmy, turning on him wrathfully.

"Gee! Why don't you drive a couple of cows?" said Stover in disgust. "Why, in my parts we always drive on two wheels."

"Two wheels!" said Jimmy scornfully. "Guess you never drove anything that did have four wheels but a baby-buggy."

But Stover, as though discouraged, disdained to reply, and sat in moody silence.

The Roman, who was still interested in a possible brother or two, strove in vain to draw him out. Stover wrapped himself in a majestic silence. Despite himself, the mystery of the discoverer was upon him. His glance fastened itself on the swelling horizon for the school that suddenly was to appear.

"How many fellows have you got here?" he said all at once to Jimmy.

"About four hundred."

"As much as that?"

"Sure."

"Big fellows?"

"Sizable."

"How big?"

"Two-hundred-pounders."

"When do we see the school?"

"Top of next hill."

The Roman watched him from the corner of his eye, interested in his sudden shift of mood.

"What kind of a football team did they have?" said Stover.

"Scored on the Princeton 'Varsity."

"Jemima! You don't say so!"

"Eight to four."

"Great Heavens!"

"Only game they lost."

"The Princeton championship team, too," said Stover, who was not deficient in historical athletics. "Say, how's the nine shaping up?"

"It's a winner."

All at once Jimmy extended his whip. "There it is, over there—you'll get the water tower first."

Stover stood up reverentially. Across the dip and swell of the hills a cluster of slated roofs, a glimpse of red brick through the trees, a touch of brownstone, a water tower in sharp outline against the sky, suddenly rose from the horizon. A continent had been discovered, the land of possible dreams.

"It's ripping—ripping, isn't it?" he said, still standing eagerly.

The Roman, gazing on it for the thousandth time, nodded his head in musing agreement.

Across the fields came the stolid ringing of the school bell, ringing a hundred laggards across the budding campus to hard seats and blackboarded walls, ringing with its lengthened, slow-dying, never-varying note.

"That the bell?" said Stover, rebelling already at its summons.

"That's it," said Jimmy.

Stover sat down, his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees, gazing eagerly forward, asking questions.

"I say, where's the Green House?"

"Ahead on your left—directly."

"That old, stone, block-house affair?"

"You win."

"Why, it's not on the campus."

"No, it ain't," said Jimmy, flicking the flies off the near horse; "but they've got a warm bunch of Indians all the same." Then, remembering the Wild West methods of driving, he added: "Don't forget about the ginger. Sock it to them. Fare, please."

"I'll sock it," said Stover with a knowing air. "I may be tender, but I'm not green."

He slapped a coin into the outstretched hand and reached back for the battle-scarred valise to perceive the keen eye of Mr. Hopkins set on him with amusement.

"Well, Sport, ta-ta, and good luck," said Stover, who had mentally ticketed him as a commercial traveler. "Hope you sell out," he called, after he had dismounted.

"Thanks," said Mr. Hopkins, with a twitch to his lip. "Now just one word to the wise."

"What's that?"

"Don't get discouraged."

"Discouraged!" said Stover disdainfully. "Why, old boy, put this in your pipe and smoke it—I'm going to own this house. In a week I'll have 'em feeding from my hand."

Before him, at the end of a stone walk, under the heavy boughs of evergreens, was a two-story building of stone, and under the Colonial portico a group curiously watching the new arrival.

The coach groaned and pulled heavily away. He was alone at the end of the interminable stone walk, clutching a broken-down bag ridiculously mended with strings, face to face with the task of approaching with dignity and ease these suddenly discovered critics of his existence.

II

IN ALL his fifteen years Stover had never been accused of standing in awe of anything or anybody; but at the present moment, as he balanced from foot to foot, calculating the unending distance of the stone flags, he was suddenly seized with an overpowering impulse to bolt. And yet the group at the steps were only mildly interested. An urchin pillowed on the knees of a Goliath had shifted so as languidly to command the approach; a baseball, traveling back and forth in lazy flight, had stopped only a moment, and then continued from hand to hand.

Stover had thought of his future associates without much trepidation, as he had thought of the Faculty as Miss Wandells in trousers—beings inferior to him in mental agility and resourcefulness, who, he confidently intended, should shortly follow his desires.

All at once, before he had spoken a word, before he had even seen the look on their countenances, he realized that he stood on the threshold of a new world, a system of society of which he was ignorant and by whose undivined laws he was suddenly to be judged.

Everything was wrong and strangely uncomfortable. His derby hat was too small—as it was—and must look ridiculous; his trousers were short and his arms seemed to rush from his sleeves.

He tried desperately to thrust back the cuff that had broken loose, and stooped for his bag. It would have been wiser to have embraced it bodily, but he breathed a prayer and grasped the handle. Then he started up the walk; half-way, the handle tore out and the bag went down with a crash.

He dove at it desperately, poking back the threatened avalanche of linen, and, clutching it in his arms as a bachelor carries a baby, started blindly for the house.

A roar of laughter had gone up at his discomfiture, succeeded by a sudden, solemn silence. Then the White Mountain Canary, pillowed against the knees of Cheyenne Baxter, spoke:

"No old clothes, Moses; nothing to sell today."

At this Butsey White's lathery face suddenly appeared at the second-story window.

"He doesn't want to buy—he wants to sell us something," he said. "Patent underwear and all that sort of thing."

Stover, red to the ears, advanced to the steps and stopped.

"Well?" said the Coffee-colored Angel as the guardian of the steps.

"I'm the new boy," said Stover in a gentle voice.

"The what?"

"The new boy."

"Impossible!"

"He's not!"

"New boys always say 'sir,' and take off their hats politely."

The White Mountain Canary looked at Tough McCarty, who solemnly interrogated the Coffee-colored Angel, who shook his head in utter disbelief and said:

"I don't believe it. It's a blind. I wouldn't let him in the house."

"Please, sir," said Stover hastily, doffing his derby, "I am."

"Prove it," said a voice behind him.

"Say, I'm not as green as all that."

Stover smiled a sickly smile, shifted from foot to foot and glanced hopefully at his fellow-imps to surprise a look of amusement. But as every face remained blank, serious and extremely critical, the smile disappeared in a twinkling and his glance went abruptly to his toes.

"He certainly should prove it," said the Coffee-colored Angel anxiously. "Can you prove it?"

Stover gingerly placed the gaping valise on the top step and fumbled in his pockets.

"Please, sir, I have a letter from—from the Doctor," he blurted out, finally extracting a crumpled envelope and tendering it to the Coffee-colored Angel, who looked it over with well-simulated surprise and solemnly announced:

"My goodness gracious! Why, it is the new boy!"

Instantly there was a change.

"Freshman, what's your name?" said little Susie Satterly in his deepest tones.

"Stover."

"Sir."

"Sir."

"What's your full name?"

"John Humperdink Stover, sir."

"Humper—what?"

"Dink."

"Say it again."

"Humperdink."

"Say it for me," said the Coffee-colored Angel, with his hand to his ear.

"Humperdink."

"Accent the last syllable."

"Humper—DINK!"

"Are you trying to bluff us, Freshman?" said Cheyenne Baxter severely.

"No, sir; that's my real name."

"Humper—dink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Rinky Dink, you've got a rotten name."

"Yes, sir," said Stover, who never before had felt such a longing to agree.

"How old?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Weight?"

"One hundred and thirty, sir."

"Ever been in love?"

"No, sir."

"Ever served a penal sentence?"

"No, sir."

"Then, where did you get these clothes?"

The group slowly circulated about the embarrassed Stover, scanning the amazing costume. Cheyenne Baxter took up the inquisition.

"Say, Dink, honest, are these your own clothes?" he said with a knowing look.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, honest," continued Cheyenne in a whisper, bending forward and putting his hand to his ear as though inviting a confidence.

Stover felt suddenly as though his own ears were swelling to alarming proportions—swelling and perceptibly reddening.

"What do they feed you on, Rinky Dink?" said the White Mountain Canary softly.

"Feed?" said Stover unwarily, not perceiving the intent of the question.

"Do they give you many green vegetables?"

Stover tried to laugh appreciatively, but the sound fizzled dolefully out.

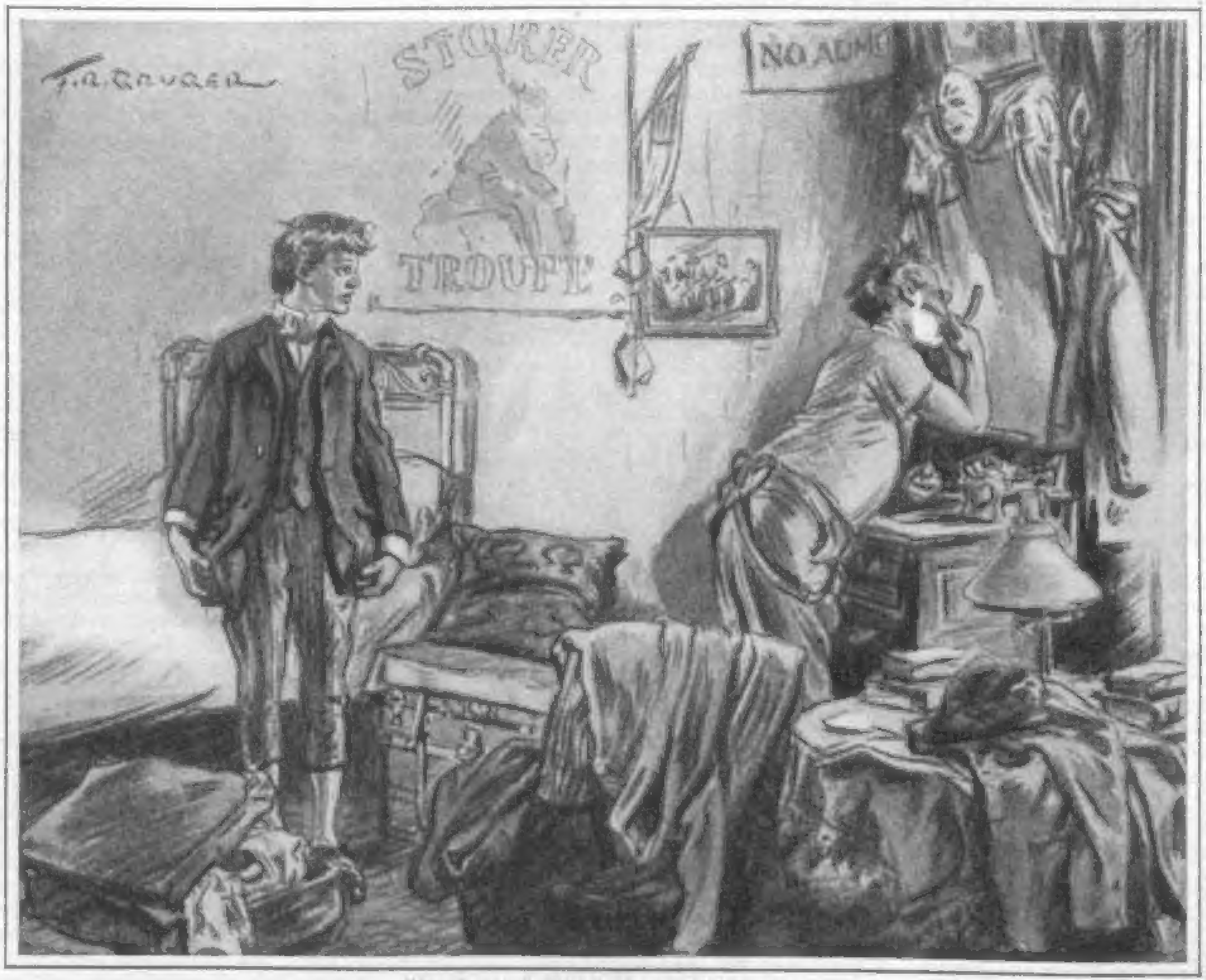
"Because, Dink," said the White Mountain Canary earnestly, "you must not eat green vegetables, really you must not. You're green enough already."

"Why did they fire you?" said Tough McCarty.

Stover raised his eyes instinctively. There was a new accent to the inquisition, different from all the other questions he had run.

He looked at Tough McCarty's stocky frame and battling eyes, and suddenly knew that he was face to face with a human being between whom and himself there could never be a question of compromise or quarter.

"Well, Freshman," said McCarty impatiently.



"I'm Sorry; I—Didn't Mean to be Fresh"

"What did you ask me?" said Dink purposely.

"Sir."

"Sir."

"What did they fire you for?"

"They fired me," began Stover slowly, and then stopped to reconsider. The story he had told on the coach, somehow, did not seem quite in place here. The rôle of firebrand and hothead, drawing villainous knives on frightened boys, would not quite convince his present audience. To tell the truth was impossible—to admit himself the product of Miss Wandell's and coeducation would be fatal—and likewise the truth was, in his philosophy, only a lazy expedient to a man of imagination. So he said slowly:

"They fired me for bringing in a couple of rattlesnakes and—and assaulting a teacher."

"My! You are a bad man, aren't you?" said Tough McCarty seriously. "I'm afraid you're too dangerous for the Green, Dink. Really I do."

"He does look devilishly wicked, Tough."

"Assaulting a teacher—how broo-tal."

"Why, Rinky Dink," said the Coffee-colored Angel sadly, "don't you know that was very wicked of you? You should love your teachers."

Stover suddenly perceived that his audience was unsympathetic.

"Don't you know you should love your teachers?"

Stover essayed a grin, then looked at the ground and stirred up a stone with his foot.

"So you're fond of rattlesnakes?" said McCarty, persisting.

"Ye-es, sir."

"Very fond?"

"I was brought up with them," said Stover, trying to fortify his position.

"You don't mean it," said McCarty, looking hard at Baxter. "Cheyenne, he's just the man to train up that little pet rattler of yours."

"Just the thing," said Cheyenne instantly; "we'll let him take out the fangs."

Stover smiled a superior smile; he was not to be caught on such tales.

"What are you smiling at, Freshman?" said McCarty immediately.

"Nothing, sir."

Butsey White, at the second-story window, scanning the road, perceived Mr. Jenkins approaching, and announced the fact, adding:

"Send him up; he belongs to me."

"Make a nice bow, Freshman," said McCarty. "Take your hat off, keep your heels together. Oh, that wasn't a very nice bow. Try again."

At this moment Jimmy, returning on the stage, reined in with a sudden interest. Stover hastily executed a series of grotesque inclinations and, grasping the clumsy valise, disappeared behind the door, hearing, as he struggled up the stairs, the roar from without that greeted his departure.

"The freshest of the fresh."

"Green all over."

"Will we tame him?"

"Oh, no!"

"And Butsey's got him."

"Humper—DINK!"

"Wow!"

As Stover reached the head of the stairs a door was thrown open and Butsey White appeared in undress uniform. The next moment Stover found himself in a large double room gorgeously decorated with flags, pennants, sporting prints and souvenirs, while through the open window came a grateful feeling of quiet and repose.

Butsey White, a roly-poly, comical fellow of sixteen or seventeen, with a shaving-brush in one hand, held out the other with an expression of lathery solicitude.

"Well, Stover, how are you? How did you leave mother and the chickens? My name's White. Mr. White, please. I'm most particular."

"How do you do, Mr. White?" said Stover, recovering some of his composure.

"There's your kennel," said Butsey White, indicating the bed. "The washtrough's over here. Bath's down the corridor. Do you snore?"

"What?" said Stover, taken back.

"Oh, never mind. If you do I'll cure you," said White encouragingly. "What did they fire you for?"

Stover, smarting at his humiliation below, seized the opportunity for revenge.

"They fired me for drinking the alcohol out of the lamps," he said with his most convincing smile.

Butsey White, who had returned to the painful task of shaving, suddenly straightened up and extended the deadly razor in angry rebuke.

"There's a little too much persiflage around here," he said sternly. "We don't like it. We prefer to see young, unripe freshmen come in on their tiptoes and answer when they're spoken to. Young Stover, you've got in wrong. You're just about the freshest cargo we've ever had. You've got a lot to learn, and I'm going to start right in educating you. Savvy?"

"It was only a joke," said Stover, looking down.

"A joke! I'll attend to any joking around here," said Butsey, with a reckless wave of his razor. "There may be a few nickel-plated jokes roaming around here, soon, you hadn't thought of. Now, what did they fire you for?"

"They fired me for kissing a teacher."

"A teacher?"

"The drawing teacher," said Stover hastily, perceiving the danger of the new assertion.

The old boy looked at him hard, gave a sort of grunt and, turning his back, took up again the interrupted task of shaving. Stover, a little dismayed at his own audacity, sought to conciliate his future roommate.

"Mr. White, I say, where'll I stow my duds?"

No answer.

"I'm sorry; I—didn't mean to be fresh. Which is my bureau?"

The razor, suddenly extended, pointed between the windows. Stover, crestfallen, hastily sorted out the contents of his bag and silently ranged collars and neckties, waiting hopefully for a word. Suddenly he remembered the properties of the Pennsylvania Railroad and, sorting out the signs, he advanced on Butsey White, saying:

"I brought these along—thought they might help decorate the room, Mr. White."

Butsey White gazed at the three stolen signs and grunted a somewhat mollified approval.

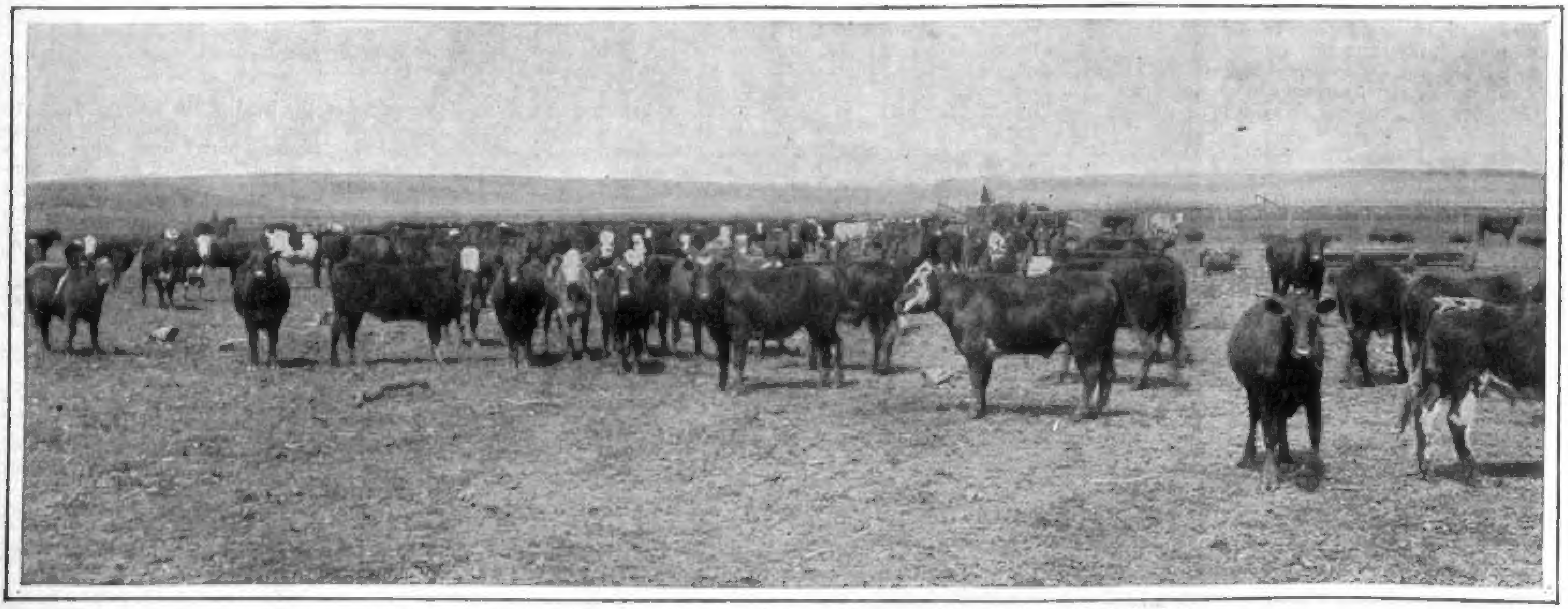
"Got anything else?"

"A couple of sporting prints coming in the trunk, sir."

"You want to get everything you can lay your hands on when you go home. Now run on down and report to Fuzzy-Wuzzy—Mr. Jenkins.

(Continued on Page 69)

Does the Farmer Get His Share?



Choice to Fancy Cattle Like These Have Been Selling in Chicago at $7.50 to $8.40 the Hundredweight

By F. D. COBURN

SECRETARY KANSAS DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE farmer is the only manufacturer on earth who is given no voice as to what shall be the price of his product. The man who makes pins, pianos, breakfast foods or battleships must be consulted as to the price for which his output shall be marketed and what he shall pay for his purchases; but the farmer, who feeds all and clothes all, is so unheeded and mute at both ends of a transaction that in comparison the proverbial oyster would seem boisterously loquacious.

Greater newspaper space is being given at this time to discussing the high cost of living than is devoted to any other subject. It is a matter of greatest interest to every person, whether of high or low degree. Newspapers, commissions and commissioners, grand juries and public and private investigators are trying to learn why living expenses are so high, recommending how they may be reduced and attempting to fix the blame for the present level of prices. Every man and woman who has a grocery bill to pay knows that prices are higher now than ever before in their experience, and all are interested in knowing why. The investigators are trying to find out. Some one or several may determine who or what it is that causes such inroads into salary checks out of which must be provided the necessities of life, but it is improbable that any decision reached will be satisfactory to every one.

It is not likely that the cost of living will be noticeably reduced until there is a material increase in the production or a decrease in the consumption. James Wilson, Secretary of the National Department of Agriculture, has said he sees no prospect of the cost of living going down. The law of supply and demand should determine the prices of foodstuffs, but it is a fact that some artificial means is playing an important part in their increase. The tariff, trusts, cold-storage houses, wholesale dealers, demands of foreign nations and other factors may enter into the cost of living, and one or all of these may be charged to a greater or less extent with having some purely artificial influence on what consumers pay. Supply and demand would create one price, but these artificial creations apparently fix another and largely increase the cost.

The Process of Approaching the Consumer

THERE are charges and counter charges from every direction as to who is to blame. Each individual, firm or corporation that handles a commodity about which there is complaint points to some other as the one on whom the odium should rest. If the price of an article is too high, when compared with the quotations for the materials where it is produced, then some one is receiving too great a profit, too large a part of each dollar the consumer pays. It is the belief everywhere that prices of foodstuffs are actually higher than the usual economic laws would fix, and that artificial means and too many intermediaries have inflated final costs beyond any proper proportions. Many believe that some one is getting larger profits than sound business methods would justify.

Investigators may definitely locate the evil and prescribe some practicable remedy whereby the law may step in and stop such usury, for that is what taking too great a profit from any commodity really is. Money lenders are prohibited from exacting too high a rate of interest for the use of their funds, but there is no law or rule that prohibits the borrower of that money from making as great a profit as he can extort from the customer.

It will be admitted by every one that the man or combination that fixes the prices at which a given commodity is sold is the one with the best opportunity for overcharging, and that he has the best chances to take the lion's share of a profit resulting from high prices. It will also be admitted that the man who does not make the prices, but who is compelled to accept those another offers, is the one who has the least chance of taking an abnormal profit for his part in handling the article.

The producer and the consumer are the only persons who have nothing to say as to the prices. If the producer does not accept the offer of the first middleman he meets the commodity may rot on his hands, and if the consumer does not pay the price demanded by the last of the middlemen he must do without that commodity. Between the producer and the consumer there may be one or a dozen middlemen, every one of whom must have a profit, and one or all of these profits may be too large. The consumer has to pay all these in addition to the cost of production and marketing. If the consumer could buy direct from the producer the excess profits would be eliminated and the problem of the high cost of living would undoubtedly be solved, but this is impracticable and impossible. Kansas, for instance, produces ninety million bushels of wheat a year—many million bushels more than her own people could consume. It would be impossible for each farmer to sell his surplus grain direct to the laboring men in New York or Liverpool, hence there must be a middleman, or several, in the transference of the surplus from the producer to the consumer.

A Kansas farmer loads a car of hogs and ships them to market. When he reaches the stockyards and has his hogs unloaded into a pen he goes to the livestock exchange. He is greeted cordially by half a dozen commission merchants, all eager to transact his business. No buyer for a packing-house and no butcher greet him, or so much as signify a knowledge of his existence. The farmer selects a commission salesman, who incidentally is the inevitable middleman who will take the first profit off his product as it begins its tortuous travels to the ultimate consumer. The buyers do not buy direct from the producer but through an interpreter, the commission man. Possibly the farmer could not have secured so advantageous a price as the commission man did, but in all probability the commission man could have been eliminated to the mutual advantage of the producer, the packer and all others who have a part in taking those hogs from the packer to the laboring man who buys his meats at the market.

When the commission man is selected he goes to the office of the buyers, tells them he has a car of hogs in a certain pen and asks that they look at them. Maybe two or three or all of the buyers go to the pen, and maybe only one. Possibly the others do not want any hogs that day. So only one buyer goes with the farmer and the salesman. Reaching the pen the buyer still does not, apparently, know the farmer is in existence; he addresses all his remarks to the commission man, and the first remark after looking the stock over is that he is not particularly needing hogs then, but quotes a price he will pay, acting and speaking as if he were doing the go-between a great favor by taking the hogs off his hands. If the hogs are of a grade that some packer or butcher especially wants that day the offer may be close to or even the top price for the day, or it may be several cents under the top. The salesman haggles and begs the buyer to offer more, thus demonstrating to the farmer that he is working hard for that first profit from the sale of those hogs. But the buyer is obdurate. He has offered all he thinks the hogs are worth to his house, and as none of the other buyers bid the farmer is forced to sell for the offer, less, of course, the fee of the commission man.

Apportioning the Profits

THE hogs are then driven to the yard scales and weighed, and a certificate of weight is given the farmer with the O. K. of the buyer. The farmer could take that scale ticket to the commission man's office and get a check for his money, but not until some further deductions are made. There are the yardage charges. These are not exorbitant, but they constitute the second bite out of each of the farmer's hogs, although the yards were used but an hour or two for unloading, feeding, watering and driving the hogs to the scales where they were weighed and turned into the pens of the packing company.

The farmer has been receiving five to eight cents a pound for his hogs. From this, before he received any money from the packing company at all, he paid, aside from what the railroad had arbitrarily chosen to take, two if not three intermediaries, one of which he paid twice. The first was the commission man, the second was the stockyards company, and the third another profit to the stockyards company for feed. Some yard companies furnish water free, and others make a separate charge for it. It is possible that the corn fed to this farmer's hogs in the yards and for which he paid double the market price was the same he had sold to a grain man a week before at forty cents per bushel. The farmer now pays eighty cents or, perhaps, a dollar.

When the farmer takes his hogs, cattle or sheep into his feed lot or barn for fattening in winter he must begin feeding heavily on grain and hay. The cereal market is firm, and often he has to buy hundreds of bushels of high-priced feed to put his stock in condition for the markets. The cattle are on full feed four or five months, the hogs usually a shorter time. The owners watch the markets and figure months ahead to determine what may be the most opportune time for shipping and when prices will be best.

When fat enough the stock must be taken to market at once. Every day after the animals have reached the butcher stage it is an absolute loss to feed them, as the few pounds of flesh they then put on will not pay for the feed and care. They must be taken to market, and the farmer has to divide with the commission man and the stockyards company, and submit to the assumed indifference or the browbeating of the packing-house buyer who says he does not need such stock that day, or that this particular lot are not fat enough or not of the right weight to suit his present demand, or that the house is overstocked and expecting a break in prices. These are some of a dozen schemes the buyer can use to beat down the price to the farmer, and the farmer has to submit. He cannot take his stock home. To do so would mean bankruptcy. To keep them in the yards for even a few days would wipe out all chances of profit, as often he is compelled to pay double the market rate for corn and hay, besides yardage charges.

Later this same farmer may return to town to buy some meat for his family's use. At the market the quotation is probably eighteen to thirty cents a pound for the best cuts, and when he makes a purchase it may be from some of the same animals he sold shortly before and for which he received five to eight cents per pound. Probably the farmer argued with the butcher to shave a little off the price. But the butcher said he couldn't and wouldn't, and if the farmer did not want the meat at the price quoted he could leave it.

The United States Department of Agriculture and other investigators into the high cost of living have obtained some comparative figures of real value. In 1900 beef was sold by the stockgrower at an average of four and one-half cents a pound. The packer made his profit and sold the same beef so the wholesale man could sell it at seven and three-fourths cents a pound, and the retailer sold the same beef to the consumer at twenty and one-half cents a pound. In 1909 the grower received eight and one-third cents, the wholesaler twelve cents and the retailer twenty-five cents per pound. The stockman was receiving nearly double the former price, the wholesaler almost as much, while the retailer's prices had increased but a comparatively small amount. Figures from the same source show that the price of grain and hay which the farmer feeds to his stock has doubled in the same period. It is for the investigators to determine whether or not the cost of killing and curing meats by the packer or handling the meats by the wholesaler increased, or why the wholesaler's price has doubled, while the retailer's increase has been comparatively slight.

When Profits are Not Justified

WHEN the farmer takes his corn, wheat, oats or hay to market he is offered a certain price by the grain buyers or feed men. The farmer must take this price, even though it mean a loss, or take his load home. The farmer's wife takes a pail of eggs to the store; she wants calico or gingham or groceries. The storekeeper says he is paying twelve cents a dozen for eggs and the good woman is forced to accept that amount. She also finds he is charging seven cents a yard for calico and twelve for gingham, and that a pound of coffee costs thirty cents. If she purchases any of these from the merchant it must be at his figures, and if she offers a little under his price she is told to take the goods at his price or leave them, and further, that if she demands cash instead of trade the price of eggs will be shaded a few cents.

All along the line the producer takes what he can get and the consumer pays what the retailer demands. Somewhere in between these two extremes is the broker, the go-between, the middleman, the man or men who are seemingly receiving too large a profit. The Government reports show that in 1900 the farmer was paid an average of ten and one-half cents a dozen for eggs. The wholesaler who bought them from the country merchants charged nineteen cents, and the retailer charged the consumer twenty-four cents. Newspaper investigators during the winter asserted it to be a fact that at least during the latter part of 1909 the farmer was being paid twenty-eight cents per dozen, the wholesaler thirty-eight and the retailer forty-five cents per dozen. In East or West alike the consumer pays, on an average, almost twice what the producer receives for eggs. During the past winter in many sections of the country it was almost impossible to obtain any but cold-storage eggs. These eggs had been purchased in the summer, kept in cold storage during the fall and until the winter stopped the hens laying, and then were brought into the market at prices two to four times those paid the farmers. One cannot always point definitely at the person or persons who are taking profits to which he or they are not entitled. As an example, in Topeka, a woman in an address severely arraigned produce commission brokers and wholesalers, asserting that they took too large profits. A commission firm the next day paid for advertising in a newspaper which, by extracts from the firm's books, showed that potatoes which a retail store was selling for seventy-five cents a bushel were sold to that store by this firm at fifty cents a bushel, and hence the retailer was exacting from his neighbors a fifty-per-cent profit. Last fall potatoes sold in the Kansas fields for thirty to forty cents a bushel. Even if the commission man made ten cents a bushel and the retailer twenty-five cents, each might be receiving an unjustifiable profit.

At Garden City, in western Kansas, there is located one of the largest beet-sugar mills in the country. From October to May, or later, this mill turns out thousands of pounds of sugar a day, but the beet-grower cannot buy at first hand and at a reasonable charge for manufacturing, or otherwise, a sack of sugar in the town where it is made, perhaps from the beets he raised, because the business is so conducted that the sugar must first go to the jobber, the wholesaler, be carted hundreds of miles away from the factory and back again by the railroads, and then be doled out by the retailer at prices made unmistakably to cover a profit to all except the man behind the plow.

If his crop is good he may receive compensating returns for his work. If it is but fair it may be that he could have earned more working for some other farmer. If the farmers could fix the prices of beets, the contract would guarantee to them a market for so many tons and the price would admit of a certain profit above cost. Ordinarily it would be expected that the price of sugar in Garden City would be noticeably lower than in Topeka, which has no mill. Garden City does not have to pay any freight rates. However, instead of being able to buy sugar at cost, plus a decent margin to the mill and grocer, and with no railroad haul, the man who took his beets to the mill must pay the same price for sugar in Garden City as the people do in Kansas City, where a haul of three hundred miles has been necessary. If one will watch the newspapers in various sections of the entire country he will see that the most commonly quoted price for granulated sugar is nineteen pounds for a dollar, possibly twenty pounds if accompanied by a large order of other groceries. The Kansas quotations are exactly the same as those in Illinois and Indiana, and still there is a sugar mill in the state producing almost enough sugar to supply the demands of the Kansas people. They have to pay the same price for the sugar as if it had been shipped from the big refineries in New York or California. Out of all this some one must be absorbing an abnormal profit and taking it from both ends, from the producer and the consumer. It is impossible to determine just now who it is that is absorbing the profits and just how much ought to be divided with the producer and the consumer. Possibly the investigators will arrive at some definite conclusion.

The rise or fall in the price of a commodity has at the time little apparent relation to supply or demand, but rather to the whim or greed of those in position to dictate or manipulate prices. The packers seem to lift at will with one hand the prices of what they have to sell, while with the other they depress those of what they need to buy. The price of flour or sugar is advanced five or ten per cent in a day, but the wheat grower or the man who raised the beets feels the change only where he buys, and not where he sells. The oil producer has no voice as to what he shall receive for his product; he takes whatever price "26 Broadway" chooses to offer, or his equipment rusts or rots in the field. The consumer buys his kerosene or gasoline for no less when unrefined oil brings sixty cents a barrel than when it sells for three times sixty cents.

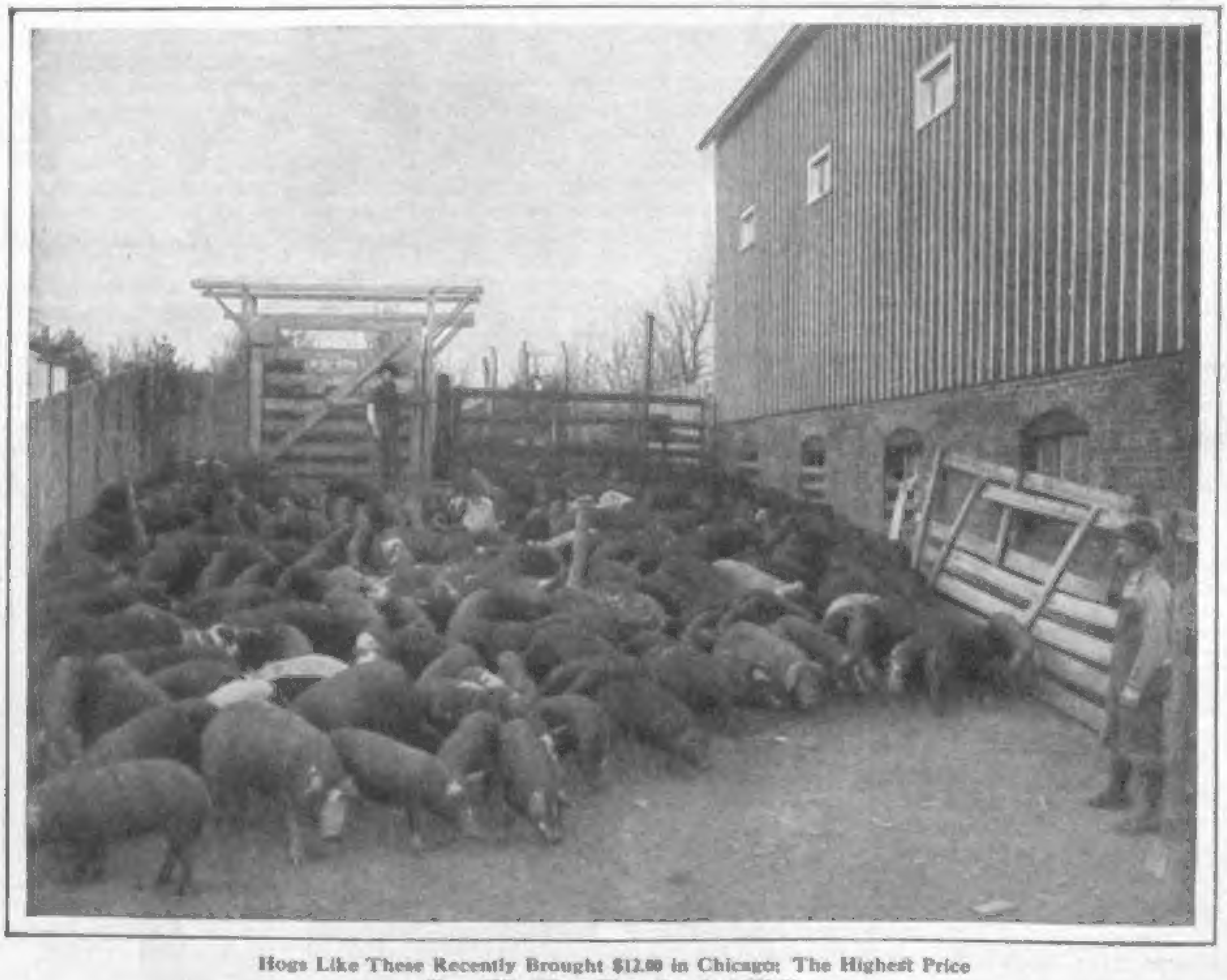
The Complaint Against the Freight Rates

THERE is much complaint that the railroads are taking too great a toll for their part in the work of distribution. There is reason for this. For many years a condition existed in Kansas, for example, that should never have been permitted, and it is now only partially corrected. The great wheatfields of Kansas are, say, one hundred miles west of Kansas City. The city of Wichita is about two hundred miles from Kansas City and directly in the path to the grain-trading points on the Gulf coast from which the grain is shipped by water to New York and to Europe. But Kansas City has a grain market. Big grain firms were established there and the railroad rates to the Gulf apparently were made on the theory that no Kansas man should ship his grain to the Gulf without its being handled by Kansas City commission men. Rates from Wichita, eight hundred miles to Galveston, were actually higher than the rate from Kansas City to the same point. The grain man at Wichita paid the equivalent of the freight on his shipment from Wichita to Kansas City, and from Kansas City back through Wichita to Galveston. Formerly the Kansas City commission houses exacted a toll on every bushel of grain grown in Kansas because of these arbitrary freight-rate rulings, and the railroads exacted a toll to permit the commission men to do so.

Export grain grown within one hundred miles of Wichita or Hutchinson or Salina never went to Kansas City, but the farmers had to pay freight as if the grain had been hauled the greater distance. It took a long time for the farmers, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, to break down this barrier, and the best that has been secured thus far is that farmers in the center of the wheat belt cannot be charged a higher rate than is given Kansas City. In other words, the wheat shipments from Kansas have a slightly lower rate to the Gulf, although the actual haul is from one to two hundred miles less.

The State of Kansas now has a suit before the Interstate Commerce Commission on coal rates. In this suit the railroad freight tariffs are shown, and it is pointed out that the rate on coal from certain districts in Colorado is less to Omaha and Kansas City on the Missouri River than it is to a point in Kansas half-way from the mines to these two points.

The railroads, by a series of arbitrary freight-rate rulings dictated in the old days by the big shippers, and before rebating was stopped, had built up great centers for certain industries. Obviously this was done selfishly, because it is cheaper to handle large quantities of freight from a single point than the same freight in small quantities from many points.



Hogs Like These Recently Brought $12.00 in Chicago; The Highest Price Since 1869, When They Reached $11.65

(Continued on Page 72)

IMPLACABLE IOWA

By Samuel G. Blythe

Dolliver's Opposition Placed Him in the Ranks of the Progressives and Lost the Old Crowd a Valuable Asset

IF THE Honorable William H. Taft, President of the United States, could hear the Iowa Progressives of his own party talk about him he would take a hickory club next time Nelson W. Aldrich calls at the White House and chase him three times around the Washington Monument, belting him one at every jump, just to prove he is not being led by the nose by that astute Rhode Island statesman. Likewise, the Honorable William H. Taft, President of the United States, would take a strongly-constructed chair and smash the Honorable Uncle Joe Cannon on his frosted poll with it when that benign old gentleman drops in to pay his respects, or to collect them, as the case may be.

The President complained, in his Newark speech, of the patronizing attitude of a section of the press. Nobody could blame him for that, because it makes any real man wild to be patronized, but there is a mental and conversational attitude that is much worse than the patronizing one. That is the poor-chap-probably-he-doesn't-know-any-better attitude, and that is the way the Iowa Progressives talk of their President. They are not angry with him. They have no aversion for him. They do not rise up and cry out he is betraying party pledges, or has betrayed them, or has committed any other political high crime or misdemeanor. They feel sorry for him. They are disappointed in him. They think he is an honest, well-meaning man who has been led astray. They consider him to be the tool of the reactionaries, who, stronger and more skilled in politics than he is, have roped, tied and branded him, and are using him for their own ends.

How Iowa Feels About the President

THEY do not shout "Villain!" or "Traitor!" or anything like that. They say "Poor Taft!" and look on him as a come-on in the hands of very clever gold-brick artists. I reckon a little of that sort of conversation would go a long way with Taft if he heard it, and if he wants to hear it all he has to do is to talk with any Iowa Progressive—they do not call themselves insurgents out there—for a few minutes, or have a conversation faithfully reported to him. Since I have been writing about politics, I have not observed an attitude like this toward any President.

They assailed Cleveland and they hated Harrison. They threw rocks or bouquets at McKinley, and Roosevelt was always the grandest or the worst in every discussion where his name came in. They pity Taft. They are sorry for him. They deeply regret. Everybody was for Taft when he came in. He hadn't an enemy on earth and, particularly, in the Middle West, where the insurgents are strongest. Now that he has been in a year he seems to have dashed all insurgent hopes and is set down as a tremendous failure by those who at first were most ardent for him, but who now realize that, though selected by Roosevelt, he has fallen down.

Mind you, this feeling is not universal in the Republican party in these insurgent states, of which Iowa is a type. There are plenty of Republicans, remnants of old organizations, men who formerly controlled—stand-patters and reactionaries, if you choose to use the term—who are for Taft, nominally, at least; and that fact gives the Progressives their strongest argument. They began their fights against the very men that are lined up with Taft, and in the development of the combat the bulk of the Republican party has come to look on Taft as a reactionary himself, and not the gallant crusader he was thought to be.

The proportion of Progressives in the Republican party in Iowa, where Taft had a plurality of 74,439 in 1908, and where Roosevelt had a plurality of 158,766 in 1904, is about three to two. There are Progressives who claim that eighty or eighty-five per cent of the Republicans are with their wing, and stand-patters who say they will have enough votes to control the next state convention; but as nearly as I could discover the ratio is about three to two. These men are the men who started with Senator Cummins twelve years or more ago, and men who have aligned themselves since with what Cummins represents. They fought with Cummins, elected him Governor several times and, finally, got him into the United States Senate, but not until Senator Allison died. Allison, but a short time before his death, contested for the Senatorship with Cummins and defeated him by a few thousand votes—about ten, as I recall it. Allison was the great Iowan. He was the Grand Old Man of the party. During the last years of his life the Progressives steadily gained strength, and now, it appears, they are in the saddle.

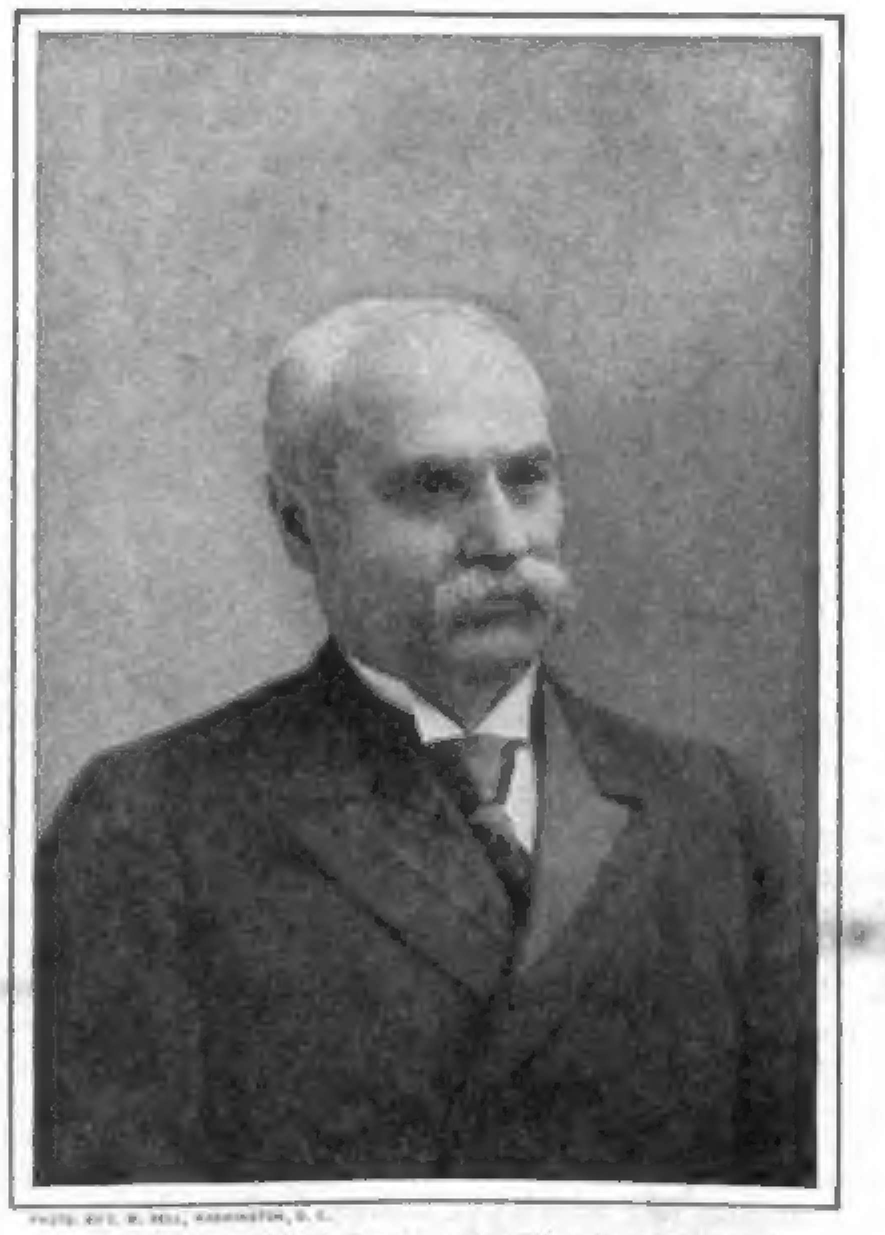
The old organization in Iowa is still active. There are many Republicans who will not subscribe to Cummins and what Cummins represents. Colonel Perkins, at Sioux City, and Colonel Lafayette Young, in Des Moines, still hurl defiance at the Cummins people in their papers, and there are no better hurlers in the land; but it is probable that these strong men and the other remaining leaders will admit that the Progressives have the most votes. Maybe they will not, but such seems to be the case to me. Therefore, this article will concern itself with the methods, beliefs and practices of the Progressives.

What Iowa Progressives Want

AS MATTERS stand now it is not likely Mr. Taft could get a delegation for renomination. What will happen in the next three years may change all that, but the present attitude of the Progressives is that Mr. Taft has been a great disappointment and that he deserves nothing more from this wing of the party in Iowa. Naturally, the first question is: What is the matter with Taft? They give you the answer straight from the shoulder. The trouble with Taft is that he was, they claim, bamboozled into signing and defending a tariff bill that was not what it purported to be; that he helped make a tariff that is not a downward revision, but a hodge-podge that in no way carries out the platform pledges of the Republican party; that, in making this tariff and afterward in defending it, he played in cahoots with Aldrich and Cannon, claimed in Iowa to be the personal representatives in Congress of "the interests"; and that, by so doing, he broke all the implied pledges Roosevelt gave to the Republicans of the country and, particularly, to the Progressives of Iowa when he selected Taft for his successor, for they will not admit that anybody but Roosevelt had a hand in nominating Taft—nor will any one else, seriously, for that matter.

Now, tariff is a vital question in Iowa. Senator Cummins kept it in front in all his campaigns. Iowa Republicans are saturated with it. They talk about it and know about it. They had been led by Cummins to demand certain tariff changes and reforms. They had fought for these in company with state reforms that Cummins demanded and got. Whatever the opposition may say or think of Cummins' reform plans, whether they are good or bad, is entirely outside the question. The fact is that Cummins put through about all the changes in existing conditions that he fought for, and whether they are working well or ill is a matter for state discussion and change, if possible.

The Iowa Progressives wanted a downward revision of the tariff. They were keen about it. Cummins in the Senate, and Dolliver, who had been opposed to Cummins in other years and who in the Allison-Cummins campaign had fought for Allison and had attacked Cummins on the stump in Cummins' own town, Des Moines, voiced the Progressive Iowa Tariff Idea. They opposed the bill to the last and voted against it. Dolliver's opposition placed him in the ranks of the Progressives and lost the old crowd a valuable asset.



They Think Aldrich Represents That Indefinable but Atrocious Thing Known as "The Interests"

The Progressives, watching Cummins and Dolliver at work in the Senate trying to get a tariff that would meet the ideas of their constituents, or most of them, at home, expected to see President Taft take a similar stand. They expected Taft to fight with Dolliver and Cummins, being firmly convinced that Dolliver and Cummins were fighting to carry out the pledges of the Republican party made at the 1908 convention. When Taft took no hand in the discussion, suggested nothing during the debate, kept aloof until the bill was in conference, they began to doubt whether this President really was of their kind, or had been captured by the reactionaries.

They heard his announcement that he did not think it his part to interfere in the making of schedules. They wondered at that then, and wondered still more when, in the present session of Congress, they saw Attorney-General Wickersham literally raining Administration bills into the Congress. They inquired what there was about other platform pledges, as carried out by Administration bills prepared by Wickersham and others, that made those pledges less sacred than the pledge for downward tariff revision, and why it was necessary for Taft to keep his hands off the tariff when he could not only put his hands on other measures, but also prepare bills for their accomplishment.

The Feeling Against Aldrich and Cannon

WHEN the tariff bill came to conference, and Taft made his flurry and got a few concessions it had been intended all along that he should get, the Iowa Progressives shook their heads. They talked about it and made up their minds that Aldrich and Cannon had captured Taft for what they represented. Then came Taft's trip and his indorsement of Aldrich. This was followed by the Winona speech about the tariff, and the Iowa Progressives decided Taft was not of them. They were not bitter about it. They were sorry and disappointed.

They hoped Taft would do something to make it right with them after the present session of Congress began. They were half inclined to put the tariff business down as something he could not prevent, and took cheer when he had an opportunity to go to work with Congress for other things. Presently Taft's speech at the Lincoln dinner came along, and the Iowa Progressives threw up their hands. "Poor Taft," they said; "they've got him sure. He's a nice, honest, well-meaning man, but Aldrich and Cannon have him lashed to the mast."

Coincident with this tariff and the Taft disappointment there came a renewed intensity of the feeling against Aldrich and Cannon. When you get down to bed-rock with any insurgent in any insurgent state you will find that the real, underlying reason for distrust of Taft is in his association with Aldrich and Cannon. The Progressives of Iowa, as elsewhere, simply will not stand for Cannon and Aldrich. They have nothing personally against these men, but they think Aldrich represents that indefinable but atrocious thing known as "the interests," and that Cannon does, too. They admit the powerful intelligence of Aldrich, and say he is to be feared on that account; and they consider Uncle Joe an archaic old person who does what he is told and plays into Aldrich's hands and, thus, into the hands of the interests. They conceive it to be the fact that there is a combination in Congress, headed by Aldrich and Cannon, to revoke all the policies of Roosevelt and to continue the old régime of government for the special interests, to the exclusion of the rights of the people, and they resent that combination and resent, particularly, Aldrich and Cannon as its leaders and upholders.

The resentment against Cannon is deepest and the antipathy strongest. They hold him to be at the head of the popular branch of Congress and consider his attitude and methods as subversive of the rights of the people. Also, as Representatives in the lower House are elected every two years they have a chance to put that resentment into votes, and that is what they are preparing to do.

There is to be a state campaign in Iowa this year and a Governor is to be elected. At the time this article was written it was probable that the present Governor, B. F. Carroll, would be renominated. Governor Carroll is not identified with either faction by anybody—if he can help it. He has preserved his equilibrium on the top of the fence in a most engaging manner. He was elected Governor because he made a good record as State Auditor after there had been some complaint of the way the office had been run by some of his predecessors. The Governor carries water on both shoulders with great facility. The Progressives do not consider him one of them, and the old-line men are not sure of him, either. The disposition is to let him have his second term and pay no attention to him, the argument being that if there was another candidate in the primaries against Carroll it might raise the cry that he is being persecuted, and they do not want the Governor to make himself a martyr or be made one.

Further than that, there isn't much that can be made into a state issue this fall. There is some talk that there might be a chance for some Progressive to run on a railroad commission issue, but that is conceded to be pretty slim. The Progressives hold that they got about all they wanted and in about the shape they wanted it when Cummins was Governor, that there isn't anything to make an issue of and that it would be just as well to let Carroll go in for another term and concentrate on the Congress elections, whereby the actual temper of the Progressives in the state can be shown to the country at large and especially to President Taft, Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon.

The plan is to make this fight especially in two districts, the Seventh, represented for twenty years by John A. T. Hull, of Des Moines, and the Ninth, represented for twelve years by Walter I. Smith, of Council Bluffs. It is likely there will be a Progressive candidate against Representative Kennedy in the First District, also. Several of the present members of the House from Iowa are Progressives, and efforts, of course, will be made to return them.

The fighting will be fiercest in the Seventh and Ninth Districts. Both Hull and Smith are classed by the Progressives as reactionaries of the most pronounced type, which they are if support of Speaker Cannon makes them so. Smith is a member of the Rules Committee, through which Cannon operates to perpetrate various legislative outrages, so called, on the insurgents in the House, and a member of the great Appropriations Committee, and Hull is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. They are stand-patters, friends of Cannon, for him to the last ditch, and they are running as such in their districts. The fight has already opened.

Attorney-General Byers, a Progressive leader and a strong man, is opposed to Smith, and Judge Prouty, who has been a candidate against Hull twice before, is out after Hull again. In the last primaries Hull defeated Prouty by only a few votes, less than fifty, and it is claimed by the Progressives that Prouty can win this time, inasmuch as the Progressive feeling is stronger now than it was two years ago, and the dislike of Aldrich and Cannon greater. Both Smith and Hull are good politicians, adroit campaigners, and will have all the support of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee and, it may be, of the Administration, if, as has been reported, it is considered at the White House that any person who voted against the tariff bill, or is opposed to the present policies of President Taft and, thus, labeled an insurgent, is not worthy of the support of the Administration. This, of course, may be an incorrect inference, but such is the report. There is no doubt that the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee will do all it can for Hull and Smith, who, under the Iowa law, must seek their nominations in direct primaries.

If the Progressives have a rebuke in them it will be delivered in these districts in the primaries and, possibly, in Kennedy's district, also. The shock of the battle will be greatest in the Seventh and Ninth, and Hull and Smith will have the fights of their lives. The Progressives

(Continued on Page 61)

SIR JAS.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS between twelve and one of a fine midsummer night, and the great trees and shrubs in the square seemed to exhale a perfume. How amazing is that sense of fragrance, how delicate this all but lost instinct! It recharged me with memories, and after forty years a man's memories are not always happy. Yet they have been usually shaped by time into something not wholly unbeautiful, something pathetic, it may be, but something certainly with a glamour, a light upon it, the glamour of distance, of perspective, the glamour of irrevocable youth . . . I caught sight of a woman standing by the pillar post halfway through the square. She wavered in and out of the faint light, but as each step took me nearer she became gradually more distinct. I suppose I approached noiselessly, though I was not conscious of this, or it may be that she was too deeply absorbed in what she was doing to hear. For she was raking in the mouth of the pillar with a stick. It had an ugly look to me in that first glimpse of it. Here, said I, was some mean letter thief, fishing desperately for postal orders and such illicit gains. I came to a pause, still unheard, and watched her from a dozen paces away in that luminous night. She raked fiercely, withdrew her instrument, and plunged it again in the depths; and then of a sudden flung it away into the street, and sobbed—once, twice . . .

It was something in the carriage rather than in the face that made the recognition. The flash lit up my brain, and as it died away I recalled that I was in Redgrave Square. Mrs. Anson's was No. 12. I don't know that I hesitated much, but I think I did a little. At any rate there was a mixture of impulse and reluctance in my movement.

"Mrs. Anson!" I called softly.

She started, frightened, and clutched the red box.

"What—why ——" I seemed to hear her heart pulsing with difficulty under those words.

"Pardon me," said I. "You are ill."

"You saw me?" she gasped.

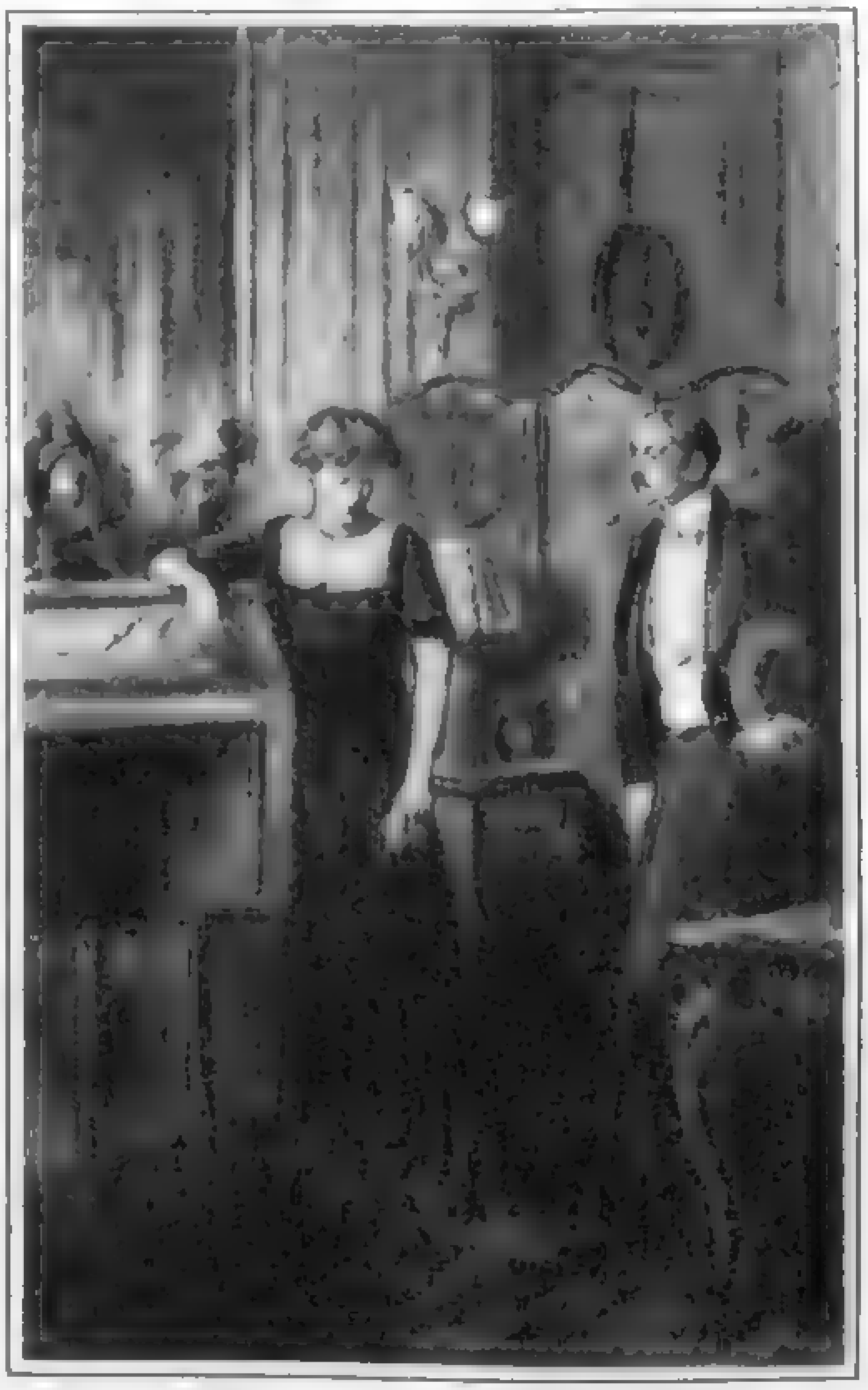
"I don't know. I'm not sure I saw anything," I said deliberately. "Won't you let me help you in?"

I knew that the house could not be far away and I put out a hand to offer her a support. She shrank, and I realized then for the first time that she had not understood my identity.

"You—you are going to tell the police?" she said brokenly.

"My dear lady," I cried, "what do you take me for? Am I censor of the world, or the Day of Judgment? Do you recall me? Tyrwhitt—Roland Tyrwhitt? I have met you several times at the Carltons' and other places."

"Mr. Tyrwhitt!" she ejaculated, and was for a moment silent.



"Why Do I Tell You These Things? You Whom I Barely Know?"

"Your house is No. 12, isn't it?" I asked, taking her arm in mine.

"Yes," she assented, low of voice.

We moved somewhat awkwardly along the pavement for a dozen paces, and then I saw the number. The door was slightly ajar and I pushed it open, discovering a rose-tinted light in the hall. Within the house was complete silence.

Mrs. Anson sank tremblingly into a chair. "You saw me?" she asked again.

"It was pretty dark," I said. "I think I recognized you by your—by the lift of your shoulders."

"I remember. You once said they were like ——"

"I still hold to that opinion," I went on. "There is the same quality of poise in the statue."

"You are awfully good," she said suddenly, and I knew intuitively that she was not referring to that very genuine compliment of admiration I had once paid her. I had always judged her as impetuous. She had the faculty of making surprising movements more than most women in my knowledge. She surprised me once again now.

"You know I was trying to get something out of the letter-box." I said nothing. "It was my own letter—a letter I had just written. I am a fool." She rose and paced the room quickly, uncertainly, a tall, fine-limbed, emotional woman, with gray eyes and blonde hair. She was in evening dress, from which her wrap had fallen.

"If it was your own letter I don't think it matters," said I. "Particularly as you didn't get it."

She sank into a chair, her bare elbows resting on the table, and looked with tragic eyes at me.

"That is just it," she said impulsively. "I didn't get it—I couldn't. I wish ——" She got up again restlessly and took a turn of the room. She paused in front of the mirror over the mantelpiece, and the electric light brackets showed in that reflection her strained and pallid face.

"Then will you tell me?" I asked softly.

She did not turn, and I could just follow a faltering voice.

"I dined at the Carltons' I have not been back more than an hour Did you ever meet Sir James Hallimore? It doesn't matter . . . His engagement was announced tonight . . . They say it was in the paper, but I didn't see it . . . I never expected it . . ." She wheeled about suddenly and faced me. "Why do I tell you these things?" she asked, flashing. "You whom I barely know?"

"You shall tell me just exactly what you wish to, and nothing more," I said softly.

Her flash had passed; she was strained and broken once more. "I posted a letter to him . . . He was to marry Letty Graham."

I fear that the fact that I did not understand showed in my face, perhaps in my silence.

"Don't you see?" she said impatiently, yet with a sob. "I wrote telling him of her . . . She—she . . . There was something, you know," her voice sank lower. "People don't know it. Letty told me . . . Well, I helped her at the time, thank God, but why should I help her again?"

"My dear lady," said I quietly, "I am sure you would help her again."

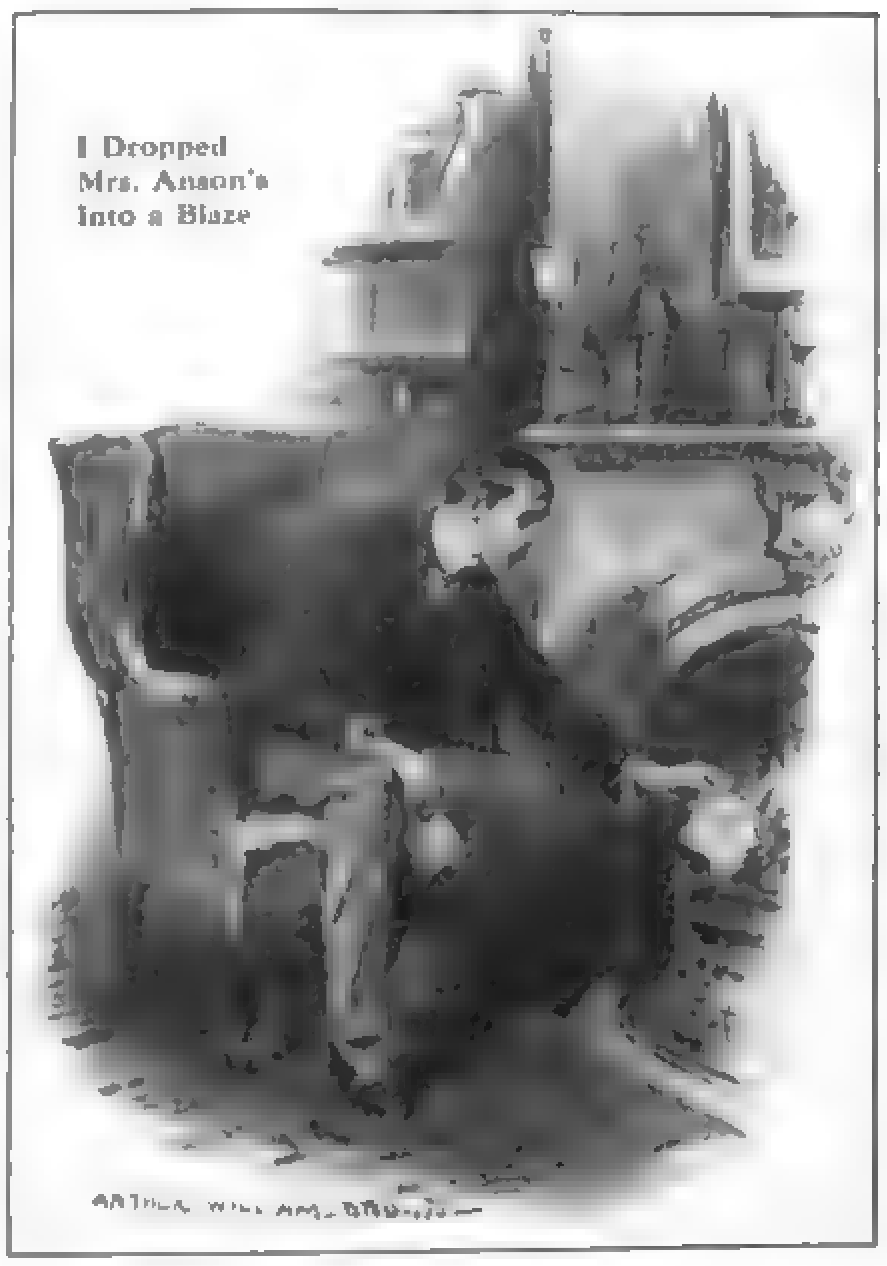
"No," she exclaimed with vehemence. "You do not understand." How perfectly I did! She broke down "But it was the letter I wanted back. I must have it back," she cried. "I can't let him get it . . . I have told him . . . It was anonymous," she sobbed. "Do you think I can get it back? Oh, you must get it out for me!"

Was it for this, then, that I was tolerated, that I was entertained with the exhibition of such mental agony? No, the thought, I knew, had flashed through her head; she clung in despair to a straw. Could I get it out? There was at stake a matter of three lives. It did seem, looked at that way, to have importance. I didn't know how to answer, how to console or reassure. The thing was ugly, but had taken a gracious turn. Was it too late? I wondered.

I think that I was most taken up by the emotional stress of the woman. I don't think that I considered Sir James Hallimore very much, though I knew something of him in a friendly way. Of Miss Graham I was ignorant. Hallimore belonged to a club which I frequented, but he was not a familiar there. I saw him at longish intervals, and we discoursed amiably. Without having used the scalpel on him I should have judged him to be somewhat akin to Sir Willoughby Patterne, the famous egoist. He had, I should have deduced, critical opinions of woman. His views would be conventional, if not stiffly so. He was of a light, carelessly-ordered correctness of manners and morals. Looking at him with the mind's eye rather terrified me, as I went out from No. 12. I shrank from Sir James. It is so easy to rebuff and snub in an airy manner, if you are sure of yourself. And Hallimore was certainly sure of himself. He could lift an eyebrow with any one and had other delicate nuances of demeanor at his command. As I went down the steps a postman was unlocking the pillar box. I hesitated a moment near him, and then passed on. What a foolish thought had flashed through me!

I was glad I did not know Miss Graham, and I was glad, too, that Mrs. Anson had stopped at a certain point in her confession. She had not offered any explanations and I didn't want to hear any. I could glance safely aside, and not wonder. If I understood, there was no need for confidences between us. Would she, I wondered, as I hailed a benighted cab, would she undergo a further revolution in the nocturnal watches, and blush to think she had opened her heart to a mere acquaintance? I had left her quieted in her volcanic storm by my mere assurance that I would help. How was I to help? Would she change her mind on the morrow? But I came back to the more instant problem, and groaned. How was I to help?

I will confess that I was touched by the singular poignancy of a repentance overpowering the sense of humiliation. I slept uneasily with one phrase in my ears—"Sir Jas." I had that information. Poor thing, she had disguised her hand as in novels, and sent her warning from "a well-wisher," I suppose. I never asked her that. But I did ask for a means of identification, and I got it. She had hoped to realize a classification with "lewd and ignorant" folk by inscribing the envelope "Sir Jas. Hallimore." She had heard of "Jas." as a vulgar abbreviation for James, and had told me without humor that she had halted between that and a misspelling of the surname. But as "Sir Jas." it left, and as "Sir Jas." it would arrive at Felday Gardens—unless I could help. Could I? I went back to that question


I Dropped Mrs. Anson's Into a Blaze

As I have said I knew Hallimore after a fashion, but it was only a lucky chance that gave me the inkling of an excuse to call at so unearthly an hour as the situation demanded. It was, in fact, without breakfast, after swallowing hastily a cup of tea, that I descended on Felday Gardens, anxiously keeping open eyes for a man in a postman's cap. I did not encounter any, and it was with misgivings that I knocked and rang at Hallimore's door. The door opened. I sent in my card, and was presently lodged in an antechamber to some further room, forbiddingly eremitic and coldly repellent. I already began to repent. After all, what could I do?

Hallimore entered with a friendly greeting after my bad quarter of an hour; and at the first sight of him I took hold of myself. It was clear from his expression that he had opened no unpleasant communication that morning. He beamed on me brightly out of blue eyes, and seemed rather boyish in manner.

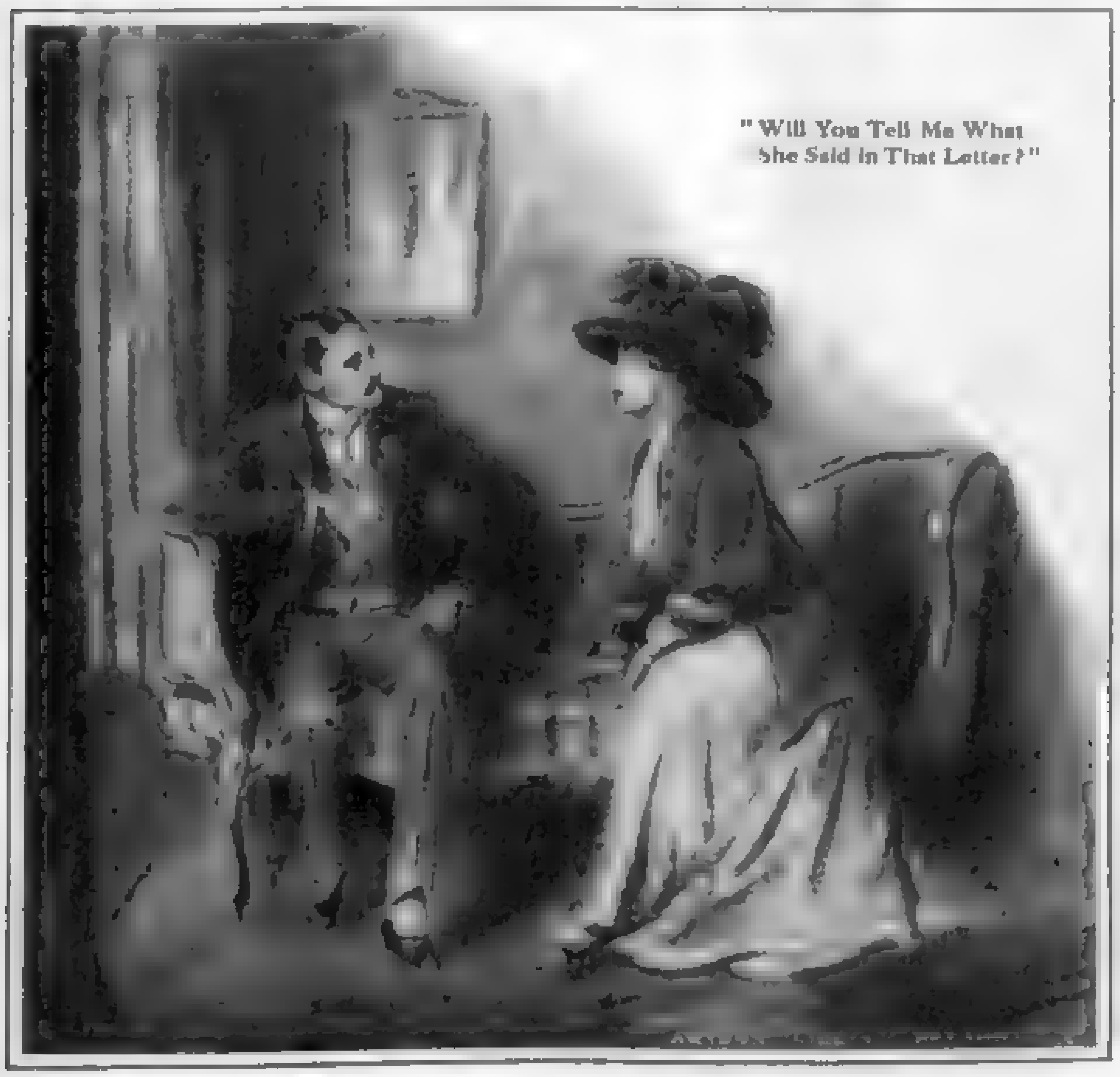
"How are you? I say, is your business very pressing?—because I haven't had breakfast. Have you had yours? Won't you join?"

I murmured something which seemed to negative the idea of breakfast. "Oh, I'm in no hurry," I added on that.

"Then come in and see me feed," he said jovially, and led the way across the hall into the dining-room. The table was laid for several persons, but it was untenanted by any but ourselves. Cold dishes stood on a sideboard, and hot dishes sizzled in front of Hallimore. He pulled off the cover and scrutinized one dish. Just then a servant brought in yet another, with a savory fragrance.

"Ah, that's it, David," said Hallimore. "I was thinking you'd forgotten me. The ladies breakfasted?" He didn't wait for the "Yes, sir," that came duly, but addressed me. "I'm a slave of habit, Tyrwhitt; I can't do without my usual breakfast. I say, do have something."

I couldn't. Well, I did let the man pour me out a cup of coffee; but my eyes were by now restlessly upon the pile of letters which were stacked, as yet untouched, by Hallimore's right hand. He began to eat heartily, like no one in the anticipation of bad news. He talked rather more fluently than was usual with him—at any rate, at the club. He was in high spirits, a phenomenon I admire and wonder at in a man at breakfast. Presently he came to a pause in his clacking. "Oh, I forgot; you wanted to see me about something. Is it anything——?" His eyes were caught by his correspondence. "Excuse me, will you?"


"Will You Tell Me What She Said in That Letter?"

I had always admired him physically, a man with no excess of habit one way or another, very engaging blue eyes, and a brightness in them that suggested humor or wit or, at any rate, good-nature. Moreover, he had exquisite ease and unselfconsciousness. He opened and read one letter . . . two letters . . . laid each down with an indifferently engrossed attention, and plied his fork. "I can't understand these beasts"—his opening scared me; I tried to overjump the envelope with my intruding eyes, but failed—"who write persistent begging letters. I suppose, however, there's always a percentage of tender-hearted fools."

"One of Carlyle's divisions," I said, breathing hardly.

He opened a third, threw it aside. "Circulars! Who the deuce reads circulars? And I get thousands a year. That's five hundred pence, anyway, in the gutter."

"The fools of Carlyle, but another class," I panted.

Apparently he grew impatient with the next circular, for he scattered the heap with a motion of his hand, and picked about it. My vaulting eyes wrestled with the overturned packet: I searched for one "Sir Jas." I was withdrawn from the hunt by an exclamation, and started. But upon Sir James Hallimore's face was a rosy look of smiling pleasure.

"Now, that's really nice." He inserted the letter in his envelope after a momentary silence, and put it down gently. "It's awfully rude of me," he declared. "But I ——" he paused. "I don't know if you have heard I was going to be married?"

"It was in the paper," I murmured. "You have my warm congratulations."

He thanked me awkwardly. "I've had an awfully nice letter from the Prime Minister," he said. "I didn't think he'd have bothered or noticed."

I don't think I replied to that, though if I had not been taken up in another way I might have referred to the Prime Minister's well-known tact. But the plain fact was that I had come upon my "Sir Jas." at last.

It stared at me crosswise from a square blue envelope in a hand obviously feigned, as no two consecutive letters slanted the same way. Its address was superlatively drunken or crazy, and I feared the monstrous absurdity of it would catch Hallimore's eye. But warmed by his congratulations he had drifted away pleasantly from all mere mundane correspondence. In the pause I considered. The letter was there, within my reach, but yet how far remote from me! It was as if it was still within the sheltering security of the pillar post. I considered Hallimore's face, softened and kindled in the lights of his emotion. What excuse had I to beg him withhold his hand? It was his letter. I might patch together a rigmarole, a rigmarole not dishonorable in that it would, maybe, save three lives from wreck, and one at least from embittered remorse and shame. No; I did not find conviction enough, driving force enough in the phantasmagoria of stories that kept merging and changing within my brain. I could invent, but I could not see that invention succeeding. I saw only Hallimore's well-remembered lift of eyebrow and the cold, judicial questions.

"My dear fellow, you must forgive me. I was forgetting. You had something of importance . . ."

I had. It came out of that lucky accident of which I have spoken. You remember that Hallimore and I belonged to the same club. There was a portentous question before the club at the moment, the question of reconstruction, on which we were invited, as members, to vote. I broached the matter, and he listened politely, but without any deep sense of interest, as I could see.

"Bedrooms! Oh, yes, of course, we ought to have bedrooms. Most of my clubs have . . . I didn't remember we had none at the Sackville."

I developed a quick and hearty interest in bedrooms, which, after all, are very desirable adjuncts to a club. Hallimore, finishing his breakfast, paid me what I felt was a perfunctory attention. I felt that he would like to have shied away from the subject, but I clung to it tenaciously, knowing that if I let it go I should be at a loss, and should have to open the door and go out into the sunshine and leave "Sir Jas." on his table. I became eloquent over club bedrooms.

"Yes," agreed Hallimore vaguely, and clearly welcomed an intervention. He rose on the entrance of two ladies, one of whom I remembered.

"You know my sister, Tyrwhitt?" he said negligently, as his gaze slipped past that handsome girl to her companion. "Let me introduce you to Miss Graham . . . Mr. Tyrwhitt." There was a round formality in his voice and manner, as if he celebrated an occasion on a trump. And then I knew why he had been distrait, bored, not to put too fine a point on it.

I had had no desire to see Miss Graham in the flesh. I had not heard her story, and did not want to hear it. All I knew was that I was there in her interests and in those of Mrs. Anson. Mentally, I quailed before the introduction. She was a woman of eight-and-twenty, at a guess, against Sir James' five-and-thirty years, with eyes deep and changing, a still manner, and a wonderful head. It was not splendidly regular like Miss Hallimore's, whom I had always admired; but it was full of mutable beauty, and very alluring.

We had reached the point at which I was conscious of boring Hallimore, and thus the intrusion was welcome. There were some civil and friendly exchanges on the weather, the season and sundry metropolitan entertainments; but in these it was Miss Hallimore who took the lead, rather than the others. Sir James probably wished me elsewhere, but I dared not go.

"My mother doesn't come down. Are you sure you've had breakfast?" Miss Hallimore spoke as a punctilious hostess.

I reiterated my perversion of the truth. Hallimore had turned his back on his correspondence, and was talking with Miss Graham. Miss Hallimore, under the spur of a domestic duty, suddenly left the room. The others talked on, the man risen, his arm upon the mantelpiece and his back to me, the woman sidewise, so that her profile engaged me. It was quick and vivid, and softened under a gathering sentiment. I had no right to be there. I despaired. I cast a glance at the table, where the scattered letters lay, and I rose. I certainly ought to go. Sir James was unconscious of my movement, though I took two steps. He talked on in rather a low voice. "Sir Jas." leaped up in my eyes . . . I put out a hand swiftly, almost mechanically, and almost without my consciousness it came back with the envelope . . . To this day I swear I think it was unconscious automatism. Hallimore moved round at last, and I crushed the letter into my pocket. It was absolutely impossible to replace it now . . .

"Well, I suppose you're off, Tyrwhitt?" he said genially. "I'll certainly back your program You've convinced me."

I murmured something hastily and, bowing good-by to his companion, made for the door. Her deep-set eyes were watching me with some rigidity, but I only confusedly noticed this. I reached the hall door, and was finding my hat and stick, when I was aware of a footstep. It was not one of the servants, as I fancied ere I looked up; it was Miss Graham.

"Will you meet me, please, at Playford's tearooms, Charles Street, at four," she said in a voice which was an undercurrent. I stammered, assenting with a nod and without articulation as she swept by.

Outside in the sunlight I was divided in opinion. She had guessed that Mrs. Anson had written? That was the first wild shot. To that succeeded certainty, the certainty that she had seen me. Her face had been turned aside, but —oh, yes, she had seen. I remembered mirrors, pictures . . . on the wall. I had an uncomfortable morning

When I entered Playford's I was ashamed but determined. Miss Graham had preceded me and had doffed her wrap.

"I came here because we should be less likely to encounter any one we knew," she explained, without any ceremony of greeting.

"Quite so," I agreed, watching her. I felt the color in my face, but her fine whiteness was unflecked.

"I don't know you, Mr. Tyrwhitt," she went on, "nor do I exactly know your standing with Sir James Hallimore."

"A mere friendly acquaintance, practically a club friendship," said I. "That never means much."

"I thought, however," she proceeded, admitting this to her mind, "that it would be best to give you a chance." She paused. "I saw you take that letter

She paused again, but I did not answer. "You must give it back to me," she ended curtly.

I understood. Those were her terms. If I would surrender I might retire with the honors of war - that is, in silence and in safety.

"If I were to give it back," I said slowly, "what would you do with it?"

"I should, of course, hand it to Sir James," she answered.

Of course she would, but somehow I wished she had the authority to open it and read it.

"I will give it back to you," I said, "if you will promise me to read it now."

Now her face took on a stain of color; her eyes glowed.

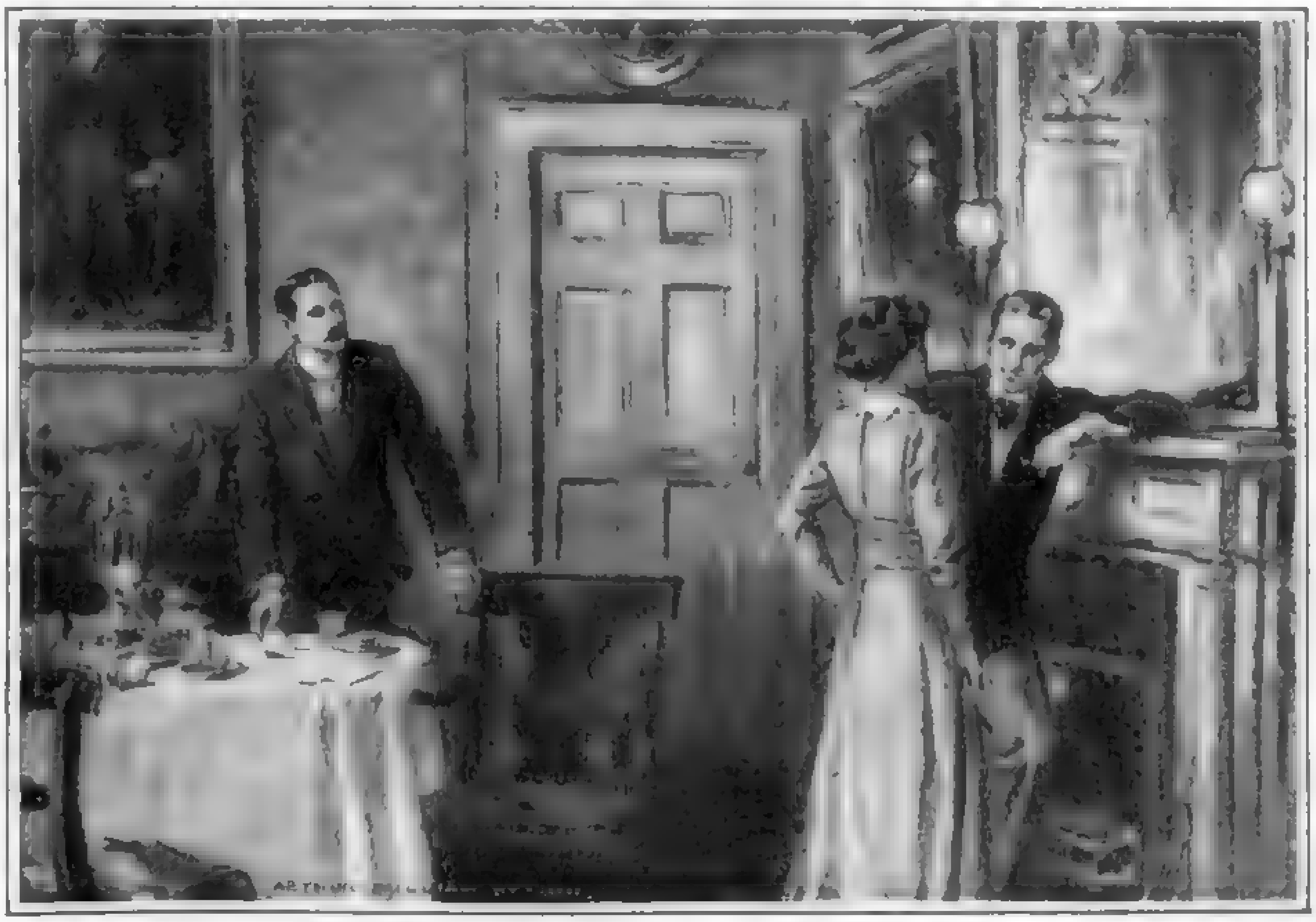
"What you propose is an insult," she said.

I sighed. "Yes, it sounded like it," I admitted. "But, on my honor, there is another side to it. However——" I looked down at the tea I was supposed to be consuming. It was the *impasse* I had expected and dreaded. But I was not going to give up yet. I clung to hope with despair, if I may put it that way.

"Suppose," I began hurriedly, "that a man had written what he afterward saw was wrong and would cause mischief, and that he wished to withdraw."

"There is one honorable way of withdrawing," said Miss Graham coldly

Oh, memory of Socrates and Socratic problems! Is what is right always right and never wrong?



Almost Without My Consciousness it Came Back With the Envelope

"You deny," I asked, "that an act which appears to be wrong can ever be justified?"

"There is right and there is wrong," she asserted, as if there could be no dispute.

"I wish I had some definite touchstone to which I could put the problems of life as I go through it," I said gently. "I wish I had that assurance you possess so firmly. My dear lady, I don't think life is so simple."

"I never said that life was simple," she said in a saddened way, and an abstracted gaze looked into the emptiness of space.

It touched me. Life had presented her with a problem once, and she remembered. Perhaps, remembering it, she had softened toward me. Yet whether she had softened or not I could not let her once again find herself in the complexities of her problem. No; she should not have the letter which would destroy her happiness.

"If I give you an assurance," I said as a last essay, "that the letter I have taken would only cause trouble . . . pain . . . unhappiness——?"

She shook her head. "I don't know you. I only gave you the opportunity because I thought I ought to. Apart from the question of ethics there is that. I am not justified "

I could see her point of view. She did not know anything about me. I might be engaged in an attempt to swindle Hallimore. Yet I confess that the irony of the situation would have tickled me if it had not been of so grave an importance. As it was, I was only perturbed.

"You have not asked me if I still have the letter—if it is still in existence," I said.

She rose, buttoning her gloves. "That is between you and your conscience," she said coldly, "or rather, between you and Sir James Hallimore."

We parted on that, though I got a frigid bow as I assisted her into the cab. As for me, if I had spent an uncomfortable morning I had a still more uneasy hour to pass. I wandered to the club, about which I had bored Sir James, but I found no consolation or advice there. I could not think of bridge, and there were only a few elderly men turning pages in the smoking-room. Should I accept the challenge, tear the letter in pieces, and face Hallimore on the top of the accusation? I was, perhaps, on a nobler impulse, disposed at first to take that step. But, I reflected —and here I admit a certain charge of cowardice—that to act so would be to destroy, or at least impair, an otherwise decent reputation. What cause had I, an unattached bachelor, to embroil myself in apparent dishonor for the sake of a woman I had only met twice in one day? I hesitated. I put off the decision, and Fate found me unprepared, with the letter in my pocket, when Hallimore's brief note reached me after dinner.

Dear Tyrwhitt: There's something has to be explained, it seems. Will you please call here when you get this, or shall I come to you? I've no doubt it's a mistake.

Yours sincerely, JAMES HALLIMORE.

I faced the situation ruefully, and—let me own—with some acrimony. If I did not go to Hallimore he was coming to me. A mistake, said he! Why, good Heavens, of course it had been a mistake from the beginning. I had been a fool, a middle-aged Don Quixote, with no excuses, and not even the prospect of a beautiful lady's hand in reward. In disgust I got into my cab, and in disgust I was driven to Felday Gardens. Hallimore was almost apologetic in his reception of me, and displayed an awkwardness not characteristic of the man.

"A mistake . . . a misunderstanding . . ." He was boxing the compass about this word, as if trying to arrive at the surest and most innocuous description. Uneasily he glanced at the door, as I remained silent. Through it Miss Graham entered.

"I was obliged to inform Sir James of what I had seen," she said simply, looking at me frankly.

"Oh, yes, Miss Graham said—well, she thought she saw you take a a paper or something——"

Poor Hallimore was—to outward view, at any rate—more upset than I was. But you must remember that I had had the society of the idea all day.

"I've no doubt there was a mistake," blundered Sir James.

Their silence pushed me forward. The word was with me. I might deny, and be confronted with my passive confession to Miss Graham. I might admit it, declare the letter destroyed, and brazen it out. This latter was the action of a hero, but I don't know that I had reasons for feeling very heroic after my day of shame. I adopted neither of these alternatives.

"I did take a document," I said stolidly, "but it was of no importance."

Hallimore's face eased. "A circular?" he said lightly. "My dear fellow, you're welcome to all mine."

He would have passed it off at that and been thankful, I know, but Miss Graham's ruthless conscience blocked the way.

"Will Mr. Tyrwhitt say it was a circular?" she asked.

It was quite impossible to fight against her. With a sick feeling in my heart I drew "Sir Jas." from my pocket and handed it to Hallimore. He took it, scrutinized it. "Begging letter?" he suggested, as he opened the envelope slowly. He was evidently puzzled by me.

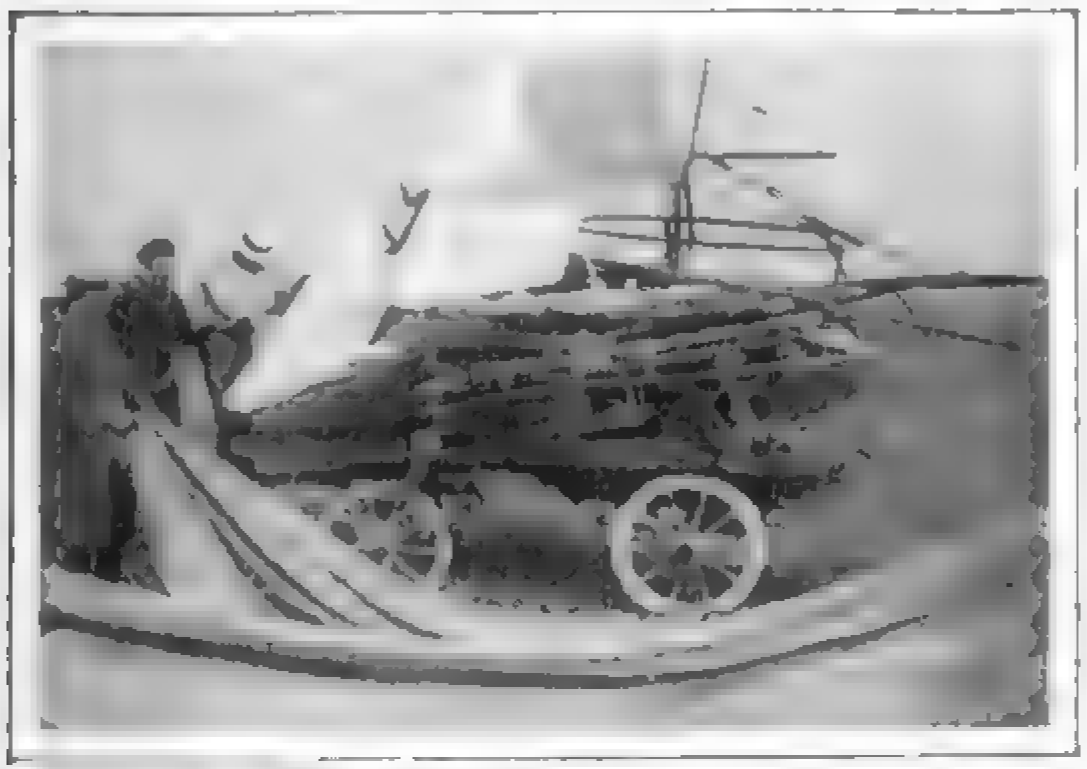
"But why——" he began, and frowned.

(Continued on Page 50)

THE DANGERS OF AVIATION

The Case of the Modern Mr. H. Dumpty

By EMERSON HOUGH



Carrying Away the Debris of the Aeroplane Blériot After the Accident

WHEREAS from a height no greater than that of a garden wall our late fellow-citizen, Mr. Humpty Dumpty, fell and sustained injuries such as left it impossible for all the king's horses and all the king's men to reassemble, reconstruct and readjust his *disjecta membra*, now, therefore, let us pause to inquire what would have happened to the said H. Dumpty had he fallen a distance of, say, half a mile? How many horses and men would it require in such case to restore a given H. Dumpty to his original condition? A certain industrial, social and life-insurance interest attaches to the answers of such questions.

That Mr. Dumpty is going to have a new red flying machine admits of very little doubt. He may go and be measured for a new aeroplane and attract little more attention than had he ordered a new suit of clothes or a new automobile. In fact, it is quite the fashionable thing to do. Some of our best people have already listed their orders for up-to-date aeroplanes. Since it is fashionable to fly, Mr. Dumpty is going to fly or demand reasons why not. Indeed, he already has, to some extent, flown. Some of the finest funerals of recent times have been those of persons whose friends have discovered that the path of aerial glory sometimes leads to a terrestrial grave.

On one day some eighteen months or so ago, in the city of Naples, Italy, there occurred one of the most imposing funerals ever seen in that city, where they manage such affairs so beautifully that it is almost a pleasure to participate in one. The long cortège was fitted out with spectacular trappings. There were lines of robed priests, files of uniformed mourners, banners, emblazonments, music, catafalques. All traffic paused in reverence as the procession passed. Rarely has the emotional Latin had better opportunity to mourn. It was a double sort of funeral, and it had more than a dozen objects contributed by the air above and by the waters under the earth. There had been a submarine disaster in the Bay of Naples, and all the crew of the boat had suffocated. At about the same time a couple of aeronauts had met with accident and had been dashed to death. It was said that one or two humbler human beings, who had met death only on the surface of the earth in ordinary human way, had been added to round out the procession and make it complete in its way.

How to Improve on Darius Green

MAN is an inventive little insect and has made plain his purpose of invading successfully all the elements—earth, air and water. The progress of science seems an irresistible sort of thing. There is, however, a wide difference between science and hysteria, between a devoted explorer of any new field or new element and that particular form of Mr. Dumpty who does things because some one else is doing them. In this latter class there is going to be a very comfortable mortality. In olden times they used to bury a suicide at the crossroads with a stake driven through him, which held him for a while. But what is to be done in the way of holding down the amateur aviator?

In a general way the public is highly enthusiastic over aviation. The flying game has even been better boosted, so to speak, than automobiling ever was. Countless novels and short articles of fiction already have been located in the upper air. Our advertising, editorial and news columns, even in the sober daily press, abound in aviation reading. Matters are well framed up for a yet greater hysteria. The commercial interests are not unmindful of yet another opportunity for manufacturing. Already lawsuits have been filed over the question of basic rights and patents; whereat always the legal profession uplifts its ears. Flying-machine factories even now begin to appear in our midst. In sober, fog-enveloped London there are now six firms that advertise themselves as makers of aeroplanes, as many firms who turn out accessories to aeroplane building, yet others that offer to make the parts of aeroplane engines, and so forth. Only a year ago there was but one firm in all London which dared list itself in this line of business. In Paris, during the past year, there has been infinitely greater relative growth in the airship industry than there has in the making of automobiles. Neither is it impossible to purchase a flying machine right here at home.

Great Britain takes aviation stolidly and as a matter of duty. I was in London on the morning Blériot landed on English soil after his flight across the Channel, and it is fair to say that on that morning the entire English people sat up in consternation. Relays of French airships, fleets of German dirigibles were seen in the offing. At once the British editorial pages began to resound with solemn warnings. Canada and Australia were commanded to show their loyalty and to contribute their *pro rata* to the imperial defense in the way of airship building. The aeroplane of Blériot, even in the dull season of London, attracted the densest crowds throughout the brief time of its exhibition. Great Britain reproached itself unanimously on having neglected its plain duty in not developing its airship navy. As to France, when the airship came along it was seized upon as filling a long-felt want in the mercurial French character. *La patrie*, *la nouvelle sensation* and *la gloire* all became blended in the Frenchman's ardor for the air; and in no region of the earth is the flying germ more firmly imbedded under the hair follicles than in France.

Farman Flying Low Down in Paulhan's Machine

America, accustomed to taking the industrial cream, has not overlooked her opportunities either in fame or commerce. The basic patents which originated in Dayton, Ohio, are not unknown to Paris, France. As to aviation weeks with good gate money, leave it to us. That we are going to fly admits of no manner of reasonable doubt.

What, then, will be the life-insurance risks, after the fashionable or foolish of all these several countries shall have got fully into the flying game? Can the future record of casualties be estimated from that of the past? There is a book published, describing the progress of aviation in France, Germany, England—indeed, in all the European and Asiatic countries, with a few in South America. Learned minds are figuring on the possibilities of the airship in war and in passenger service. The supremacy of the air is debated more hotly than that of the sea. New words for a new science have been invented. Literally scores of new factories for airships are going up here and there. Each day brings reports of new achievements. But, upon the other hand, although everything points to flying, nothing seems to contemplate the coming down again.

No one answers the question about the casualties that certainly must happen. The list at date is smaller than at first might be supposed, but it is slowly growing, and it numbers already, in these first early scientific days, while the game of flying is left in the hands of experts and not of amateurs, many men whose names long have been familiar in the news columns. The latest instance is the death of Leon Delagrange in January of 1910, which occurred at Bordeaux while the aviator was operating one of the machines in which he had the greatest confidence. Delagrange was an idol of France, president of the Aviation Club of France, and one of the most daring of the bold men who, of late, have called forth so much applause by their aerial feats. Encouraged by this popular enthusiasm, seeking to stir it yet a little more, he ventured a little more and a little more until, taking too much of a chance in too much of a wind, his machine fell. He was crushed under his own motor after a fall of only about sixty-five feet.

A Need for Philosophy

THE death, last year, of Lieutenant Selfridge, of the United States Army, and the narrow escape from death of Orville Wright at the same time, remain fresh in memory. The two Wright brothers are among the least emotional, most methodical and careful of all the late brood of airship engineers; yet both of them have had narrow escapes from death. Glenn H. Curtiss, who has achieved a great reputation for his skill and daring in quest of aerial records, more than once has been lucky to escape without serious injury. Indeed, while not caring for the unwelcome classification of croaker or evil prophet, to a calm observer it obviously is true that every aviator must take such chances each year of his life if he is to continue flying.

There was one enthusiast in France, an amateur by the name of Antonio Fernandez, who had invented a machine of his own which he was satisfied surpassed any other on the market. Fernandez was not a scientist but a ladies' tailor, and to his mind his design of aeroplane excelled all others. Several times he had been disappointed in making ascents, but finally, in December, 1909, he made his first flight, at Nice. His aeroplane rose and proceeded some two hundred meters. He then attempted to turn his craft about, but failed to do so properly and fell to the earth with his machine. He was crushed to death

Still another Frenchman to meet death in this manner was the famous Lefebvre, who was killed in September,

The Wright Aeroplane, After the Accident in Which M. Lefebvre Met His Death

1909. Lefebvre was one of the most daring of the aerial acrobats and had pleased many crowds by his rapid and skillful evolutions in the air. He attempted to please them yet a little more. Who shall just describe the thoughts which must have flashed through his mind when his machine turned turtle with him in midair? In an instant it was all over.

Like the driver of the racing automobile the aeronaut who seeks success must take all manner of chances philosophically. In automobiling, however, the risks are to some extent fixed factors, whereas in aviation disaster may come in any one of a thousand unexpected forms. A motor may stop, a truss wire may snap, an *aileron* may break loose, or a supporting plane rip free. A piece of metal from above, a bit of wood from below may break a propeller. The frame, the chassis, a wheel, a damper, a rudder, a rod may go wrong. An automobile is a harbor of safe refuge compared to an aeroplane. You can ultimately get a line on the four dimensions of an auto's performance. With an aeroplane you can't do anything of the sort. It is wholly empirical, like eating toadstools.

Last summer all Paris was agog over the great dirigible known as the Bayard-Clèment, which had been turned out in a local factory and sold to the Russian Government. Its designer, with three other occupants of the balloon, among them Colonel Nack of the Russian Army, made what for a time seemed a successful initial trip. It was discovered that the thing would go up and that it would come down, and after some unimportant evolutions the landing was made at a point not far from the bank of the Seine. The men had not left the car of the balloon when a gust of wind dashed it against some trees. The car was whipped over and, with its occupants, fell into the Seine. It was mere good fortune that they were rescued without any loss of life. And it was a big balloon, relatively far safer than a gasoline air-skidder

A Possibility for the Spectacular

AN EQUAL good fortune attended the manœuvers of a captive balloon last summer on the military grounds at Berlin. Something went wrong with the captive balloon and it fell from a height of five hundred meters. Fortunately, none of the occupants of the car was killed. Perhaps we could get an idea of their sensation by dropping from the height of the Flatiron Building in an elevator that had lost its brake. To continue the record of the dirigibles, who does not remember the disasters which have met the several Zeppelin airships, or the accident which not long ago attended the Parseval dirigible at a time when it was carrying a load of passengers? The Parseval buckled or bent in the middle like a deflated sausage. The last Zeppelin was wrecked against a tree.

The future list of casualties will in great part be assigned to the military forces of the different countries interested in aviation. The list already begins to grow. Following the loss of our own officer, Lieutenant Selfridge, on September 27, 1909, four French officers met their death at one time in the wreck of the military dirigible La République, which was wrecked near Moulins. The Cross of the Legion of Honor was pinned on the body of each of these thus sacrificed. It came too late to do them any good. These men died like heroes, indeed, for while the balloon was falling they were seen to keep their seats and they made no outcry. Their fall was about two hundred and fifty feet. The death of Captain Ferber was yet another loss in France.

Thus far Santos-Dumont, to whom so much aviatory credit is due, has escaped serious accident, although a number of times he has been close to calamity—as when, in 1901, his balloon burst and left him marooned on a housetop in Passy. Aviation accidents are not always fatal. Thus, on November 1, in 1909, during the progress of an aviation week in Hamburg, a mechanic by the name of Pequet was flying about the ground at a considerable height when his petroleum tank exploded and his aeroplane took fire. He managed to make a swift slide downward, but while still at a height of twenty feet from the ground was obliged to jump to prevent being burned to death. He was taken to the hospital suffering from severe injuries. How much more enjoyable his performance than a loop-the-loop, or a loop-of-death, or any of these tame Coney Island stunts. Unpremeditated, too. Just did it right on the spur of the moment. Fine show

All That Remained of the Bleriot Aeroplane After the Fire

The English-speaking aeronauts have not been without their share of desperate chances. Thus, Captain S. F. Cody, an American who was selected to operate the British Army's aeroplane in the course of several experiments, on October 16 of last year met an almost certain chance for death and escaped as though by miracle. He had traveled a thousand yards or so just above the earth when, taking a quick turn with the wings tilted, the front wheel of the carriage happened to touch the ground. This brought the whole machine down in a crash and made of it a total wreck. Cody came out of it alive, but with his face badly gashed.

Captain Cody, Patched Up After His Accident

On another day, January 21, the same man, Captain Cody, had another mishap with the British Army aeroplane at Aldershot. He got off downhill and finally covered some three or four hundred yards more or less unsteadily. In making the descent, however, he took too sharp an angle. Too much pressure came on the forward plane, which ripped clear of the framework. At once the machine shot up again into the air, almost unmanageable, then dropped, fortunately from a height of only about ten feet. Mr. Cody declared that in his belief the flight was a "most instructive one." So it would seem

Bayard-Clément—All That Remained Being Towed Back by River

Yet other ways of getting into trouble suggest themselves to the fickle airship. In the aviation week at St. Louis, in our own country, last October, many of the balloons made valuable records, and a few of them added to the sum of knowledge regarding avintion possibilities. It seems that a local man with an eye to business had begun sending out some balloons of his own, each of which contained a ten-dollar bill and, perhaps, some printed instructions as to where to buy certain goods. Now, to the militant Missouri mind in the bucolic districts, it seemed much simpler to shoot a hole in one of these ten-dollar balloons when it came sailing by than to wait for it to drop, very possibly, on some other fellow's farm. Accordingly, all Missouri was out in the front yard, gun in hand, and to the heated imagination of these farmers all balloons looked more or less alike, even although one might be big enough to carry two or three men. Maybe ten dollars looked big to them, too. The balloon South St. Louis was shot at more than a dozen times, and was so crippled that it had to descend after a short flight beyond the city. Considerable of this shooting was done in the moonlight. The occupants in this car said that they owed their lives to the protection of the sandbag ballast on which they sat. In some ways this seems to be about the most military balloon which has yet come to notice, what with its record relative to balloon breastworks against rifle fire. But picture to the mind the feelings of helpless aeronauts passing above a Missouri farm by moonlight. "Pop! Pop! Bang! Bang!" "There goes poor Smith," remarks an agitated voice, as the sound of a distant shot is followed by the sight of a collapsed balloon dropping through the trees. "Captain, I'm hit!" remarks one of the heroic crew. And a moment later some hero approaches and, saluting, says: "I have the honor to report, sir, that our last sandbag has been plunked and that the ship is sinking." Such a scene does not lack in opportunities, nor are these to be called the opportunities of fiction alone. The Missouri fusillade was quite a general one. This is the real story, and such are its attractions that it seems rather an anti-climax to state that at the same meeting the airship Indiana, through a sudden indisposition on the part of its pilot, McGill, dashed him and his aide, Shauer, against some trees in a sudden fall. Shauer only had his shoulder dislocated and McGill was only bruised.

Nor are these all the things that can happen to the hardy aeronaut. Last fall there was one Mr. F. W. Mix, of Columbus, Ohio, who successfully sought Columbian honors in the race for the Gordon Bennett cup in France. Mr. Mix got caught by the night and traveled he does not know just where, but he rounded to in a pine tree at three o'clock of a dark morning, in the forest of Gutova, not far from Ostrolenka, which is near Warsaw. As if this nomenclatural juxtaposition were not of itself sufficient, now came the Polish police and expressed their intention of arresting Mr. Mix if only he would come down out of the tree. Being hungry he was forced to comply. They asked him to explain how he came up there in that Polish tree. He was unable to do so.

Viewing the Remains

HUMAN beings seem to have been anxious to do stunts in the air ever since the early days of the world. A scientific periodical points out that the ancient Lucanians, when they had a dangerous criminal on their hands, used to experiment in aviation by tying some wings to his arms and legs and kicking him off the edge of a certain tall cliff near the sea. They had a boat off shore waiting for him, but he rarely needed the boat. Again, as early as 1660 a tight-rope walker by the name of Allard, according to the same authority, tried to fly in the presence of Louis le Grand. Very likely he would have pulled off all kinds of money if he had succeeded, but he did not succeed.

Even earlier, in 1510, a saintly man from the priory near Stirling, Scotland, fixed himself up a nice pair of wings and jumped off the top of a castle tower. They were able to say of his remains: "How natural he looks!" He was a Scotchman, too, and ought to have been more careful than that. As for the ancient Romans, they were always more or less gay, so we should not be surprised at learning that in the time of Nero a learned Roman rigged up some kind of a machine for flying which mercifully did no worse than break a leg for him. They say, also, that the Assyrians flew, and even the Chinese—the saga of Humpty Dumpty apparently running back far into the history of the world.

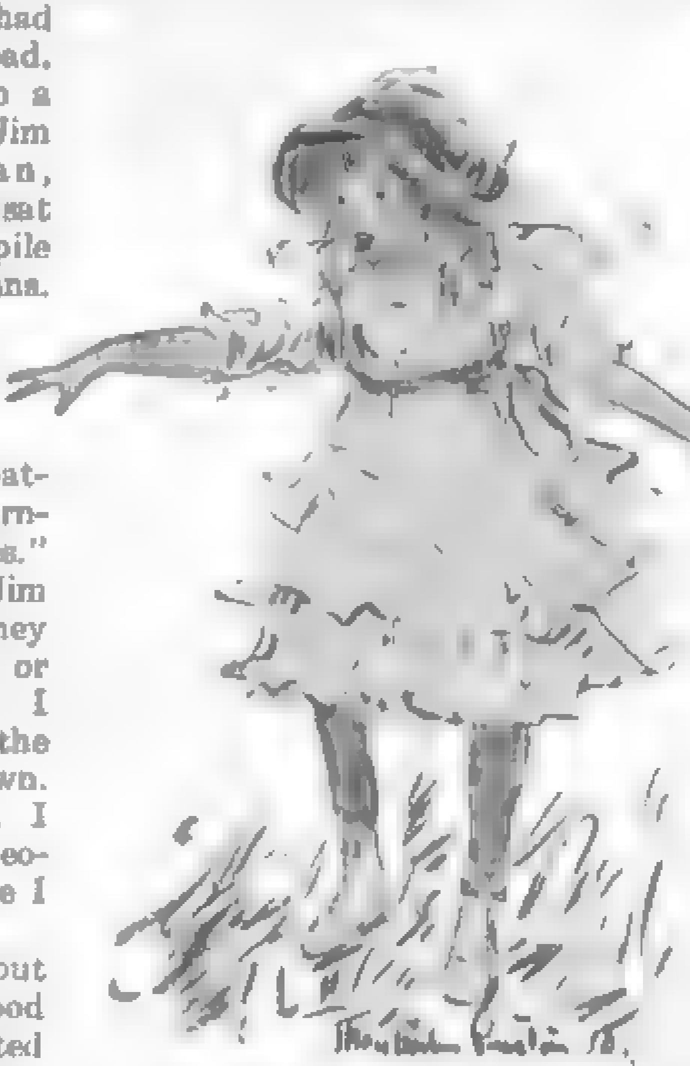
(Continued on Page 56)

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ONE

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A PIECE of hickory sapling from the hills had worked its way through the screening on the penstock and had fallen into the turbine where, in spite of the fact that it was chewed to ribbons, it still gave notice of its presence. It was necessary to shut down for a half hour at least, and though more scrap leather was piled on the fires of the auxiliary steam plant, all the shafting on the top floor of the factory had to be taken off the load. The pulleys came to a shrieking stop. Jim Hands, the foreman, yawned, stretched, and sat back comfortably on a pile of blue-dyed sheepskins.



So She Just Stuck Out Her Little Red Tongue at 'Em

"It was a leather strap," said Dave Pierson, shaving the back of his hand with a knife. "I seen it floating in the canal this morning—with my two eyes."

"Eyes is liars," said Jim slowly. "Whether they look at leather straps or people, eyes is liars. I ain't sayin' it weren't the strap that closed us down. But specially people. I gave up checkin' up people by eyesight before I gave up drinkin'."

"I ain't mistaken about folks when I get a good look at 'em," asserted Dave. "Maybe you can't tell by lookin', but I can."

"You did well in the case of the Beautiful Little One!" snapped the older man.

"Whauk-did-dee!" Dave exclaimed, with an explosive whistle.

"You weren't here in 1902?" said Jim, suddenly propping himself up on his elbows and looking at the other faces. He was proud of antedating his fellows in the employ of the "Old Boss." Then he continued:

. . . .

By the time you fellers came the talk of the buried treasure up beyond the Maple Hill cemetery was forgotten. I mention it because it was the year the Beautiful Little One was up here in this luck-forsaken, muddy, up-in-the-hills little factory town. Somehow there had been talk for a hundred years, and maybe two, about a man named Mahaffy, who lived all alone in the woods and never spoke a word in *forty* years, and buried a barrel full of gold money. They say he took the money off a man he killed with an axe, on the other side. I always thought the last of the story might be true, but, Heaven save my grandfathers, I never believed an Irishman would go silent and alone three weeks at a time.

Anyway, it was along in the spring of 1902 when the snow had just gone off the sunny side of these hills around us here, and on warm days you began to think the grass was turnin' green, and maybe a hoptoad had jumped away from yer at the doorstep of an evenin', and the river was high, when one Sunday afternoon an' old feller that drives the bus for the Phenix Hotel was cuttin' across through Wilder's Woods an' come across a tree in the thickest of 'em, with a spike of iron driven into the roots. An' on this spike he says was a kind of iron tag an' on the tag was the name Mahaffy.

Of course the feller is half crazy, anyhow, an' his name is Cady, an' his family was from the North of Ireland. So he tries to dig away the earth with his fingers, but it was all froze, an' he runs to get a pick an' shovel, an' when he went back he couldn't find the tree. He hunted three weeks an' he couldn't find it, an' only one person has ever said they seen it since. Old Cady, with his little beady eyes an' gabbin' mouth, told it, of course, before long, chewin' up a new toothpick an' cussin' his luck every time he described it, an' little girls an' boys that is fooled by them things went up there afternoons after school lookin' fer a short cut to a swollen fortune. An' the barber's helper, Fred—the one who stuck his tongue to the iron cornucopia on the drinkin' fountain last winter an' caused the fight between Ed Bolt an' Harry Garnet about how to get him loose—well, he was up in them woods a good deal after that. I met him one Sunday up there.

I mention it because it was that June that the Beautiful Little One come to town with its mother. You see it and its mother had kin here. Fer the mother, Mrs. Bardonile, which is a name that always seemed to me to be out of place away from a Pullman car, was a niece of Mrs. Grogan's, the widow that lives in the house by the station.

I says to my wife Annie, says I, after I'd seen the strange woman with the Beautiful Little One walkin' on Main Street, "Who is the new lady in town, with the hair like a snake charmer's," I says, "an' the unconscious grace in bearin'," I says, "and the binocular eyes, an' the little child."

"Oh, ain't it the beautiful little one!" says Annie to me, passin' the baked potatoes all smokin' where the skins had bust open. "She has a face like an angel, dear," she says. "She hardly looks real. If she was our child I should be afraid she was too good to live."

"If you could tell by that," says I, "there is some folks in town that is slated fer three hundred years more," I says. "But what is the name of these strangers?"

An' with that she told me how the little girl with her little pink stockin's, and white dresses, an' velvety skin, an' lace an' ruffles was goin' on eight years old, an' how her mother had named her Rhoda.

"That's the name of a perfume," says I.

"Well, suppose it is? It's a pretty name at that," says Annie, reachin' fer her apron. "An' her mother is nobody to laugh at," she says, "fer she used to be a teacher of elocution an' a public reader," says she, "though I must say them artistic people look as if they would do very poor work in a mill or a kitchen," she says. "Anyhow," she says, "Rhoda is no worse a name than Mossrose, an' I knew a woman once who named a child that. She seen it on a box of chocolates."

"What's that you have on that paper there?" says I to her, blowin' out my match, fer I seen her reach for it behind the clock on the mantelpiece.

"It tells what she is," she says.

"Well what?" says I.

"I wrote it down," she says, "when she told me. She's an Indian mystic."

"She was stuffin' you," I says.

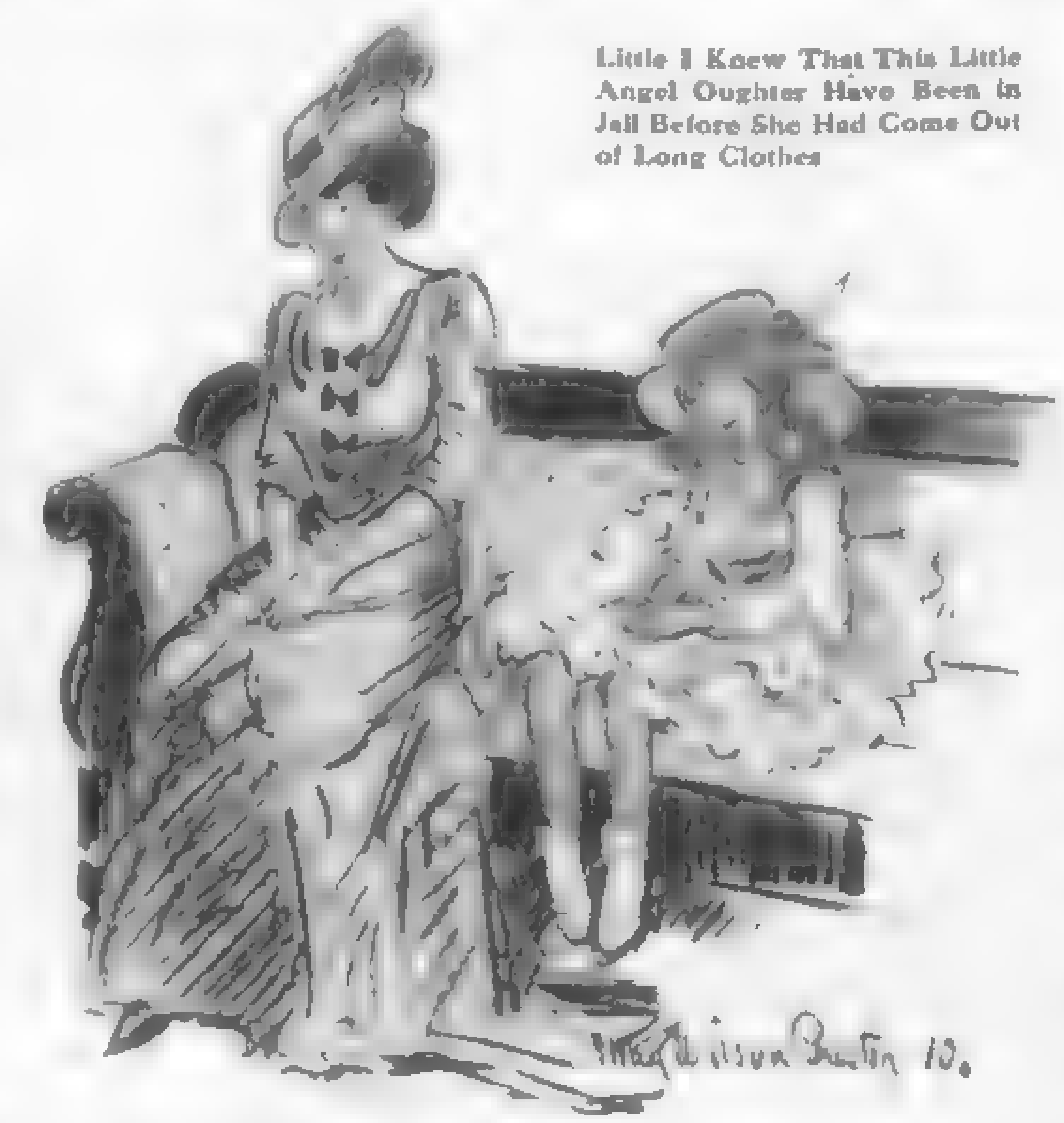
"Her soul has been washed in some river," says Annie, "an' the soul of the Beautiful Little One."

"Say nothin' to Father Ryan like that," I says, "fer he'd think you was a total loss," I says, "in these days," says I, "when white people is sendin' their good money to cure the black an' yellow of them ideas."

"Wait!" she says. "Mrs. Bardonile is comin' up to Sunday dinner with me," says she with a proud smile. "She's asked me to cook her some corn beef an' cabbage."

So it was not long before I had a chance to see with my own eyes the Beautiful Little One.

I want to tell you there weren't any doubt about the little girl in my mind. Such innocence, such purity, such heavenly glances, as they say in the stories! She sat there on the sofa in the parlor, never even swingin' her legs, an' lookin' up at her mother just as if she had been lookin' at a good Christian woman instead of a heathen worshiper that was always talkin' about Omar this, an' Nirvana that, an' other discontented matters of the same kind that only seem to come to people who is out of a job. An' her golden hair was arranged so pretty! Says I to myself: "In spite of yer round little legs an' yer pink cheeks," I says, "you're too much of a beautiful spirit fer this world," I says. Fer little can ye tell about even the children by lookin' at 'em, an' little I knew that this little angel oughter have been in jail before she had come out of long clothes. But I had a fine chance to see that afternoon.



Little I Knew That This Little Angel Oughter Have Been in Jail Before She Had Come Out of Long Clothes

"Mrs. Hands," says the delicate an' spiritual woman, who'd eaten so much she could hardly keep awake in the rockin'-chair," would yer little Mike take Rhoda out to show her the horse and cow an' fer a little air?" she says.

Mike give the girl a scared look as if the responsibility would be too much fer him.

"Why, yes," says my Annie. "Michael, my boy, take the little girl out an' be careful you don't play rough with her. He's a gentle boy, anyhow," she says; "an' be sure to lay a board down so she won't get mud on her little white shoes in front of the barn door there," says she.

"Why?" says the little girl, fer that seemed to be the only word she could say.

"It's muddy, dear," says her mother.

"Why, mamma?" says the Beautiful Little One.

An' without waitin' she started out with Mike.

It was just then I got suspicious. Fer as she went out the door an' thought nobody was lookin' at her she stuck her red tongue out at us. "Be careful there," says I.

"Why?" says the little angel, an' it weren't till later that afternoon, when I had to go out to the barn, that I seen her an' little Mike again. They was sittin' on the top of a drygoods box beside the barn, lookin' in the little window at the pig, an' from what I could guess by the gruntin' that was goin' on the pig was standin' on his hindlegs lookin' out the window at them.

"Does he like you?" says she.

"Yes," says little Mike. "But your dress makes him mad," he says.

"Why?" says she.

"It's too white," he says. "He don't like white."

"Well, he's white," she says. "But maybe he can't see himself," says she. "Anyhow, I like you," she says, "an' I like him. He has eyes like my Aunt Maud. She's awful silly. Whenever I want to do somethin' she don't want me to I make a hole in the lead pipes with the scissors an' water comes out, an' so she has to go out fer a plumber. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," says my Michael.

"Then you're silly, too," says she, "fer it ain't so."

Mike looked at her, an' I seen him get red an' stare the way he does when he's mad.

"An', anyhow," she says, "my mother told me that you an' your brother an' sister weren't like me. I am cleaner. But I like dirty people."

That made Mike madder yet. I seen him shut his fists, an' then she stuck her little tongue out at him an' says: "My mother is a public reader. She is educated, too."

"Can she ride a pig?" says Mike.

"No," says the Beautiful Little One.

"My mother can," says he, lyin' strong an' easy. "You oughter see her."

"Can you do it?" says she, blinkin' in the slantin' sunlight an' tossin' back her golden hair.

"Yes, I can," he says, jumpin' off the box an' stickin' his hands into his pockets. "An' my pig used to belong to Buffalo Bill."

"I can ride a pig if I want to," said she, "but I don't believe you can."

With that I seen Mike pick up some pebbles an' lean in the window an' fling 'em at the pig. An' you could hear the squealin' an' gruntin', an' the slosh-slosh when the beast ran. I knew that Mike was an artist at jumpin' on him when he ran below the window an', sure enough, I seen him drop an' heard the pig screamin' an gallopin' around the cellar until he come by the window. Then Mike caught hold of the sill an' pulled himself up

"I ain't goin' to let you ride my pig," he says to the Beautiful Little One.

"Is it fun?" says she

"You'd fall off an' get all dirty. You ain't a Wild West like me," he says

"I am, too!" she says.

"I dare you," Mike says, an' he looked up into the apple tree an' began to whistle an' jump up to catch the twigs. He was concealin' his feelin's.

"Mother won't know it," she says.

"You're wrong there, my little angel," I says to myself, with the devil whisperin' in my ear. An' I drew back further around the corner fer fear they'd see me. I could hear her pickin' up stones, like Mike had done, an' throwin' 'em in at the beast by the handfuls, like a woman.

Then I peeked around the corner. I could see her squattin' on the windowsill—she an' her little starchy ruffles, an' white silk, an' shoes with bows on 'em, an' pink stockin's, an' gold hair with perfume in it. Says I to myself, "Yer mother will be no Indian mystic when next she sees you," says I.

"Don't do it," cries Mike, fer he seen she was goin' to jump. "Don't do it. They'll whale me! I forgot that. They'll whale me!"

He spoke too late. Fer the pig had run under the window an' the beautiful child had dropped out of sight. I could hear her hit its back, an' the beast let out a squeal an' was off around the mire in the dark there. I heard noises that sounded like an eggbeater in a bowl of batter. It would have done the ears of ye good to hear that sound, bein' human an' wicked like me. There was grunts an' squeals an' gallopin'. It kind of suggested distress an' speed an' uncertainty. An' you could hear the Beautiful Little One hollerin': "Whoa! Whoa!"

Little Mike had got down on his hands an' knees an' was lookin' in the window, tryin' to see. It was when we heard the splash that he pulled his head out an' he was pale as yer collar. He give one look at the house an' then he started up through the old orchard, runnin' as if there was wolves behind him. I soon lost sight of him.

After a minute I heard the pig gruntin' again. He'd probably gone back to mindin' his own business. An' then I heard the little angel's voice. "Michael," she calls, "oh, Michael, what do you think? I fell off." I knew at that moment that, in spite of her holy looks an' her wicked little heart, she was a good sport all the same.

It was awful to see her come out through that window. I could tell that she an' the pig must have worked up some speed when they skidded. She looked as if she could lay down anywhere on a boggy road an' you'd never know she was there. Anyhow, nobody would have thought she was the child of a public reader.

"Come with me," I says to her. "Fer the Wild West is all over," I says. "Now we'll go back to mother," I says.

"I hate to go," she says. "My hat is down there," she says, pointin'. "Mother won't want it, will she?" I could see she was tryin' to keep a stiff upper lip.

"No," says I, "she won't." An' I thought to myself that if her affection weren't very strong she'd want Rhoda about equal with wantin' the little lace hat. Fer you could hardly tell whether the child's front was lookin' at yer or away from yer.

"I'm afraid she'll be cross," says Rhoda to me. "But I won't cry! She can't make me cry. It won't make any difference, anyhow, in a week or two. I'll pretend I don't want to wear old dresses an' then she'll make me. An' old ones is what I like to wear, anyhow."

"Rhoda," says I when we come to the steps, "don't go any farther," I says. "You had a chance to choose between us and the pig," I says, "an' you threw in yer lot with his," I says, "an' let it go at that," says I.

With that we come around the corner of the house an' there sat my Annie and Mrs. Bardonile. The two of them looked up. Fer a minute after they'd seen the sight they never moved.

"Mercy on us!" says Annie, clutchin' at her dress. "Which one of 'em is it?"

"It's me, mamma," says Rhoda, an' with them words her mother let out a scream an' begins to cry.

"I've rode the nice pig," says the Beautiful Little One, "an' what shall I do now, mamma?"

"Run, Jim, fer water!" screams my Annie. "The lady's goin' to faint."

"No, she ain't," says I. "Her eyes is shut because she don't want to see."

"Mamma, let's go home," says the child.

"Yes, yes," says the woman, throwin' her arms about. "I feel as though I was mad! I'll never be the same woman again! I've lost my senses!" An' with that she grabs up her hat from the step an' rushes out of the gate, with Rhoda runnin' after her.

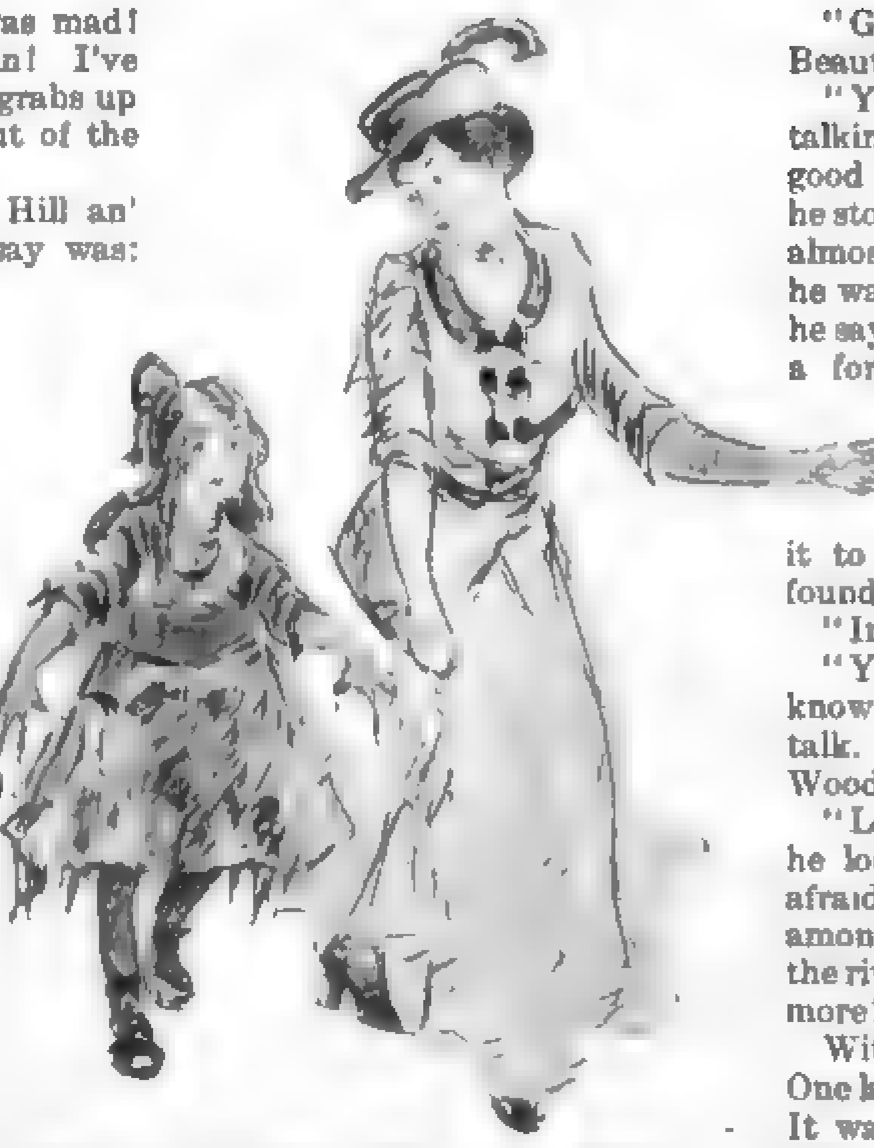
We watched 'em go down Maple Hill an' the last thing I heard the mother say was: "Rhoda, if you don't want to be whipped go across an' walk on the other sidewalk!"

"There goes a beautiful little child," says I to Annie; "an' take it from one who knows she's as good as she is pretty."

"Say no more of yer foolishness," says Annie. "Where is Michael?"

"Mike," says I, "has climbed the tallest tree in the orchard," says I, "an' when he comes home I don't know whether to whip him or let him whip me," I says. "Fer," says I, "I've got colic in my conscience."

Ain't it funny how yer sympathy goes out to them who is wicked! First we want to see a rascal caught an' then we're crazy to see him get away. An' I must say I could feel a growin' affection in my heart fer Rhoda. Some day she'll run a correspondence school for mining promoters, an' she'll be well remembered in this town, anyhow.



"Rhoda, if You Don't Want to be Whipped Go Across an' Walk on the Other Sidewalk!"

Yes, she'll be well remembered. I've never been able to find out who told her about Mahaffy, the hermit, an' the buried treasure. Cady, the driver of the bus, said he didn't tell her. Maybe she learned it from the children who went up after school to hunt in the woods.

I can remember it was the last day in June an' we had begun to take account of stock. I was late gettin' home at the lunch hour, so I took the short cut down there across the railroad bridge. The noon train had gone by. Dave Pierson was with me an' we was walkin' along over the ties, with the river rushin' underneath an' the snowshed above us shadin' us from the sun, so we didn't see ahead of us far. But when we looked up there was Rhoda, with her golden hair an' innocent face, sittin' beside the track an' tryin' to balance a coin on one of the shinin' rails.

She seen us all right, I guess, but she never looked up. You know the way children seven or eight years old don't pay any attention to people. An' we'd have gone right on if it hadn't been fer Dave. He can see a dollar three or four hundred yards away in foggy weather.

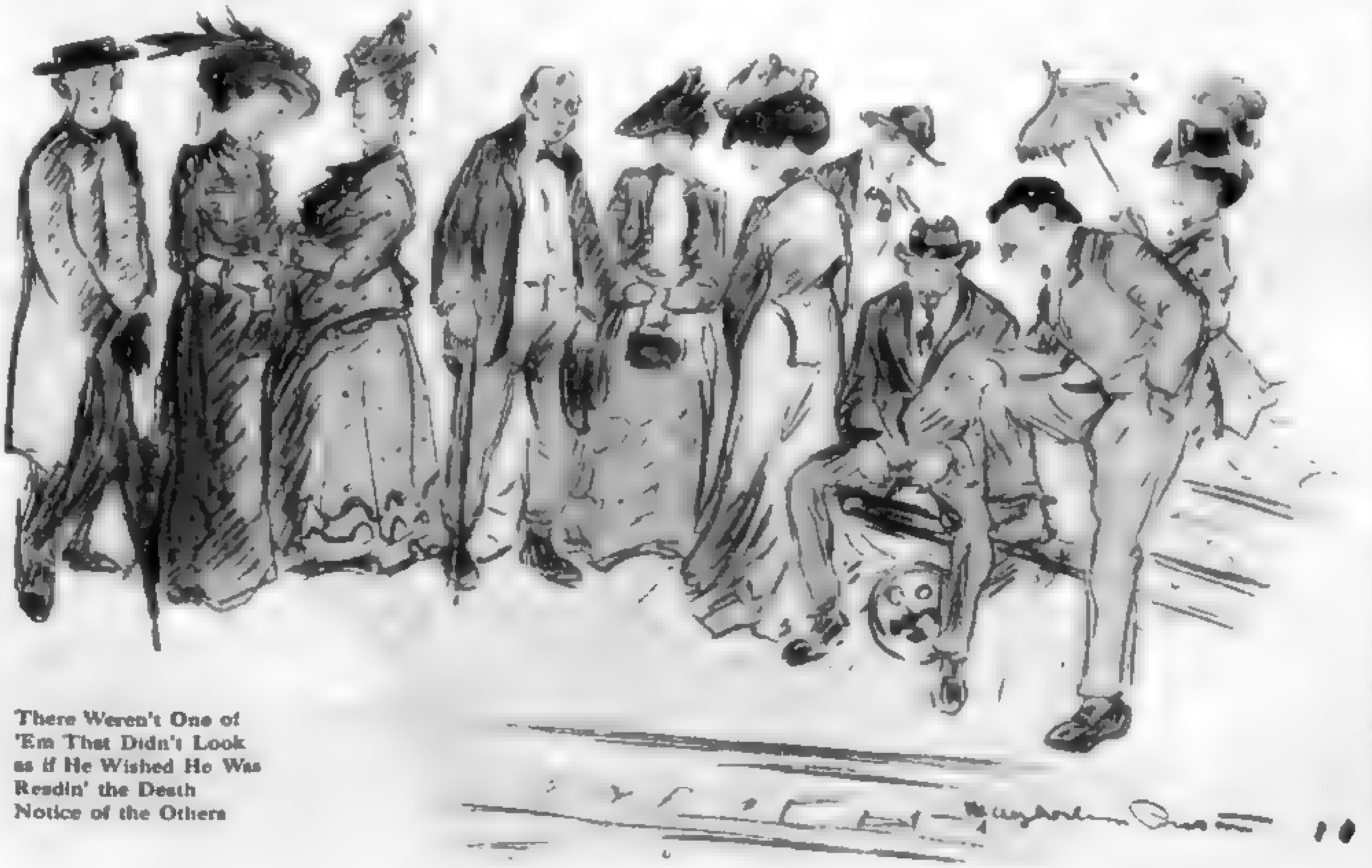
"Jim!" he says, grabbin' my arm. "Look at the coin! Look at the coin! It's gold!"

I stopped then an' I seen it looked that way. An' a funny coin it was!

"Little girl," says Dave, "let me see the piece of money, dear."

"No!" says Rhoda, hidin' it in her lap. "It's mine. I found it."

"Be a good little girl," says Dave, with his hand shakin' with excitement. "Let me see."



There Weren't One of 'Em That Didn't Look as if He Wished He Was Readin' the Death Notice of the Others

"Give it back?" asked the Beautiful Little One.

"Yes, dear," says Dave, talkin' soft an' easy. "That's a good little girl." An' with that he stood up beside me an' I could almost hear his heart poundin', he was that stewed up. "Jim," he says, "look at that coin. It's a foreigner's piece of money. Do you suppose it's the Mahaffy money?"

"Give it back," says Rhoda. "I want it to play with. It's mine. I found it in the woods."

"In the woods!" says I.

"Yeth, thir," she says. You know the way them youngsters talk. "Under a tree in Wilder's Woods, an' there is lots more."

"Lots more!" says Dave, an' he looked around as if he was afraid somebody might be hidin' among the alder bushes there by the river-bank. "Was there ten more?"

With that the Beautiful Little One laughed. I can hear it now. It was that silvery, as Father Ryan says. "Oh, yeth," she cries, "thousands more; but I put the moss all back."

"There!" says Dave, lickin' his lip. "You are a dear little girl. An' I like little girls. I'll walk back with you an' see!"

"No!" says Rhoda, kinder peevish.

"It's the Mahaffy money!" says Dave to me, an' then he says to her: "Can you find the place?"

"Yeth," she says.

Dave, the rascal, took out a Columbian half-dollar. It was a pocketpiece he carried an' he had no other money as usual, an' held it between his big thumb an' forefinger. "Ain't that pretty, little girl?" he says.

"Yeth," says she.

"Suppose I gave it to you," says he. "Would you take me back to where you found that dirty old coin?"

"You'd tell?" she says.

"No, I wouldn't," says Dave. "It would be just a secret between me an' you an' Mr. Hands."

"Well, I won't tell now," Rhoda says, tossin' back her golden hair. "You give me the money an' I'll come down to the station after dinner Sunday, an' then I'll tell."

"But, little girl," says Dave in his most persuadin' voice, "I won't give you the money till you do tell," says he.

With that she jumped up, an' brushed off her little white dress, an' pulled up one of her pink stockin's, an' ran away up the field between the railroad track an' the road.

"Little girl! Little girl!" yells Dave.

"Ferget it," says I.

He kinder growled at me then an' he says: "Aw, what's the matter with you? I was just jokin'." An' then he looked down at the Columbian half-dollar an' slipped it back into his pants pocket. "Well," says he finally, "how do you know? She may have found the buried money, after all. I think I'll catch up with her," he says. So, off he went, runnin' up over the fields, an' I walkin' along slow an' laughin', fer the child was runnin' fast fer her size, an' it was a hot day, an' Dave was pretty fat.

"'Tis human nature," says I to myself; "an' most always comedy," I says.

I seen the Beautiful Little One when I was goin' back to the factory at one. She was sittin' on the fence in front of the old Brooks place, the house that burned down last winter, an' she was clinkin' two coins together in her hand. An' one of them coins was dirty an' looked like gold an' had a funny head on

(Continued on Page 48)

THE EASIEST PROFITS

Saving Man-Power

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION
BY EDWIN F. BAYHA

EDWIN·F·
BAYHA

A MANUFACTURER in the Middle West makes a small labor-saving machine for domestic use. His raw materials, laid down at the factory, cost $9.49. Wages to mechanics amount to $3.02 on each machine, and sixty cents more goes to superintendent, bookkeeper, salesman and other salaried employees. Rent, power, light and similar charges amount to $1.65, so that when a machine is ready to ship it has cost him $14.76. He sells these machines for $16.86 apiece, a reasonable price, for his profit is $2.10, or just about twelve and a half per cent.

It will be seen that labor is the largest item of cost, next to raw materials. But wages and salaries enter into this manufacturer's finished machine to a much greater degree than his own costs show. If he uses wire in its construction, for example, there was a labor charge for making it from iron, and another for smelting iron from ore, and another for getting ore from the mine. Rent, power, light, and even insurance and interest, all carry labor charges. If all these complex items of labor cost were tabulated in the development of that machine from the crude ores and timber it would be found that wages and salaries were by far the chief items of expense. Now the figures applied to this particular manufacturer's product are based on the figures of our last census. This same cost, selling price and profit apply, as ratios, to nearly seventeen billion dollars' worth of our manufactured products, and cover practically everything we make.

Some of the cleanest, easiest profits yielded in our industrial system during this generation will be profits saved by cutting off waste, working up by-products, linking processes together more closely, and so forth. These profits are easy because they are skillfully extracted from the present volume of business, so that no more capital or equipment is needed. Such profits are clean because they come through ingenious development of processes rather than through business taken from competitors.

How the Hustler Wastes Time

WITH labor so large an item of cost, business men seeking this kind of profit naturally give much study to methods of cutting it down. Until quite recently it was the common practice in this country to reduce labor cost by lowering wages and salaries. But today, instead of blindly revising the payroll downward, the whole tendency is to cut expenses by getting more work for the same expenditure of energy. An able cost expert has shown that the man who can cut his labor cost in this latter way may secure marked advantages over competitors. For instance, several manufacturers in the same industry compete by underbidding each other and then cutting wages to enable them to make goods at a profit. These men are all going down the toboggan slide together. There is no real cost reduction. Even if employees agreed to work for ten cents a day, those manufacturers would be on the same cost footing. It is exactly as though their chief raw material dropped to half price. None would have any advantage. But let one man reduce his labor cost by better organization of men and processes, and his advantage over competitors would be real.

Labor costs are now being reduced every day in this country along lines so constructive that, in effect, every time the boss reduces expenses his employees get more money. Much of this is accomplished by better arrangement and standardizing of work. In a certain mill half the process was carried out on one floor. Then a boy put the goods on a truck, wheeled them a block east, took them down a floor by elevator, wheeled them a block west, and the process was resumed under the spot where it had been interrupted. An engineer from the outside cut a hole in the floor, put in a chute for the goods, and the boy got a better job. Factory people may do things in that way so long that they cease to see anything odd in their routine. Somebody from the outside is needed to point out the joke.

Bricklaying is one of the oldest crafts in the world—so ancient that it would seem as though masons must have developed every possibility of that familiar parallelopipedon, the brick, especially when it comes to costs. Brickwork is usually done under contract, and contractors have reduced many such elements of structural work to exact cost tables. Yet within the past few years an American contractor, through first-hand study of his bricklaying jobs, has set entirely new standards for this ancient craft, cutting costs and improving methods.

The standard way of laying brick has been to place masons along the wall, bring them bricks and mortar in hods, and let the speed of each man largely take care of itself. This contractor found that bricks were often handled, one by one, several times between the car they came in and the wall. That was costly. So he invented a simple wooden crate, called a packet, which holds twenty bricks and weighs ninety pounds. These packets are filled at the car or wagon, and the bricks thereafter handled with the packet as a unit. With such a device packets can be placed most conveniently to individual masons on the wall, and each mason's work kept track of by the number of empty packets beside him. Thus, unskillful workers are weeded out and the good workers can be paid a bonus for all work over a certain standard. To replace the small hand trowel, which spreads mortar for one brick, the same contractor invented a fountain trowel that will in five seconds spread enough for twenty bricks on certain kinds of straight work. To speed the job all along the line a special scaffold was devised, making it unnecessary for masons to stoop for brick and mortar, keeping material from under foot, and keeping hod-carriers out of the way.

But most important of all is the study of bricklaying motions and their simplification, for this touches a principle that can be applied in hundreds of ways.

Two masons are laying brick side by side. One is apparently slow and the other fast. The former moves deliberately, exerting the least possible energy, and seems to be loafing on the job. The other man is full of life and nervous movements, dipping mortar with a sweep and placing his brick with a flourish. The superficial observer would pick him as the faster worker every time.

Yet it is the quick-moving man who is really the loafer, for, though he exerts several times as much energy as the other workman, most of it is going to waste. Study of the motions needed in laying brick has demonstrated that the best mechanics work with the fewest possible motions, and that they develop a rhythm that can be profitably adopted by others and taught to apprentices.

By studying these two masons and tabulating their respective motions it may be found that one makes twelve to twenty separate motions in laying a brick, while the other does the whole thing in two to four. One man reaches separately for brick and mortar, wastes time mixing mortar with his trowel, cuts surplus mortar off each brick separately, and so forth. The other man gets brick and mortar at one motion and cuts off surplus only when he has laid three or four. The slow man taps a brick several times with his trowel handle, where the fast man taps once or not at all. The slow man's mortar-box is so far out of reach that he has to step every time he fills his trowel, and his bricks are as far out of reach in the other direction. But the fast man has both at his elbow, and the contractor who once finds out what economy of motions means will place material for him and keep an attendant or two at work along the wall tempering mortar to the right consistency for the masons.

When an apprentice is brought on to the wall to be taught bricklaying some old mason usually shows him how to lay a brick in the most perfect manner, spreading mortar just so, placing his brick accurately, taking all the time he wants while learning. As a result, the novice learns to lay a brick with about a dozen superfluous motions and, in order to develop speed later, will have to unlearn them—if he ever can.

Speed as a Specialty

THIS contractor has found that the best way to teach an apprentice is to let him learn to lay bricks fast before he tries to lay them right. Stationed on some part of the wall where mere looks are not important, he is instructed in economy of motion and urged to lay as many bricks as a journeyman, from the outset. If a brick is placed wrong, instead of tinkering with it he is told to correct that fault in the next brick. Speed is acquired, even if it is necessary to have a journeyman go over work as fast as the novice finishes. Once he has speed it is easy to attain quality, the contractor has found. It is well to add that high standards of quality are maintained under this system, for speed is based on the economy of motion of a bricklayer who has thought out ways of working fast because he works well.

The principle is applicable to many other forms of routine work and is being carried out in things like the touch system of operating a typewriter. In the hands of competent employers such studies can be made practical and teachable, increasing the output of the employee, bringing his quality nearer standard, and at the same time making lighter demands upon his strength.

About twenty-five years ago an American mechanical engineer began some inquiries into ways of cutting metals. In making machinery it is necessary to turn, plane and grind thousands of tons of metal from rough castings and forgings. He thought there must be scientifically correct ways to take this roughage off, and began experiments with tools of varying hardness, ground and set at certain angles, run at different speeds and depth of cuts. His conclusions were radical and have become classic in machine-shop practice. They have been applied widely in standardizing mechanical work, saving labor costs and effecting other economies. Today the mechanic at a lathe in a progressive shop receives exact instructions with each job. The operations are laid out in a definite order, his tools are ground for him, and each operation must be performed in a given number of minutes. But he is paid a bonus for each minute saved. In many cases a work force has opposed the introduction of such a system, for it seemed, at first sight, to transform men into machines.

(Continued on Page 53)

SAM TURNER

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XVI

SAM TURNER, enjoying his vacation to the full as he did new and brilliant and unexpected things in closing the Flatbush deal, kept in constant touch with his office and with such telegrams as these:

Established new tennis record this morning Westlake nowhere and has been snubbed do not know why

Bowled two eighty-five last night against Princeman two twenty am teaching her

Danced six dances out of twelve with her says I'm better dancer than Billy Westlake

Jumped Hollis Creek after her hat on horseback this afternoon Hollis dared not follow am to give her riding lessons

Then came this one:

Her father just told me she refused Princeman last night she will not talk to Hollis and scarcely to me is dull and does not eat I beat all entries in ten mile marathon today and she hardly applauded wire instructions

Sam Turner took the next train. One look at Miss Stevens, after he had traveled two hours to reach Restview, made him suddenly intoxicated, for in her eyes there was ravenous hunger for him and he read it, and feeling rather sure of his ground he determined that now was the time to strike. With that decisive end in view he dropped Jack at Meadow Brook and went right on over to Hollis Creek with Miss Josephine. Of course, there was no chance to talk quite intimately, with Henry up there ahead, listening with all his ears; but there was every chance in the world to look into her eyes and grow delirious, to touch elbows, to look again and see deep into her eyes and see her turn away startled and half frightened, to say perfunctory things that meant nothing and everything, and receive perfunctory answers that meant as little and as much. But before they had arrived at Hollis Creek Sam was frankly and boldly holding her hand and she was letting him do it, and they were both of them profoundly happy and profoundly silly, and would just as lief have ridden on that way forever.

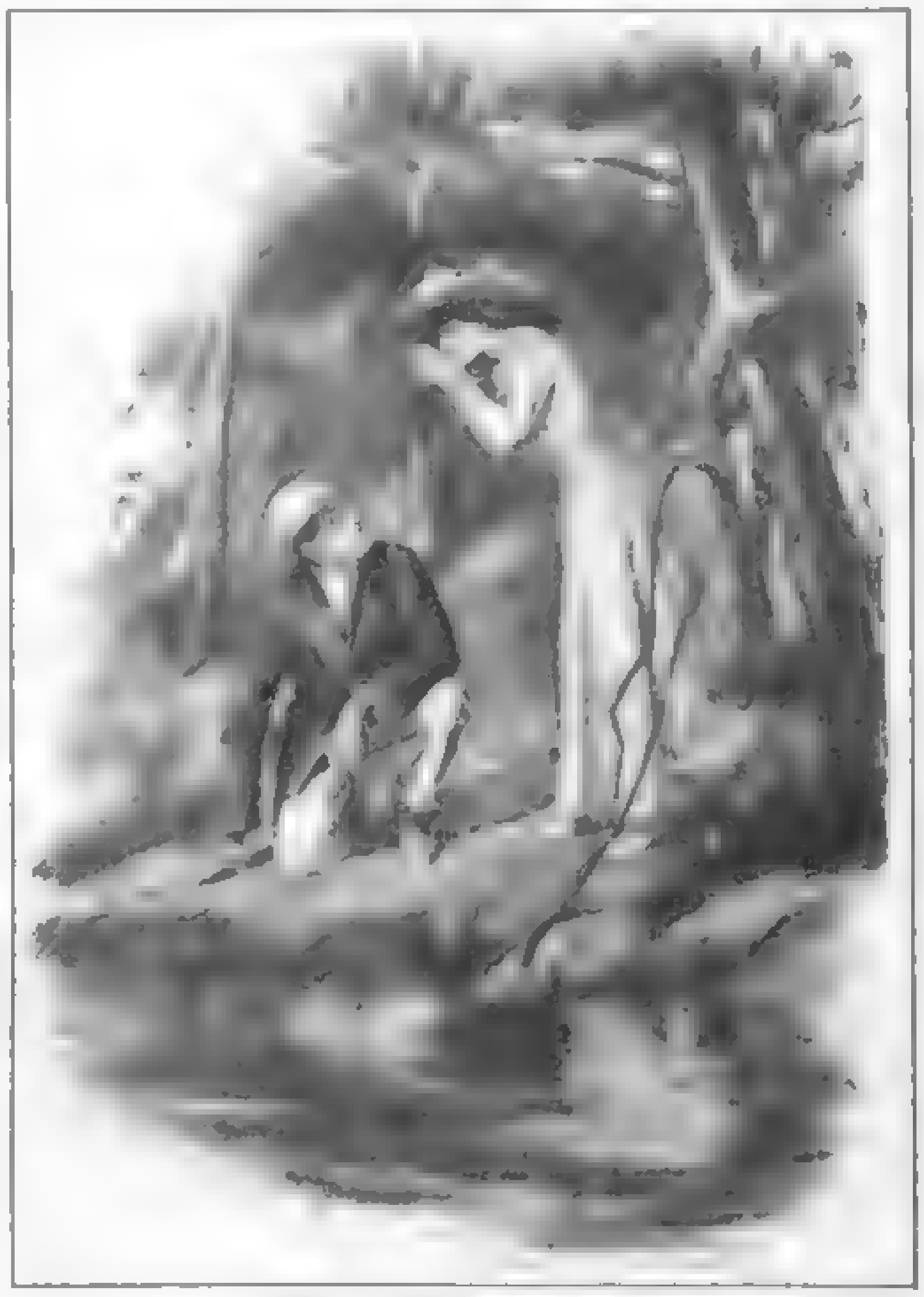
Words seemed superfluous, yet they were more or less necessary; so Sam got out at Hollis Creek Inn with her, and led the way determinedly and directly into the stuffy little parlor just off the main assembly-room. He saw Mr. Stevens in the door of the post-office, but only nodded to him, and then he drew Miss Josephine into the corner freest from observation.

"You know why I came back," he informed her, fixing her with a masterly eye; "I had to see you again. My whole life is changed since I met you. I need you. I cannot do without you. I ——"

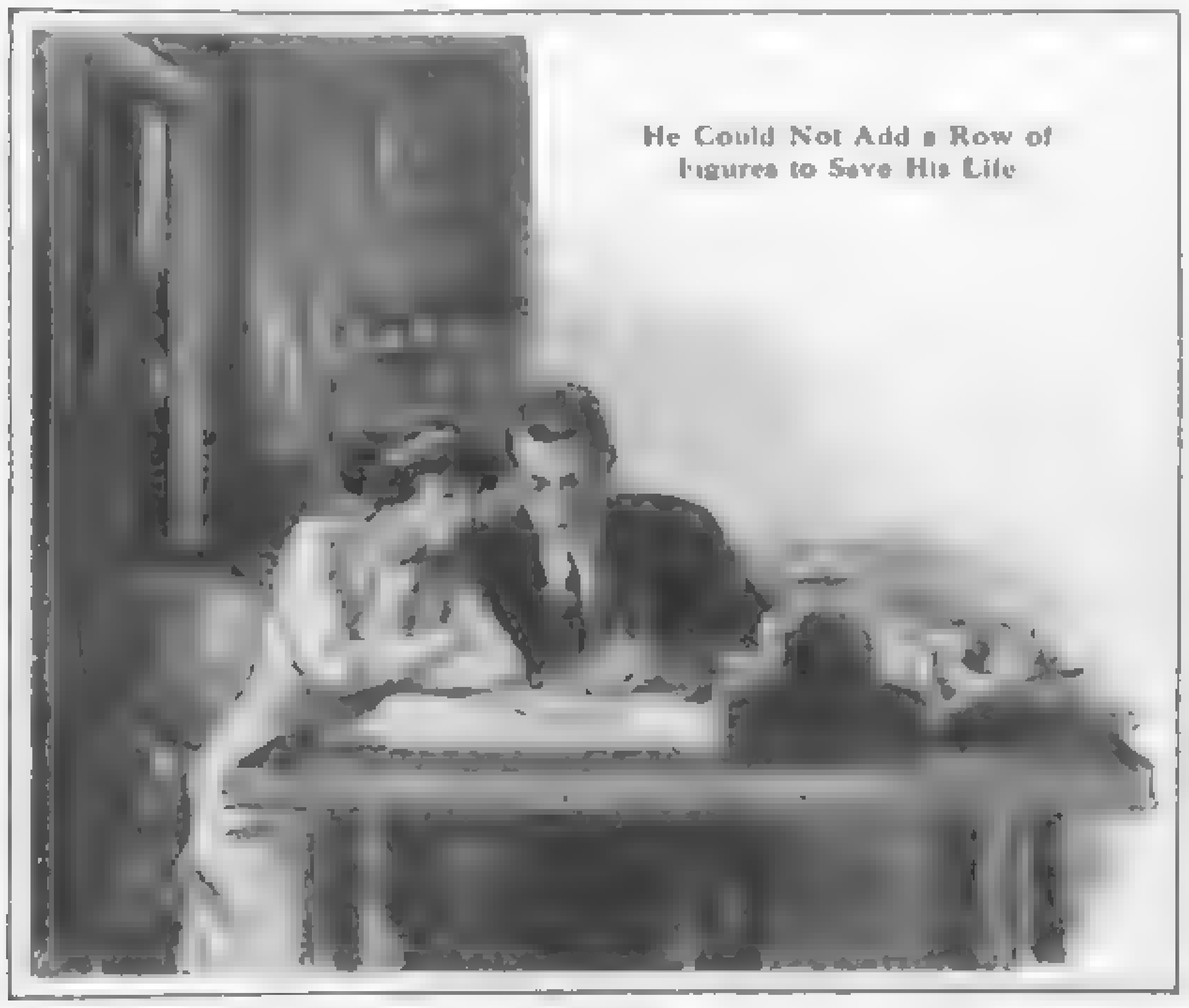
"Beg your pardon, Sam," said Mr. Stevens, appearing suddenly in the doorway, and then he paused, much more confused even than the young people, for Sam was holding both Miss Josephine's hands and gazing down at her with an earnestness which, if harnessed, would have driven a four-ton dynamo; and she was gazing up at him just as earnestly, with an entirely breathless, but by no means displeased, expression

"Excuse me!" stammered Mr. Stevens

It was Miss Josephine who first recovered her self-possession. She smiled her rare smile of mingled amusement and mischief at Sam, and then at her father.



Made the Water Taste Fuzzy



He Could Not Add a Row of Figures to Save His Life

"You're quite excusable, I guess, Father," she said sweetly. "What is it?"

"Why, your brother Jack just called you up from Meadow Brook, Sam, and wants to tell you something immediately," stammered Mr. Stevens, plucking at a beard which in that moment seemed to have lost all its aggressiveness. "He called twice before you arrived and is on the 'phone now."

Sam, as he walked to the 'phone, had time to find that his heart was beating a tattoo against his ribs, that his breath was short and fluttery, and that stage-fright had suddenly crept over him and claimed him for its own; so it was with no great patience or understanding that he heard Jack tell him in great glee about some tests which Princeman had had made in his mills with the marsh pulp, and how Princeman was sorry he had not taken more stock, and could not the treasury stock be opened for further subscription?

"Tell him no," said Sam shortly, and hung up the receiver; then he repented of his bluntness and spent five precious minutes in recalling his brother and apologizing for his brusqueness.

In the mean time Theophilus Stevens had stood surveying his daughter in contrition.

"I'm afraid I came in at a most inopportune moment," he said by way of apology.

"Yes, I'm afraid you did," she admitted with a smile. "However, I don't think Sam will forget what he wanted to say," and suddenly she reached up and put her arms around her father's neck and drew his face down and kissed him rapturously.

"I'm glad to see you feel the way you do about it," said Mr. Stevens delightedly, patting her gently upon the shoulder with one hand and with the other smoothing back the hair from her forehead. She was the dearest to him of all his children, although he never confessed it even to himself, and just now they were very, very close together indeed. "I'm glad to hear you call him Sam, too. He's a fine young man and he is bound to be a howling success in everything he undertakes." He smiled reminiscently. "I rather thought there was something between you two," he went on, still patting her shoulder, "and when Dan Westlake told me that his girl thought a great deal of Sam and that he was going to buy enough stock in Sam's company to give Sam control I turned right around and bought just as much stock as Westlake had, although just before the meeting I had refused to invest as much money as Sam wanted me to. Moreover, Westlake and myself, between us, stopped the move to pool the majority stock just yet. He's a smart young man, that boy," he continued admiringly. "I didn't see, until I went into that meeting, why he was so crazy to have me buy enough stock to gain control. What's the matter?"

He stopped in perplexity, for his daughter, looking aghast at him, had pushed back from his embrace and was regarding him with perfectly round eyes, while over her face, at first pale, there gradually crept a crimson flush.

"Well, of all things!" she gasped. "Of all the cold-blooded, cruel, barter-and-sale proceedings! Why, Father, how—how could you! How could he! I never in all my life ——"

"Why, Jo, what do you mean? What's the trouble?"

"If you don't understand I can't make you," she said helplessly.

"Well, I'll be—busted!" observed Mr. Stevens under his breath.

To his infinite relief Sam came in just then, and Mr. Stevens, wondering what he had done now, slipped hastily out of the room. Mr. Turner, coming from the bright office into the dim room and innocent of any change in the atmosphere, approached confidently and eagerly to Miss Josephine with both hands extended, but she stepped back most indignantly.

"You need not finish what you were going to say!" she warned him. "My father has just given me some information that changes the entire aspect of affairs. I am not a part of a business bargain! I refuse to be regarded as a commercial proposition! I heard something from Mr. Princeman of what desperate efforts you were making to secure the command, whatever that may be, of the—of the stock board, of shares in your new company, but I did not think you would go to such lengths as this!"

"Why, my dear girl," began Sam, shocked.

"I am not your dear girl and I never shall be," she told him, and angrily dabbed at some sudden tears. "I never was. I was only a business possibility."

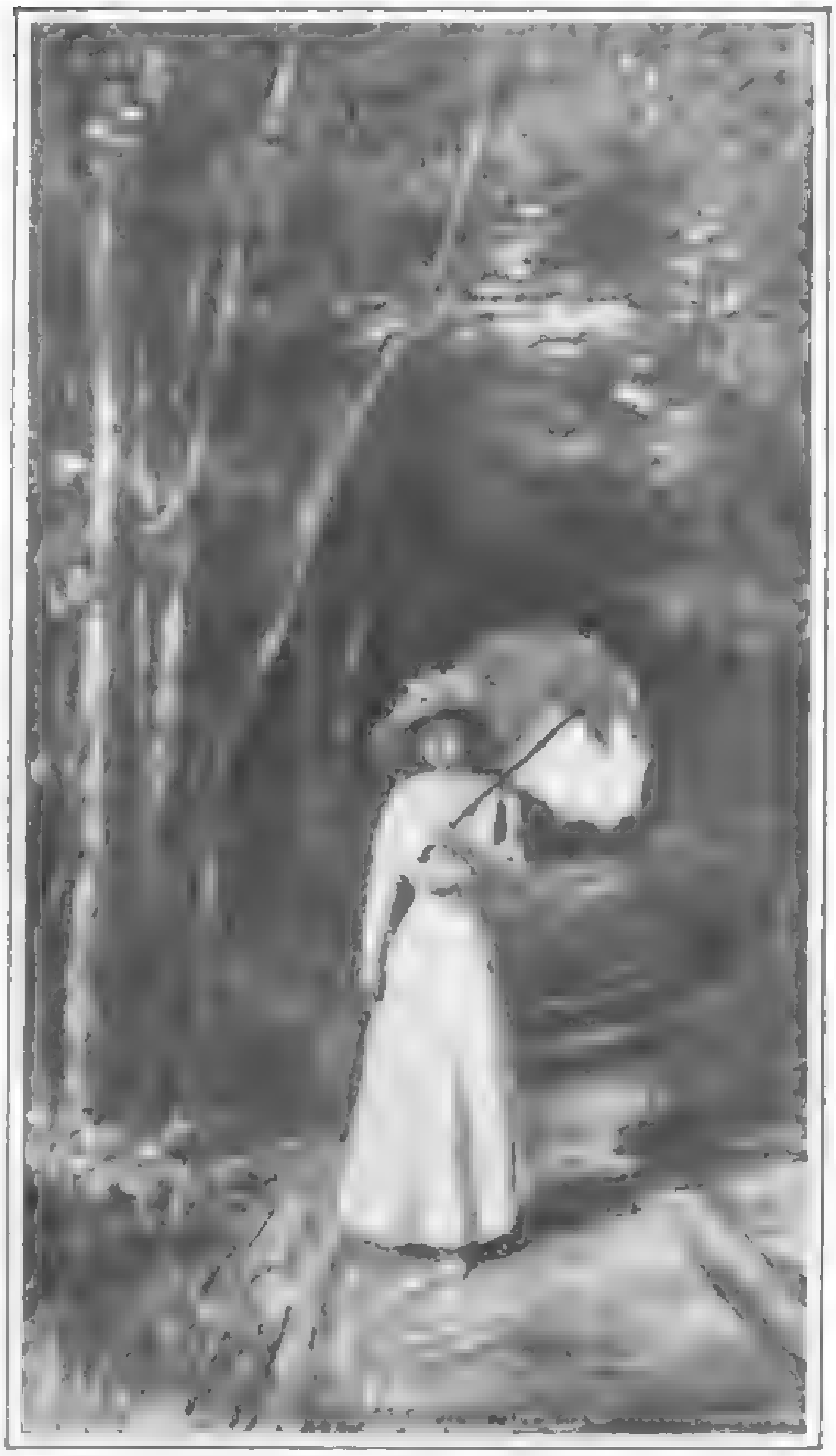
"That's unjust," he charged her. "I don't see how you could accuse me of regarding you in any other way than as the dearest and the sweetest and the most beautiful girl in all the world, the wisest and the most sensible, the most faithful, the most charming, the most delightful, the most everything that is desirable."

"Wait just a moment," she told him very coldly indeed; with almost extravagant coldness, in fact, as she beat out of her consciousness the enticing epithets he had bestowed upon her. "Do you mean to say that never in your calculations did you consider that if you married me my father would vote his stock with yours—I believe that's the way he puts it—and give you command or whatever it is of your company?"

"Well," considered Sam, brought to a standstill and put straight upon his honor, "I can't deny that it did seem to me a very satisfactory thing that my father-in-law should own enough stock in the company ——"

"That will do," she interrupted him icily. "That is precisely what I have charged. We will consider this subject as ended, Mr. Turner; as one never to be referred to again."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," returned Sam flatfootedly. "I've been composing this speech for the last two weeks and I'm going to deliver it. I'm not going to have it wasted. I've unconsciously been rehearsing it every place I went. Even up in Flatbush, showing a man the superior advantages of that yellow-mud district, I found myself repeating sentence number twelve. It's been the first thing I thought of in the morning and the last thing I thought of at night. It's been with me all day—riding and walking, and talking and eating, and drinking and just breathing. Now I'm going to go through with it. I—I—confound it all! I've forgotten how I was going to say it now! After all, though, it only amounted to this—I love you! I want you to know it and understand it. I love you and love you and love you! I never loved any woman before in my life. I never had time. I didn't know what it was like. If I had I'd have fought it off until I met you, because I could not afford it for anybody short of you. It takes my whole attention. It distracts my mind entirely from other things. I can't think of anything else consecutively and connectedly. I—I'm sorry you take the attitude you do about this thing, but—I'm not going to accept your viewpoint.



His Eyes Suddenly Caught a Flutter of White Through the Trees

You've got to look at this thing differently to understand it. I know you've been glad I loved you. You were glad the first day we met, and you always will be glad! Whatever you have to say about it just now doesn't count. I'm going to let you alone a while to think it over, and then I'm coming back to tell you more about it," and with that Sam stalked from the room, leaving Miss Josephine Stevens gasping, dazed, quite sure that he was unforgivable, indignant with everything, still rankling, in spite of all Sam had said, with the thought that she had been made a mere part of a commercial transaction. Why, it was like those barbarous countries she had read about, where wives were bought and sold! Preposterous and unbearable!

While she was in this storm of mixed emotions her father came in upon her, this time seriously perplexed.

"What has happened to Sam Turner?" he demanded. "He slammed out of the house, passed me on the porch with only a grunt, and jumped in his automobile. You must have done something to anger him."

"I hope that I did!" she retorted with spirit. "I refused to marry him."

"You did!" Mr. Stevens returned in surprise. "Why, I thought it was all cut-and-dried between you."

"It was until you blundered into us and spoiled everything," she charged. "But I'm glad you did You let me know that Sam Turner wanted to marry me because you had bought shares enough in his company to give him the advantage. I'm ashamed of you and ashamed of Sam—Mr. Turner—and ashamed of myself. Why, you make a bargain-counter remnant of me! I never, never was so humiliated!"

"Poor child!" her father blandly sympathized "Also, poor Sam. By-the-way, though, he doesn't need you to secure control of his company. Dan Westlake, as I told you, has bought enough stock to do the work, and Miss Westlake would marry him in a minute. If Sam wants control of his company he only has to go to her and say the word."

"Father!" exclaimed his daughter with stern indignation. "I don't see how you can even suggest that!"

"Suggest what? Now what have I said?"

"That Sam—that Mr. Turner would even dream of marrying that Westlake girl just in order to get the better of a business transaction," and very much to Theophilus Stevens' surprise and consternation and dismay she suddenly crumpled up in a forlorn heap in her chair and burst out crying.

"Well, I'll be busted!" her father muttered into his beard.

XVII

MISS JOSEPHINE, finding all ordinary occupations stale, unprofitable and wearisome on the following morning, and finding herself, moreover, possessed of a restless spirit that urged her to do something or other and yet recoiled at each suggestion she made it, started out quite aimlessly to walk by herself. She walked in the direction of Meadow Brook. The paths in that direction were so much prettier.

Sam Turner, finding all other occupations stale, unprofitable and wearisome, at the same moment started out to walk by himself, going in the direction of Hollis Creek because that was the exact direction in which he wanted to go. As he walked much more rapidly than Miss Stevens he arrived midway of the distance before she did, but at the valley where the unnamed stream came down he paused.

He had looked often at this little hollow as he had passed it, and every time he had looked upon it he seemed to have an idea of some sort regarding it in the back of his head; a dim, unformed, fugitive sort of an idea, which had never asserted itself very prominently because he had been too busy to listen to its rather timid voice. Just now, however, the idea suddenly struggled to make itself loudly known, whereupon Sam bade it come forth. Given hearing, it proved to be a very pleasant idea, and a forceful one as well; so much so that it even checked the speed with which Sam had set out for Hollis Creek. He looked calculatingly across the road to where the little stream went flashing from under its wooden bridge across the field and hid around a curve behind some bushes, then reappeared, dancing in the sunlight, until finally it plunged among some far trees and was lost to him. He gazed up the stream. He had not very far to look, for there it ran down between two quite steep hills, through a sort of a pocket valley, closed, or almost closed, at the upper end by another hill equally as steep, its waters being augmented by a leaping little stream from a strong spring hidden away somewhere in the hill to the left. As his eyes calculatingly swept stream and hills they suddenly caught a flutter of white through the trees, and it was coming down the winding path that led across the hills to Hollis Creek. As it emerged more from the concealment of the leaves his blood gave a leap, for the flutter of white was a gown inclosing the unmistakable figure of Miss Josephine Stevens. The whole valley suddenly seemed radiant.

"Hello!" he called to her as she approached. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"I did not expect to be here," she laughed. "I just strolled out and happened to land in this beautiful spot."

"Beautiful is no name for it," he replied with sudden vast enthusiasm, and ran up the path to help her down over a steep place.

For a moment, in the wonderful mystery of the touch of her hand and the joy of her presence, he forgot everything else. What was this strange phenomenon by which the mere presence of one particular person filled all the air with a tingling glow? Marvelous, that's what it was! If Miss Josephine had any of the same wonder she was extremely careful not to express it nor let it show itself, especially after yesterday's conversation; so she immediately talked of other things; and the first thing which came handy was another reference to the valley

"You know, it is a wonder to me," she said, "that no one has built a summer resort here. I think it ever so much more charming than Hollis Creek or Meadow Brook."

"Do you believe in telepathy?" asked Sam, almost startled. "I do. It hasn't been but a few minutes since that identical idea popped into my head, and I had just now decided that if I could secure options on this property I would have a real summer resort here, one that would make Hollis Creek and Meadow Brook mere farm boarding-houses. Do you see how close together these hills draw at their feet? The hollow is at least a thousand feet across at the widest part, but down there at the road where the stream emerges to the fields, they close in with natural buttresses, as it were, to not over a hundred feet in width. Well, right across there we'll build a dam, and there is enough water here to make a beautiful lake up as high as that yellow rock."

She looked up at the yellow rock and clasped her hands with an exclamation of delight.

"Glorious!" she said. "I never should have thought of that; and how beautiful it will be! Why, if the lake comes up that high it will go clear back around that turn in the valley, won't it?"

"Easily," he replied; "although that might make us trouble, for I don't know where that turn in the valley leads. I have never explored that region. Suppose we go up and look it over."

"Won't that be fun?" she agreed, and they started to follow the stream.

As they reached the rear of the "pocket," where they could see around the curve, they turned and looked back over the route they had just traversed.

"My idea," Sam explained, having waited until they reached this viewpoint to do so, "is to build the dam down there at the roadside, and build the hotel right over it, facing inside toward the lake."

"Perfectly ideal!" she agreed, her enthusiasm growing. "Shall we follow the curve of the valley now?"

"I think I'd better, anyhow," he decided, studying the path carefully. "If it is too rough for you I'll go alone. All I want to see is how far the water height will carry around there, and whether it will become necessary to build a dam at the other end."

"Oh, it isn't too rough for me," she declared immediately, "I am an excellent climber;" and together they started to explore the now narrowing valley, following the stream over steep rocks and fallen trees, and pushing through tangled undergrowth and among briers and bushes and around slippery banks until they came to another tortuous turn where a second spring, welling up from under a flat, overhanging rock, tumbled down to augment the supply for the future lake. Here they stopped and had a drink of the cool, delicious water, Sam making the girl a cup from a huge leaf which she said made the water taste fuzzy, and then showing her how to get down on her hands and knees—spreading his coat upon the ground to protect her gown—and drink *au naturel*, a trick at which she was most charming, and probably knew it.

The valley here had grown quite narrow, but they followed the now very small stream around one sharp curve after another until they found its source, which was still another spring, and here there was no more valley; but a cleft in the hill to the right, which they suddenly came upon, gave them an exquisite view out over the beautiful, low-lying country, miles in extent, which lay between this and the next range of hills—a delightful vista dotted with green farms and white farmhouses and smiling streams and waving trees and grazing cattle. They stopped in awe at the beauty of it and looked out over the valley in silence, and unconsciously the girl slipped her hand within the arm of the man!

"Just imagine a sunset out over there," he said. "You see those fleecy clouds that are out there now. If such clouds are there yet when the sun goes down they will be a fleet of pearl-gray vessels with carmine keels upon a sea of gold."

She glanced at him quickly, but she did not express her marvel that this man had so many sides. Before she could comment, and while she was still framing some way to express her appreciation of his gentler gifts, he returned briskly to practical things.

"Our lake will scarcely come up to this point," he judged. "I don't think that at any point it will be high enough to cover the springs. We don't want it to if we can help it, for that would destroy some of the beauty of it. Have you noticed that our lake will be much like a kite in shape, with this winding ravine the tail of it? We'll have to take in a lot of acreage to cover this property, but it will be worth it. I'm going to look after options right away. I'm glad now I had decided to stay another two weeks."

Of course, she was still angry with Sam, she reminded herself; but she was inexpressibly glad, somehow or other, to find that he was going to stay two weeks longer, and was startled as she recognized that fact.

"It will take a lot of money, won't it, to build a hotel here?" she asked, getting away from certain troublesome thoughts as quickly as she could.

"Yes, it will take a great deal," he admitted as they turned to scramble down the ravine again. "I should judge, however, that about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would finance it."

"But I thought, from something Father said, that you did not have so much money as that?"

"Bless you, no!" replied Sam, smiling. "No, indeed! I've enough to cover an option on this property, and that's about all, now, since I'm tangled up so deeply with my Pulp Company; but I figure that I can make a quick turn on this property to help me out on the other thing. What I'll do," he explained, "is to get this option first of all, and then have some plans drawn including a nice perspective view of the hotel—a water-color sketch, you know, showing the building fronting the lake—and upon that build a prospectus to get up the stock company. I'll take stock for my control of the land and for my services in promotion. Then I'll sell my stock and get out. I ought to make the turn in two or three months and come out fifteen or, possibly, twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars to the good. It is a nice, big scheme."

"Oh," she said blankly, "then you wouldn't actually build a hotel yourself?"

"Hardly," he returned. "I'll be content to make the profit out of promoting it that I'd make in the first four or five years of running the place."

"I see," she said musingly; "and you'd get this up just like you formed your Marsh-Pulp Company, I think Father called it, and, of course, you'd try to get—what is it?—oh yes—control."

He smiled at her.

"I'd scarcely look for that in this deal," he explained. "If I can just get a nice slice of promotion stock and sell it I shall be quite well satisfied."

She bent puzzled brows over that problem.

"I don't quite understand how you can do it," she confessed, "but of course you know how. You're used to these things. Father says you're very good at promoting."

"That's the way I've made all my money—or, rather, what little I have," he told her modestly enough. "I expect this Pulp Company, however, to lift me out of that, for a few years at least; then, when I come back into the promoting field I can go after things on a big scale. The Pulp Company ought to make me a lot of money if I can just keep it in my own hands," and involuntarily he sighed.

She looked at him musingly for a moment, and was about to say something, but thought better of it and said something else.

"The tail of your kite will be almost a perfect letter S," she observed. "How beautiful it will be!—the big, broad lake out there in the main valley, and then the nice little, secluded, twisty waterway back in through here; a regular lover's lane of a waterway, as it were. I don't suppose these springs have any names. They must be named, and—why, we haven't even named the lake!"

"Yes, we have," he quickly returned. "I'm going to call it Lake Josephine."

"You haven't asked my permission for that," she objected with mock severity.

"There are plenty of Josephines in the world," he calmly observed. "Nobody has a copyright on the name, you know."

She smiled as one sure of her ground.

"Yes, but you wouldn't call it that if I were seriously to object."

"No, I guess I wouldn't," he gave up; "but you're not going seriously to object, are you?"

"I'll think it over," she said.

They were now making their way along a bank that was too difficult of travel to allow much conversation, though it permitted some delicious helping; but when they came out into the main valley, where they could again look down upon the road, they paused to survey their course and to appreciate the beauty of Sam's plan.

"I don't believe I quite like your idea of the hotel built down there at the roadside," she objected, as they sat upon a huge boulder to rest. "It cuts off the view of the lake from passers-by, and I should think it would be the best advertisement you could have for everybody who drove past there to say: 'Oh, what a pretty place!' Now, I should think that right about here where we are sitting would be the proper location for your hotel. Just think how the lake and the hotel up here would look from the road. Right here would be a broad porch jutting out over the water, giving a view down that first bend of the kite tail, and back of the hotel would be this big hill and all the trees, and hills and trees would spread out each side of it, sort of open-armed, as it were, welcoming people in."

"It couldn't be seen, though," objected Sam. "The dam down there would necessarily be about thirty feet high at the center, and people driving along the roadway would not be able to see the water at all. They would only see the blank wall of the dam. Of course, we could soften that by building the dam back a few feet from the roadway, making an embankment and covering that with turf or, possibly, shrubbery or flowers; but still the water would not be visible."

"I see," she said slowly.

They both studied that objection in silence for quite a little while. Then she suddenly and excitedly ejaculated:

"Sam!"

He jumped, and he thrilled all through. She had called him Sam entirely unconsciously, which showed that she had been thinking of him by that familiar name. With that word had come sparkling eyes and heightened color, not due to having used the word, but due to a bright thought, and he almost lost his sense of logic in considering the delightful combination. It occurred to him, however, that it would be very unwise for him to call attention to her slip of the tongue, or even to give her time to think and recognize it herself.

"Another idea?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes," she asserted, "and this time I know it's feasible. I don't know much about measurements in feet and inches, but there are three feet in a yard."

"Yes."

"Well, doesn't the road down there, from hill to hill, dip about ten yards?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that's thirty feet, just as high as you say the dam will have to be. Why not raise the road itself thirty feet, letting it be level and just as high as your dam?" Miss Stevens asked.

Sam arose and solemnly shook hands with her.

"You must come into the firm," he declared. "That solves the entire problem. We'll run a culvert underneath there to the fields. The road will reenforce the dam and the edge of the dam will be entirely concealed. It will be merely a retaining wall with a nice stone coping, which will be repeated on the field side. There will be no objection from the county commissioners, because we shall improve the road by taking two steep hills out of it. Your plan is much better than mine. I can see myself, for instance, driving along that road, looking over that beautiful little lake to the hotel beyond, and saying to myself: "Well, next summer I won't stop at Meadow Brook. I'll stop at Lake Jo."

"I thought it was to be Lake Josephine," she interposed.

"I thought so, too," he agreed, "but Lake Jo just slipped out. It seems so much better. Lake Jo! That would look fine on a prospectus."

"You'd print the cover of it in blue and gold, I suppose, wouldn't you?"

"There would need to be a splash of brown red in it," he reminded her, considering color schemes for a moment. "The roof of the hotel would, of course, be red tile. We'd build it fireproof. There is plenty of gray stone around here, and we'd build it of native rock."

"And then," she went on in the full swing of their idea, "think of the beautiful walks and climbs you could have among these hills; and the driveway! Your approach to the hotel would come around the dam and up that hill, would wind up through those trees and rocks, and right here at the bend of the ravine it would cross above the thick part of the kite tail to the hotel on a quaint rustic bridge; and as people arrived and departed you'd hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs."

"Great!" he exclaimed, catching her enthusiasm and with it augmenting his own; and for half an hour they planned and talked, and planned and chattered, and planned and interrupted. Never was a business scheme so delightfully brought forth and matured.

VIII

AT THE road they looked back up over the valley again. It was no longer a valley. It was a lake. They could see the water there. Sam drew from his pocket a pencil and a letter.

"The hotel will have to be long and tall," he observed, "for there will not be much room on that ledge from front to back. The building will stretch out quite a ways. Three or four hundred feet long it will be, and about five stories in height," and, taking a letter from its envelope, he sat down upon a fallen log and began rapidly to sketch.

He drew the hotel with wide-spreading Spanish roofs and balconies, and a wide porch with rippling water in front of it, and rowboats and people in them; and behind the hotel arose the broken skyline of the hills and the trees, with an indication of fleecy clouds above. It was just a light sketch, a sort of shorthand picture, as it were, and yet it seemed full of sunlight and of atmosphere.

"I hadn't any idea you could draw like that," she exclaimed in admiration.

"I do a little of everything, I think, but nothing perfectly," he admitted with some regret.

"It seems to me you do everything excellently," she objected quite seriously; and she was, in fact, deeply impressed.

He walked over to the stream.

"I must have the water analyzed to see if it has any medicinal virtue," he said. "The spring out of which we drank has a sweetish-like taste, but the water here"—and he caught up some of it in his hand and tasted it—"seems to be slightly salt."

He had left her sitting upon the log with the sketch in her lap. Now the sketch fluttered to the ground and the letter turned over, right side up. It was a letter that Sam had written to his brother Jack and had not mailed because he had suddenly decided to come down to the scene of action. As she stooped over to pick it up her eyes caught the sentence: "I love her, Jack, more than I can tell you, more than I can tell anybody, more than I can tell myself. It's the most important, the most stupendous thing ——"

She hastily turned that letter over and was very careful to have it lying upon her lap, back upward, exactly as he had left it there; and when he came back she was very, very careful indeed to hand it nonchalantly over to him, with the sketch uppermost.

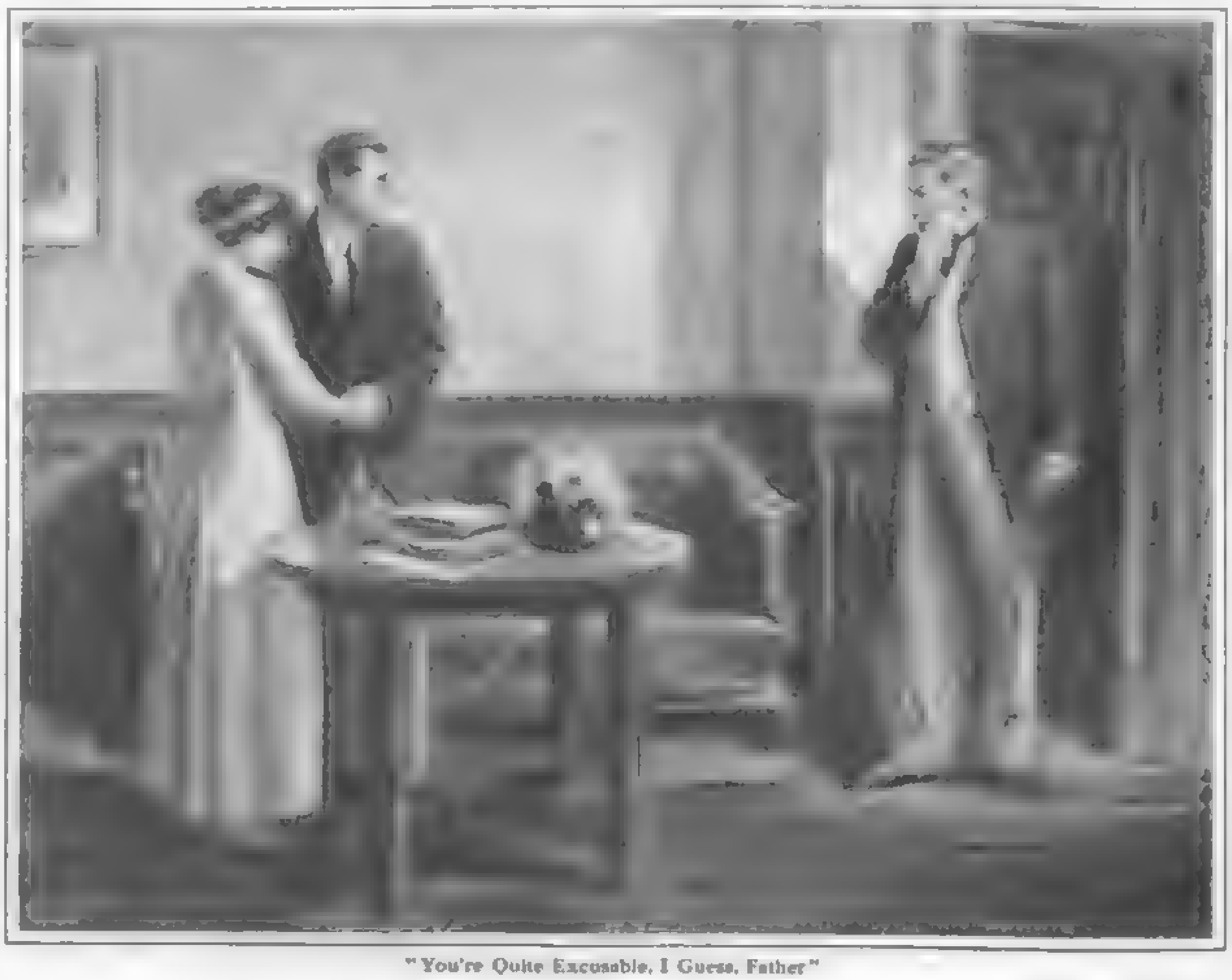
"Of course," he said, looking around him comprehensively, "this is only a daydream, so far. It may be impossible to realize it."

"Why?" she asked, instantly concerned. "Why, this project must be carried through. It is already as good as completed. It just must be done. I never before had a hand, even in a remote way, in planning a big thing, and I couldn't bear not to see this done. What is to prevent it?"

"I may not be able to get the land," returned Sam soberly. "It is probably owned by half a dozen people, and one or more of them is certain to want exorbitant prices for it."

"It certainly can't be very valuable," she protested. "It isn't fit for anything, is it?"

(Continued on Page 63



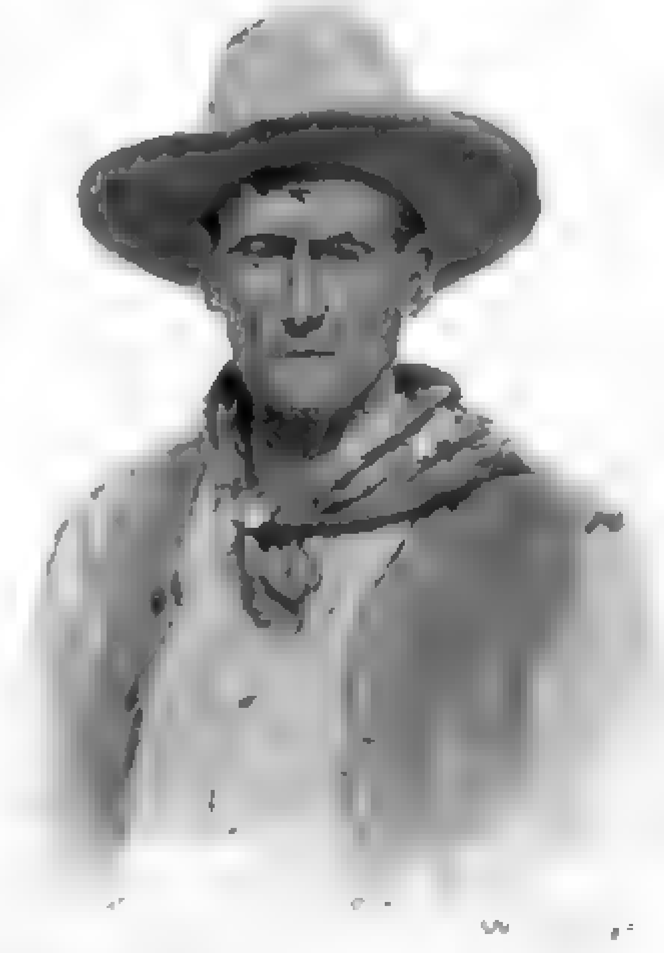
"You're Quite Excusable, I Guess, Father"

THE ARIZONA RANGERS

Hunting Down the Hiding Outlaw

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON


He Did Not Drink, and it Was Said of Him That He Did Not Swear

THE plain lay wide and flat beneath the blazing sun. Long stretches topped with alkali gave back a blinding light like the reflection from a summer sea, and haze of gray dust rose like sea mists over distant reaches. Far to the southwest a long mesa lifted aloft its eroded front of twisted buttresses.

Beyond its summit, foreshortened to a gray-green strip, showed the plateau of greasewood and mesquit. Behind this band a range of stucco mountains cut the sky; their sharp peaks were bizarre with orange splashings; in their cañons lurked great shadowings of blue and mauve. As far as the eye could reach no creature moved.

In the northeast a patch of dust began to thicken against the skyline. It came out gradually upon the plain. Within it a dark center suddenly resolved itself into two jogging dots of black. In turn these specks began to swell and became a pair of mounted men. Their horses, gaited to the running walk, advanced, heads low on outstretched necks. The riders were surrounded by a haze of powdered alkali. It rose from the earth and followed them; it lay thick on their shoulders, on their wide-rimmed hats, and on the rifles in their sheaths beneath the stirrup leathers.

The men rode with the loose seat and the straight back of the Western cattle-ranges. They looked ahead with reddened eyes beyond the mesa's loom, into the shadowings of blue and mauve between the stucco peaks. But even as they rode thus, intent like men who see a needed goal, one and then the other would occasionally shift his seat in the wide, high-horned saddle, to whip a glance over his shoulder toward the way whence they had come. Their faces were crevassed with evil lines. Their reddened eyes were stony like the eyes of snakes, save only when they looked back. Then they flickered anxiously.

Administering Justice on the Frontier

BEFORE them, in the tangled mountains, lay the only waterhole for thirty miles. And further yet, beyond the crossing of the saw-toothed range, the country sloped a short day's journey into Mexico.

They rode in silence; and the silent dustcloud went along with them until they vanished where the mirage had lifted up a section of the desert. The plain became again a lifeless place. The sun sank slowly toward the mountain range. Purple shadowings crept out from the cañons; they stole from gorge to peak; they swept on across the mesa; then they made the plain a place of mysteries.

Out of the last light on the eastern flats something was moving into the deepening dusk. Swiftly, as things materialize when evening has fallen in the desert, it loomed forth, a pair of horsemen.

They came on silently, as the others had come before, at the running walk; and the dust lay thick upon the rifle-cases beneath their stirrup leathers. They wore the broad-brimmed felt hats of the cowboy, the leathern chaps and flowing neckerchiefs. In the half light their faces showed, the faces of young men, but deeply lined from physical endurance and intent. Their eyes looked straight ahead, nor did they ever shift to backward glance. As they rode thus silently there was in their carriage something grim. They traveled toward the mountains, now a blue-black mass serrated in its outlines against the glowing sky.

The sky tints flared to richness and vanished slowly. Stars glowed yellow and grew large. The riders reached the mesa's summit, where the brush-tops seemed to billow like the surface of a sleeping sea. They crossed it while the night grew old; and they came to where a cañon emptied its fan-shaped hill of rubble upon the plateau. The black depths swallowed them. The night wore on to early morning.

When dawn's first lights were beginning to chase one another, swift flickerings upon the highest of the saw-toothed summits, a rifle's crack broke in upon the stillness of the gorge. The cliffs beside the waterhole bandied the echoings, then spattered back and forth a fusillade. The boulders in the dry stream bed were spitting out long streaks of fire. A voice cried out. The shooting stopped abruptly as it had begun.

That afternoon the sun blazed down upon the flaming plain. And in the flare four men came riding at the running walk, surrounded by a cloud of mantling dust. Their backs were toward the stucco mountains. They rode to the northeast, toward the country where an outraged law was waiting. Two of them rode with irons on their wrists while two behind kept watch upon them always.

These latter two were rangers of the Territory of Arizona. This is their work—to ride through sun-baked wildernesses into the heart of grim mountains beyond; to track lawbreakers where the rocks retain no trail; to find them and to take them. They are man-hunters in a country whose felons often ride hard and shoot unerringly.

By the policing of these deserts and their ragged mountain ranges the regular cavalry of the State of Texas and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico have made the southwest border just about as free from lawlessness as the city of Chicago or New York. The business man of El Paso or Tucson will tell you that the day of bad men, train-robbers and the shooting-up of towns is past. A brief visit in the section will convince you that he tells the truth. Then you will probably return home and tell your neighbors that the frontier has gone. Therein you will contribute to a common fallacy. The frontier has not gone. It is policed. These rangers, who ride like Cossacks and shoot with the accuracy of the American plainsman, have carried man's written law into its solitudes.

It is no country for the ordinary peace officer or for the furtive criminal of a more congested civilization. Bordering a nation on whose mountain villages swarthy brigands still levy occasional tribute, it is an open region. Its deserts shimmer, wide and hot; its mountains rise abrupt; high mesas stretch for miles above its silent plains of alkali. You may ride far, a weary journey between waterholes, and see no man. The grizzly bear, the mountain lion and the "spotted tiger" still seek their prey where painted cliffs almost catch faint echoes of the locomotive whistles. A country hard to traverse, where hunted men may flee and turn at bay, knowing the issue rests only between themselves and the officers whom they fight.

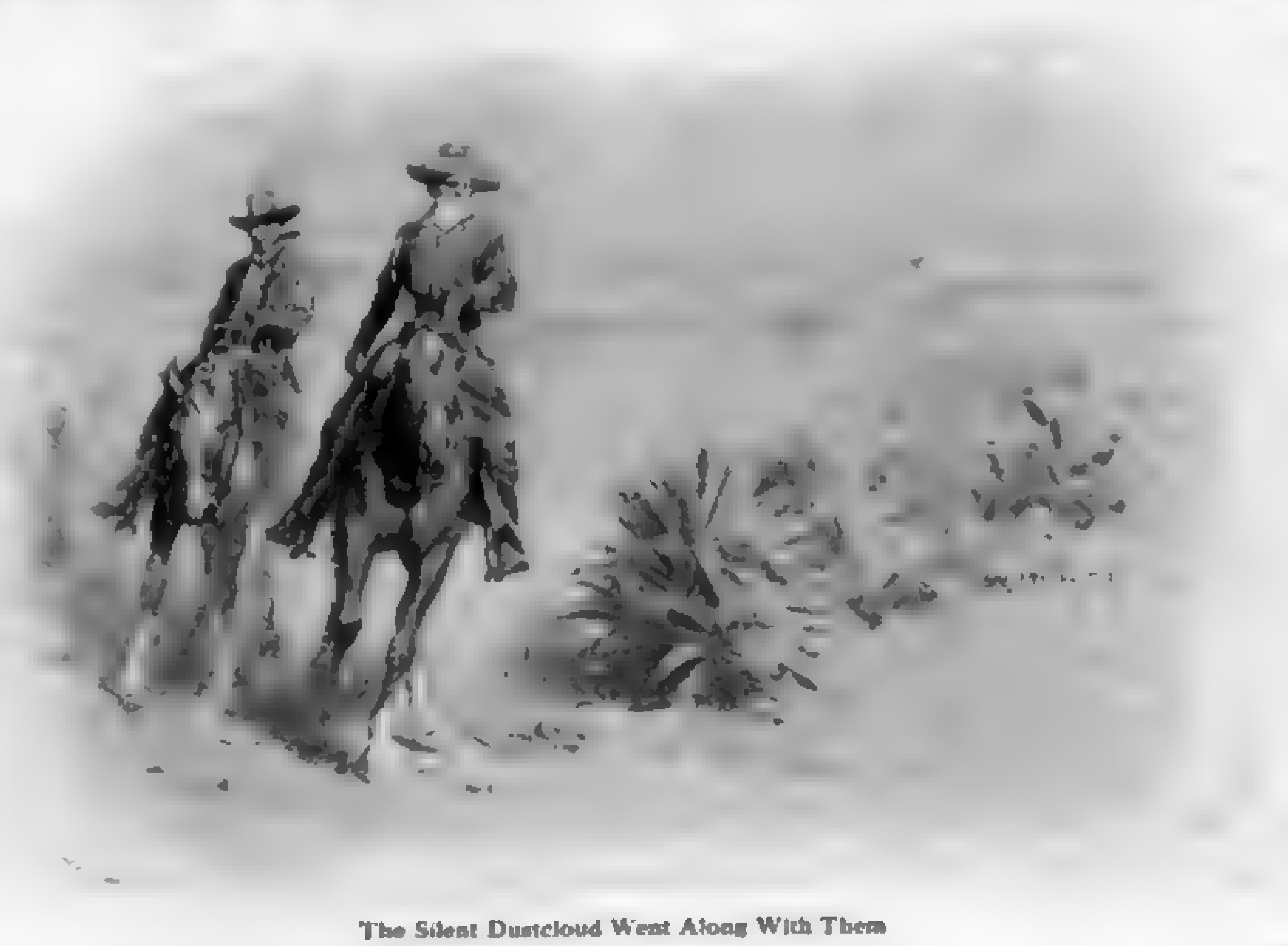
Here ride the rangers to enforce the law. They rank among the finest bodies of horsemen that border-work ever called into being. The Texas companies have been in service longest; they were created in the days when the Indians outnumbered the settlers, and there were times when their captains were lords of the high justice, the middle and the low. It was only eight years ago that Arizona got its company, and it was six years later before New Mexico followed the example of its neighbors. The legislatures made all three semi-military bodies. Every member has the power of a sheriff in whatever county he may be at the time. Their duty's latitude includes enforcement of all criminal statutes; their practice is enforcement where local officers are unable to cope with the situation or in such occasional instances as these others refuse to do their work.

The Survivals of a Vanishing Type

THE requirements for enlistment include knowledge of cattle, ability to rope and shoot, and a familiarity with the country. As a consequence, the men come for the most part from the cowboy stock. There is always a long preliminary surveillance of candidates, for the work demands a peculiarly high standard of integrity and of that fine moral quality known as sand. In these days, when the few remaining large cattle corporations have hired Mexican vaqueros to ride the range, the organizations comprise a survival of the finest from an almost vanished type. Among them you can hear the drawling accent and the picturesque idioms gathered from the Spanish and the Indian, which gave the speech of the old West its character. And you can hear occasionally, by their campfires, some of those long, minor-noted ballads with which, in other years, the bronzed night-herders used to soothe their cattle underneath the yellow stars. Like the cowboys before them, they are young men, and most of them are single. They wear the same garb which their predecessors wore when the range stretched from Canada to Mexico.

They wear no uniforms; riding, they look like cowboys of the days when men kept revolvers in the holsters of their loose-hung cartridge belts and carried rifles slung beneath their stirrup leathers. Their horsemanship is of that sort that includes leaping into the saddle while the animal is on a dead run and the subjugation of a bucking pony. Some of them still cling to the old single-action Colt .45 revolver; and any of them can, when occasion calls, produce a bullet-spitting weapon in the instant. They know the art of reading trails in a dry country as it has come down from those past masters, the Apaches.

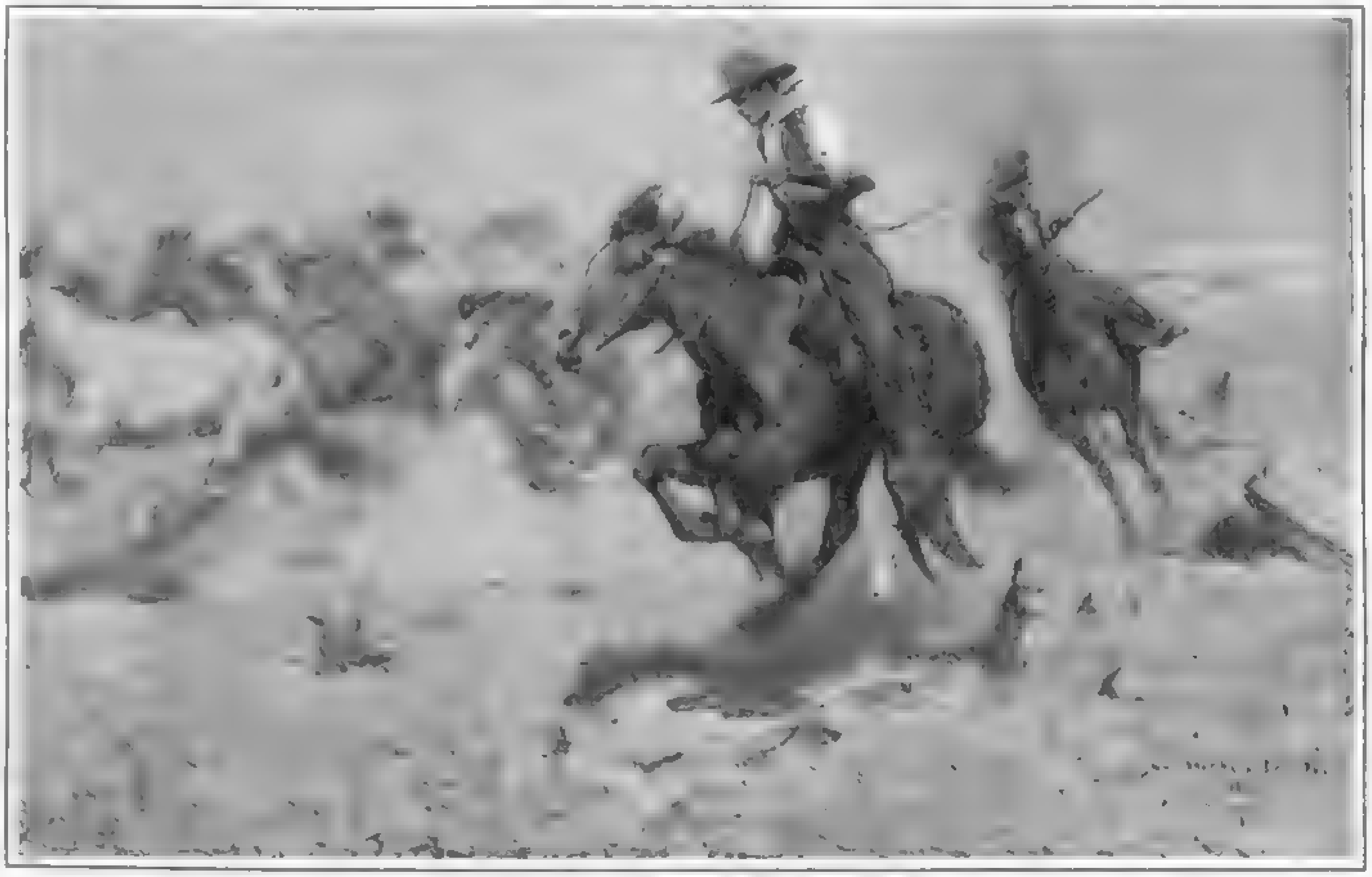
But, what is finest, they cherish in these ranger companies a number of traditions that date back to the time when the Texas organization was hunting Indians and desperadoes on a lonely border. Among these is the custom by which the men themselves hold informal trial on an unworthy fellow, and, on finding him unfit, report him to their captain for dismissal. As a consequence of timeworn practices like this, and the rangers' oath of fealty to one another in time of danger, the men have a certain pride, an *esprit de corps*, which in its turn makes toward a beautiful simplicity of motive in their acts. They ignore splendidly such complications as large odds or possibility of personal gain. They know no issue


The Silent Dustcloud Went Along With Them

save the one in hand, the carrying of man's written law into far places.

And so the history of these different companies is replete with episodes that ring with the fine sound of heroism. The mystery of deserts and the recklessness of felons whose crimes lend some of them the dignity of border raiders have colored many of its chapters. It is a history from regions still unspoiled, where men still look one another in the eye and squarely meet the issues they have made, a region free from the evasions and the subtleties of crowded towns and farmlands.

Many of the fresher pages of this history came from Arizona. When its ranger company was organized the territory was crossed by two well-traveled horse-thief trails, along which rustlers drove stolen animals in bands to New Mexico and Sonora. Yaqui and Mexican brigands were in the habit then of drifting northward into the mountains of Pima and Cochise counties. Local outlaws had been robbing banks and bullion trains and murdering prospectors. The new company was divided into squads of two and four. These little parties set at once about their business of hunting criminals. They had a busy year. The arrests—seventy per cent of them were for serious felonies—totaled about twelve hundred. This does not take into account any of the men who left the country, riding hard and looking anxiously behind. Among the latter were seven bandits about whose departure centers a story which the rangers cherish much as certain old regiments preserve tattered flags.



And Galloped Away With the Choice Saddle Stock

Its beginning goes back several years before the organization of the company, into the days when sheep and irrigating ditches and Mexican vaqueros had not driven the cowboys from the Southwest.

In those days two men formed one of the close companionships that go with sharing work and hardships in a lonely and uncivilized country. Their names were Bill Smith and Carlos Tafolla; and they rode the range together in that region of flaring desert and mirage and gloomy mountains which surrounds the meeting of the boundaries of Mexico and Arizona and New Mexico.

They were widely opposite in disposition. Smith owned a certain recklessness, a willingness amounting to an eagerness to take a chance. In the broken country over which he rode he found abundant opportunity to gratify this spirit at his work. It also showed itself at other times—as when he sat down opposite a cold-faced faro dealer and, with a silent tenseness, watched his wages go, then left the table smiling; or again, when rioting he wakened one of the somnolent cow towns to a brief spasm of lurid life. He was a splendid rider, albeit somewhat showy, and he had a talent for the use of firearms that went well with his personality. He was always practicing at this, and all who knew him were well acquainted with his wonderful ability at rifle-shooting from the hip and with his faultless marksmanship, shown by such feats as snipping the head from a distant bird.

Tafolla, on the other hand, was what they call a sober, steady man. That was the keynote of his whole description—he was steady, always there when needed, inconspicuous, acting silently. He did not drink, and it was said of him that he did not swear. Yet these men liked his company. He had that rare grace of horsemanship that comes from Spanish ancestry. He rode easily when it was possible, but when occasion demanded he rode harder than the most of the iron men about him.

These two found in each other the things that give man attachment for man. In several years of rough and ready fellowship their friendship grew, tried out by scores of those incidents on which men look back in after years with fond retrospection. Sharing long work, hardships, wild rides and dangers of the broken border country, they tasted together of life's fullness. Then, like many others of their calling, they left the range, forced out by the advent of these latter-day conditions. They went separate ways.

That was during the late nineties. In 1900 the southwestern part of New Mexico got a taste of bad men which made old-timers think of the days of the Lincoln County War. A band of seven outlaws materialized, apparently from somewhere near the Mexican boundary. Their first appearance came about one midnight at a little country post-office, and had spectacular accompaniment of flaming pistols, oaths and tramp of horses' hoofs. The seven rifled the mailsacks at cool and thorough-searching leisure and rode away into the night. To the belated sheriff's posse which arrived two or three days later it seemed as though the darkness and the desert must have swallowed them, for their trail gave out completely a short distance from the scene of their crime. After a brief interval another postmaster reported menace of gun muzzles and robbery of pouches. The gang then fell to methods even more bizarre. They rode into ranches in daytime, plundered the houses and galloped away with the choice saddle stock. In those days the practice of carrying firearms had not disappeared completely; men frequently wore revolvers beneath their coats, and almost every one kept a rifle or two about his cabin. Resistance came, therefore, as a matter of course. There were even several pitched battles, and citizens were killed defending their property. The cry of murder roused the western part of the territory. It was the old story of the Western bad man, with one interesting variation. The leader of the gang had a boldness that made his methods differ from the customs of those killers-from-behind who have made up the bulk of the border desperadoes. His case demanded drastic measures. Vigilance committees were formed.

This mobilization of the ranchers put the outlaws on the defensive. After one or two brisk meetings with the citizens they fled into Arizona. They rode north and west for many days until they came to the White Mountains beyond the headwaters of Blue Creek, a nest of lofty peaks where the snow falls deep in early autumn. Here they picked a hiding-place and settled down to winter quarters. It was a fitting rendezvous for hunted men—a little valley high among the hills, bowl-like in shape. The depression itself was covered with a heavy growth of pines, whose thick trunks offered excellent cover from rifle shots. The timber reached half-way up the sides of the bowl; and then the upper edges, the rim, were absolutely bare. The man who crossed them must travel against the skyline in full, fair view of any one below—a big target for marksmen behind the pines. For miles about the country was unusually rugged even for Arizona. The hiding-place was comparatively inaccessible. The outlaws cached their provisions here, corralled their horses, built a warm camp, and set to work at killing game. They were prepared to wait until spring. They judged themselves secure.

The hunt, however, was hotter than they thought. The party of vigilantes which had last pursued them happened to have a pretty accurate knowledge of the country; and, coupled with their own deductions as to probable objective points, they had information from one or two sheep-herders who told of seven riders, too well armed and too taciturn, encountered by them in the White Mountains. The vigilantes sent this news, along with their own conjectures, to Captain Mossman, of the Arizona Rangers. Mossman immediately detailed four men, Sergeant Campbell, Green, Maxwell and Tafolla, to go out and arrest the band.

Tafolla had enlisted in the rangers some months before. A sober, steady man, he was of the sort for whom Captain Mossman was looking when the company was recruited. Immediately after enlistment he had set to work at hunting men. He had ridden out on several scouting expeditions; and he had listened by camp-fires to the stories which have come down from the Texas companies, stories of men who have lived up to certain traditions that place duty higher than friendship, or gain, or love, or life itself.

Friendship, or gain, or love, or life itself: these be four things which it is hard to throw aside for the sake of enforcing a statute. Yet many had done this. And now Tafolla knew what it meant. For, when he had written a brief note to his wife saying that he might be gone for some time, he rode out with his three companions to hunt down seven murderers whose leader was known to be that faultless marksman, his one-time friend, Bill Smith.

The rangers started in a hurry. Fear that the outlaws might leave the higher levels with the setting-in of winter made them depart without any weight of provisions or equipment. Their route lay first along the boundary of New Mexico. They crossed the desert where the sun shone hot on flats of alkali, and hillsides where the giant cactus grew. They traversed wide plateaus crevassed by hidden gorges of great depth and, finally, they came into the country of the mountains.

It was weary traveling here. They climbed steep cañons, rode along rock ridges, and descended long slopes to climb again. Every day, as they left the nether world more remote behind them, they found a harder trail ahead. They reached the forests which clothe the higher hills. The snow lay around them on all sides; it deepened as they advanced. At times it reached their horses' bellies.

They had abandoned their pack animals for the sake of haste. They were short of food now, and they were carrying a scant supply of bedding. At night they made camp among the drifts, and while they slept the snow fell on their thin blankets. Every morning, when they had risen they busied themselves for an hour or more, scraping bare enough frozen grass to give their horses sustenance. Then they ate a meager breakfast and pushed on. During the days they shot an occasional grouse or rabbit as they traveled.

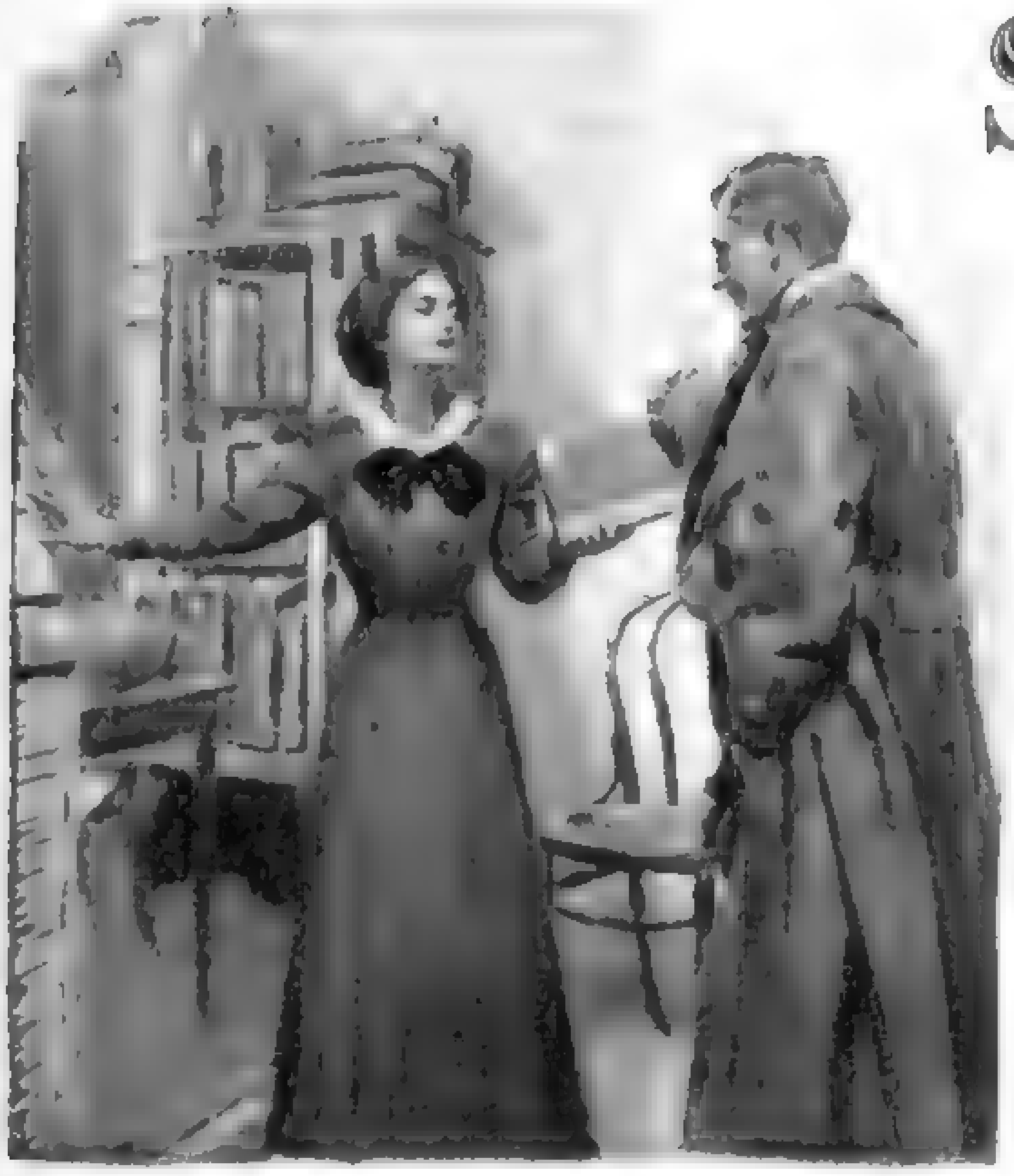
When they had been out fifteen days in all they found themselves in the heart of the watershed where Blue Creek heads. Wide vistas opening among the treetops showed miles of hoary summits gleaming out against a frosty sky. About them towered several of the highest peaks. The immediate region was a web of cañons between rolling mountains. Heavy pine forests covered it; the brush grew thick between their trunks; the snow lay everywhere. They knew that they had come to the general neighborhood of the rendezvous.

Then they set about the task of combing down the hills, the stealthy, systematic scouting by which they would uncover a superior number of vigilant men. Of all hunting there is none like this; of all big game, none so dangerous and so wary as the wanted murderer. The rangers took no chance of disturbing their quarry. They rode without talking while they searched the forests; they avoided skylines. And, ravenous as they were now, they shot no game. Every day they separated into pairs; each pair traversed a given portion of the wilderness; every night they reunited at a camping-place. They lived on such grouse and rabbits as they could snare or kill with sticks, and they

(Continued on Page 44)

SON By Eleanor Gates

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON



"And Here's Enemies of the Vineyard"

I'M DEAD sure of this much—out in California, if you do a man a good turn you put yourself on the south side of him for the balance of your natural life. People ain't suspicious of a person, you understand. Everybody's nice and neighborly. Why, even the quails is so friendly that all you got to do is to make the toast and put it out—they'll come and sit on it.

But New York—well, New York is different. And if the wind brings an umbrella your way, just side-step it and track on; most apt the gazaba that owns it is amusing himself, or else he's making weather-bureau experiments for the farmers in the next county. If you see a man bearing down the street full gallop, face plum-colored, eyes glazed, coattails giving all pursuers the shake-a-day-day, don't take him for a chicken thief and stick out your foot. The gent lives in New North Something-or-other and he's making the 2:08 express.

Maybe I'm stretching cases a little; maybe I'm over-cautious, kinda. Well, it's because I learned—good and plenty—that about the healthiest thing a greenhorn Westerner can do is to mind his own darned business.

It all started, I recollect, while I was stopping at a ten-story hotel up on Broadway. That hotel was mighty tony, and just inside the front door it had nine brown-and-white marble columns that was made out of paper, but looked considerable like head-cheese. My room was third floor, right over the middle column.

One morning—I was fast asleep on my solid brass bedstead—a woodpecker waked me by drilling a stovepipe hole through the ceiling. When he finished in come a breeze from off the orchards that stretch for miles around the little shingled ranchhouse back home. And I breathed in, deep and happy, and opened my eyes ——

I didn't get a squint at Mister Woodpecker; and neither was the ceiling ready for the stovepipe. But about a block off from my hotel, where a big building was going up, one of them riveters that's drove by a donkey-engine was just a-rapping away. And under my nose was a steam heater, smelling, you bet—but not a blamed bit like a San Joaquin orchard.

And for goodness' sake, call it San Wah-keen, or the California bunch'll have a fit!

Well, I got up more or less cranky-eyed, and when I went downstairs I couldn't find a blamed thing that looked good enough to eat on the whole six-by-ten-inch bill-of-fare. After breakfast I jammed on my hat and went for a walk. It was a fine spring day—and when a Californian'll admit that there's nothing the matter with a New York day you can bet your shoes there ain't. It was so fine that the further I walked the worse homesick I got. Pretty soon here ahead of me was a public library. That library give me an idea. I turned up the steps.

Inside, behind a long counter, was a girl—a slim girl, nearly as tall as me, wearing a dress that was the gray of one of our Valley wood-doves. "Good-morning," I says to her. "I'd like to see the California newspapers."

"California?" she answers, and I seen a pleased glint come into her eyes. They was dove-gray, like her dress, and her hair was light and shiny and as full of little ripples as Lake Tahoe. Then: "The papers're all upstairs."

I located 'em. And I looked over about a ton of stale information to find a paper from home. But my mind wasn't on what I was doing, so finally I went downstairs again and happened past where she was.

"Did you find a California paper?" she says.

"None from the San Joaquin," I answers.

"I'm sorry."

"So'm I. When a person's among strangers it seems kinda nice to read the news from home."

"Then the San Joaquin is home?"

"It's a valley where the sun's on the job three hundred and forty days out of the year, and where there's always slathers of water on tap if the orchards get thirsty."

"The orchards!" she says.

"A forest of 'em, all white at blossoming-time. In the center there's the ranchhouse—roses peeking down the chimney!"

Day or two, I called by the library again—fresh shaved and my mane roached. Also, I'd dusted out of my suit the last ounce of the best fruit soil in America. She was on hand and said good-morning. Her hair was done different this time—one whopping braid roped it all the way around.

"Have you got any books on horticulture?" I inquires.

"Why, yes." She give her place to another girl and led the way to a high bookcase. "Here's The Pruning and Training of Grapes."

"Well, I've been thinking about planting some grapes."

"And here's Enemies of the Vineyard."

"That sounds good. But suppose we look over the whole shelf."

And we did.

When I'd settled on what I wanted I took a chair at the back of the big room, where the light was pretty poor. Other folks come in, and she was kept awful busy. Here and there she went, taking books out and putting 'em back—quick, quiet, light-footed, with a smile for everybody.

That day I stayed a couple of hours—and got as far as page five.

Later on in the week I managed to spare more time for my reading. As I walked into the library she was advising some youngster. So I went out again and once around the block. When I come back again the youngster had left the place. And I was able to find Half an Hour With Insects.

I got to watching her again—got to seeing her in the big living-room at home, taking books out and putting 'em back, and setting bunches of flowers around. Even got to seeing her riding beside me across the ranch, the roan mustang under her and poppies on her hat.

You know, there's a wash that'll keep away sore throat, and a tree-spray that prevents the measles. But fever around the heart—by cracky! the doctors can't vaccinate you for that!

The next morning I went back to that library and—she wasn't there! Well, I let the insects stay where they belonged. I didn't feel a bit like reading.

But the morning after here she was! "I missed you yesterday," I says, and I looked straight into them gray eyes.

"Wednesday is my day off." We was back by the horticulture shelf by now.

"I see. Glad you can get out once in a while."

"Oh, I love to be outdoors!"

"Don't understand how a girl can keep such red cheeks—shut up so steady in this close room."

Her cheeks got pinker then. But that day she looked my way two or three times. Happy? I was just loony happy! And forgot all about my noon meal.

Well, do you wonder that what happened at four o'clock was such a bump!

A man—he was a little younger'n me—come through the door and went straight up to her. And after he'd said a word or two they went to a front window and talked for twenty minutes. He done most of the talking, though—in a whisper, with his face down close to hers, and one hand pounding the palm of the other. The gall of him!

I didn't like his pattern—no, I didn't. He was too dudey—hard hat, light suit and yellow gloves. Most folks would say my eyes're dark like my hair. Right then they was grass-green.

I could see she was troubled—troubled as the dickens. And the longer he talked the worse she got. At last she nodded yes to what he was saying He left then. And she went back to her books—face all anxious, a sick anxious.

Well, next morning, do you think I could keep away from her? But when I stepped inside the door I seen she was gone again—and this time it couldn't be her day off

"You seem to be short in your working force," I says to one of the library girls.

"Yes."

"Where's the young lady that dresses in gray? I—I wanted to show her some California photographs."

"She was here five minutes ago. I believe she went down to the Union Dollar Savings Bank."

"Oh!" I faced square around and hoofed it.

As I got opposite the bank out come an oldish woman wearing the ugliest hat I've ever seen in all my born days. It was shaped like a mushbowl turned upside down, and there was fur over the outside of it—long, drippy fur that made you think of a discouraged rooster. Drove clean through the front of it, like the lady'd been shot by an Indian, was one lo-o-ng feather—I'm a liar, there was two.

Behind Mrs. Rooster-hat was—who do you think! If I'd been a second later I'd 'a' missed her!

She seen me and nodded, smiling. I managed to pull off my hat. My! but she looked sweet—all in brown she was, from her pretty head to her button shoes. And I noticed she had a big, brown purse in her hand. On the purse, in silver letters, was A. M.

Now, I didn't follow. I was going that way, and I seen no reason to change my plans. A. M., I says to myself as I walked—now I'd get sight of her in that spring freshet, now I'd lose her, then I'd find her again—I wonder what her first name is. Annie? No, it ain't Annie. Angeline? Gosh! I hope not. Maw had a Greaser cook once named Angeline. Augusta? Too Dutch.

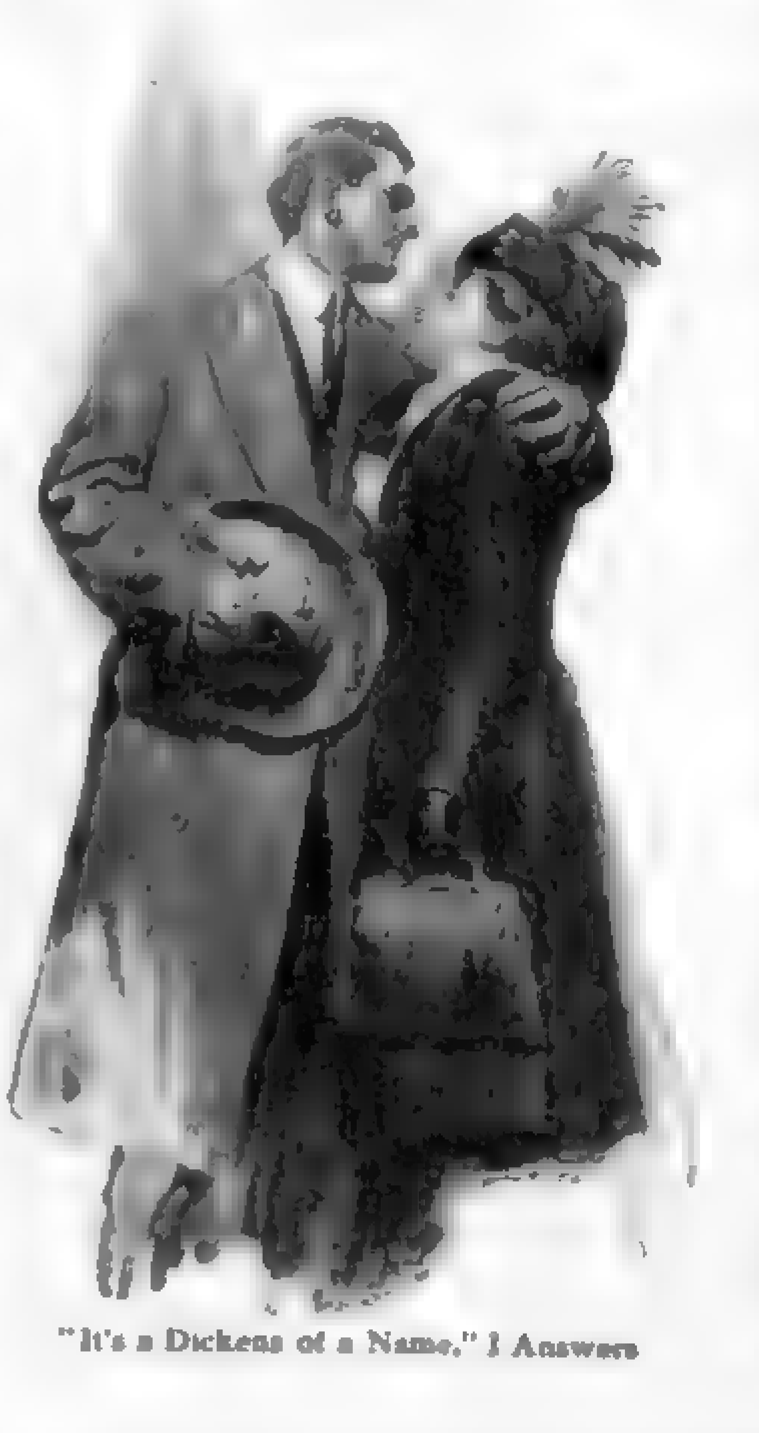
Just then the two turned in at the door of a big store and stopped at the first counter on your right. I remembered something I wanted to buy. But I kept a ways off from 'em, picking out some fool dingus or other and telling the woman clerk to never mind hurrying.

In a minute or two the oldish woman started for the back of the store. She stayed behind, settin' down at the counter and watching toward the door. From where I was I could see her face plain. She didn't have a scrap of color in her cheeks.

"Hadn't you better go over, Son," I says to myself, "and ——"

That second, into the store, almost on a run, come the same dude that'd been to see her at the library. He looked this way and that. She seen him and stood up. He spied her. She opened the purse and took out a roll of bills as big as my two fists. He headed straight for her. She held out the roll. Then, quick—not speaking a word—he reached, took the money, and went.

I went, too, and waited on the edge of the sidewalk. Something was dead wrong—no question about it—something that was hurting her.



"It's a Dickens of a Name," I Answers

I didn't have long to wait. The two come out soon, the oldish woman leading and pointing at the things in the store window, she behind. My, but I wished I could help her!

My chance come!

They was thirty feet further, maybe, and I was right behind—I suppose that now I was following—when I seen that brown purse fall. I sprung and picked it up.

"Excuse me," I says when I come alongside of 'em, "but you dropped this." And I held out the purse to her.

"Why—why, no," she says, not stopping.

I turned the purse over. There was the initials A. M.

Mrs. Rooster-hat put out a hand and

grabbed. "Of course it's yours!" she says, pleased and excited. "Thank you very much, young man." Then: "You're a lucky girl, Adrienne!"

Her name was Adrienne!

"Yes—of course, it's—it's mine," she says. She took the purse then, and held it tight in her two hands and begun to edge away.

"I'm awful glad I happened to be on hand," I says.

At that Mrs. Rooster-hat give me a terrible sharp look. "Oh, don't go," she says. Then: "Adrienne, open the purse and see if everything's all right."

"Why, of course everything's all right," answers Miss Adrienne, quick. And to me: "Thank you again. Don't let us keep you." And she tried to get her friend to walk on

But friend wouldn't. No, ma'am. "Open and see," she says. "You took a thousand dollars out of the bank this morning." A thousand—that's a whole lot to a girl who stands on her feet all day. "The purse has been out of your hands for a moment, and you ought to examine it right here in front of this young man—to make sure your money is safe."

"Oh, please come on, Mrs. Russell," says Miss Adrienne. She looked scared, and her lips was trembling. "The money is all here."

Well, that surprised me.

"I won't budge an inch," declared Mrs. Russell, right on her high horse. "It's my duty ——" And with that she grabbed back the purse and opened it.

The next minute she was yelling like a Piute brave. And she had me by one wrist.

I begun to laugh—thinking how cheap she'd feel when Miss Adrienne explained about that dude. I turned to Miss Adrienne—and seen she wasn't going to explain.

"I told you the money was gone!" cries Mrs. Russell.

"It was lost before the gentleman picked it up." Pitiful scared she was now, and the gray eyes was all shiny with tears.

I begun to laugh on the other side of my face.

Another minute and somebody else had me—by a whole arm. You guessed it! It was a policeman—a rough son-of-a-gun. I hated the way he took hold of me and I felt like spreading the sidewalk with him. But it don't do any good to side-swipe a sassy officer in New York—no, ma'am—no more good than for a dying man to bite the bedsheets. For in that little old town the police is numbered plumb up to five thousand!

"What's the rumpus?" says the brass-buttoned gent. "Come along and let's straighten it out. All right, ma'am, lead the way." And we four started off. Tracking behind us was more people than you could shake a stick at.

As I walked along I looked ahead at her. She wasn't saying a word, and she had Mrs. Russell's arm, like she needed to steady herself. Thunderation! I felt bad!

Half a dozen blocks, and we climbed some steps that had a big arc-light globe at each side. Then we went through the door of the police station, leaving the crowd behind, and into a high, wide room where there was a policeman settin' behind a desk. More of the same kind was in the room, too. Now, I'd never been arrested before. And for the first time it come over me that maybe things was serious. You know, I'm a big man myself—six-foot-one in my never-rips, and some hefty. But I'll own up that every one of them officers begun to look a mile wide!

The second Mrs. Russell got inside she begun spouting her yarn like a gusher. When she was done she whirled round on me. "I charge this man with stealing," she says, "and I order him searched."

"No! No!" It was Miss Adrienne, ready to cry. "Mrs. Russell is wrong. He isn't guilty. Oh, how terrible to treat a man so!" And she broke down, poor little girl.

"Adrienne, what's the matter with you? When we stepped out of the bank there he was. He knew you drew that money. How did he happen to be in front of that store? He followed us."

"Well, Son," I says to myself, "you've carried your beef to a nice market!"

"What's your name?" asks the man behind the desk.

"I can't give it," I says.

"Now, look here," he come back, "if you're innocent ——"

"Boss," I says, "out in the San Joaquin there's a sweet little old lady that thinks 'Son' is just about perfect. And I won't have it telegraphed back West that I'm behind the chicken-wire for stealing."

"Refuses name," says the officer. "Book him as Smith."

"No! For Heaven's sake!" I almost yells.

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, I—I—— You see, boss, I don't want to put the kibosh on *any* name. Just register me as Son."

"But *your* name'll be dragged in," complains Mrs. Russell to Miss Adrienne.

"Where do you live?" goes on the man behind the desk.

"California." And that's all the address he got.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Married?"

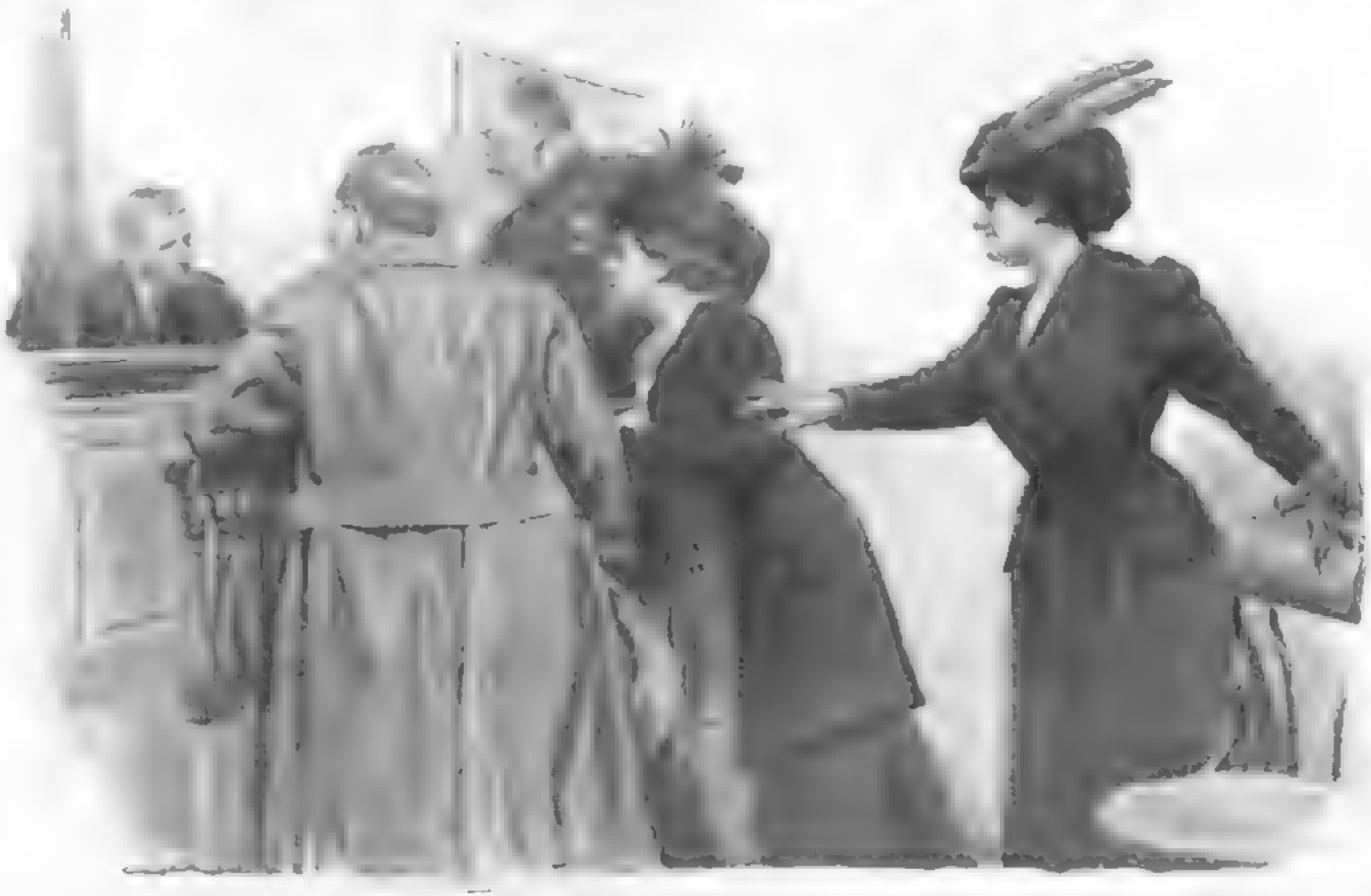
"Do I look like a half portion?"

"Occupation?"

"Rancher—on the best thousand-acre tract under the sun."

"What're you doing in New York?"

"Studyin' how the Spanish ship their Malagas."



"Judge, He Didn't Take the Money!"

And how long you been here, and how long you going to stay, and did you eat bacon and eggs for breakfast, and who do you reckon'll go to the South Pole?

Then it was Miss Adrienne's turn. What was her name? Mallory. How old was she? Twenty-one. And so on, and so on, not forgetting Mrs. Rooster-hat, neither.

"Case'll go before the magistrate," says the officer behind the desk.

Next, two policemen took me into a back room and went through my clothes. Found half a dozen cigars and a couple of hunderd. When they was done I handed a smoker to the one that'd arrested me. "Thanks," he says, and put it into his cap. I give another to his pardner. "Thanks," he says, and plugged his talker. Then I went back into the high, wide room.

Miss Adrienne was there yet, standing at the back. When she seen me she turned to Mrs. Russell. "Won't *you* telephone Harold?" she says.

The second she was alone she started toward me, and I crossed to meet her. "Don't say a word about what happened in the store," I says, speaking low. "That's just between you and me."

Up come her head like a frightened deer. "You seen!"

"Yes. You threw away that purse?"

"Yes."

"Darn me, why didn't I let it alone!"

"Oh, forgive me for getting you into this! What can we do?"

"Suppose I put a thousand into your hands. I've got plenty in the safe at the hotel. Please let me do it. This was a bully year in the San Joaquin."

"It wouldn't stop Mrs. Russell. And don't you see that it'd look like proof against you?"

"Don't think of me. If I can do you a good turn it'll make me the happiest man in seven states."

She smiled up at me then, but through tears.

"I'm nothing but a big jayhawk rancher. I reckon if anybody was trying to lose a baby they'd hand it to me. And I'll own up—and I hope you won't be mad—that I did follow you today. Guess it was because you been so kinda pleasant to me at the library. So, you see, it's my own fault that I got into this. Now just let me get myself out."

"Oh, I won't do that!"

"That young man, he ——"

Now, she come up closer to me, her hands clasped tight together. "He's been spending his salary before it was earned."

"Many a man cuts his corn in the blade."

"And he's been borrowing from the firm and—and not telling."

"Bad as that! Well, Miss Adrienne, the trouble with most of us is that we've got a hunderd ways of gettin' rid of money, and just one little old way of raking it in. He's—he's your brother?"

"No."

"I—I see."

A door slammed. It was Mrs. Russell. She come tearing out. "That rascal dares to speak to you!" she begun, madder'n a wet hen; and to a policeman standing by: "Why is this man here? Why isn't he in a cell? He's robbed a girl of the savings of three years—the common, low, vile ——"

"Ma'am," I interrupts, "I wonder you don't get arrested for packing dangerous weapons. You've got a tongue like a knife."

"Oh, Mrs. Russell!" It was Miss Adrienne this time. "What did Harold say? Will he come?"

"Of course he'll come, my child. He'll meet us in the courtroom right off." She put her arm around Miss Adrienne and started to lead her away. "Do you think he'd refuse to help the dear girl he's going to marry?"

To marry! To marry! Something seemed to hit me a whack in the hocks. There was a chair behind me. I backed a step and set down.

Didn't set long. Up stepped the officer that'd arrested me. "Time to go, Son," he says, giving my shoulder a little shake. He seemed more good-natured now, and took me in a street car instead of the gong-wagon. "So you re from California," he remarks as we went along.

Well, you know, I never lose a chance to boost. "California, you bet," I answers. "And it's grand country. Why, if I was to try to tell you about California you wouldn't believe me unless I lied. For instance, you wouldn't swallow the fact that in the San Joaquin some ranchers plant as much as fifteen hunderd acres in one kind of vegetable."

He peeled his eye at me. "And you scrape out your punkins and use 'em for cattle-sheds," he says, "and turn mustard-stalks into fenceposts."

Just like I said! I might as well 'a' told him that we pin the sky down of nights to keep out flying-machines.

Before I was steered into the courtroom I had a minute in a long hall in front of a barred-off room. There was three men in that room—a nigger, with his countenance razored into town lots; a tuneful old gent that wasn't suffering from water-founder, and a neat-dressed boy who was settin' on a bench with his two hands over his face, pickling his fingers with the brine from his eyes. Poor kid!

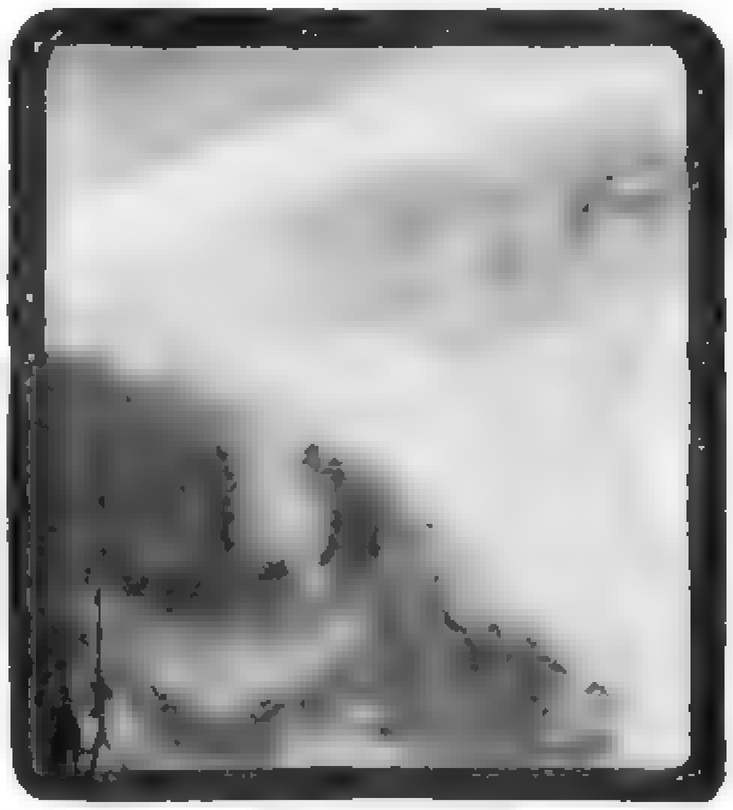
Then—Number Two-thousand-and-some-odd beckoned me. I followed, and here I was, facing three great high windows that blinded me. A lot of figures was moving between me and the light. Next, I could see who—a row of men standing on a little, raised platform; back of them, on the other side of a counter, a row of men in chairs. At the middle of the row was a little man, stoop-shouldered, with no hair on his face, but all pale, like a plant that grows in a cave. He wore a long black robe.

(Continued on Page 42)

THE WAYS OF MONEY

By JOHN E. GARDIN

VICE-PRESIDENT NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK



ANCIENT Greece taught us our first lesson in exchange. Her people sent their children through the streets crying out their commodities. One family had eggs to trade for bread, another had bread to trade for eggs. And so exchange was effected. The Romans expanded the system, trading their surplus cattle with foreign neighbors. And the Phœnicians sailed their argosies across the seas, bearing domestic produce, and returned laden with curious goods from all parts of the known world. Religious ardor unwittingly contributed to commerce. The Crusaders brought back wonderful tales of the splendors and luxuries of another world. New lanes of travel were opened up by seekers for the Holy Grail. This resulted in the creation of the Hanseatic League, that wonderful confederation of merchants, the impression of whose activities is to be seen on all sides to this day. Up to this period commerce was confined mainly to barter With few exceptions, the money tokens of the day had but local circulation. Back of it all was personal gain. The merchant was a freebooter and ranked side by side with the robber baron. The primary law of supply and demand was the actuating force. The wealth of nations was not considered; its principles were unknown.

Under the organization of the Hanseatic League actual value was imparted to money, so that from a period of barter the commercial world began its development.

Nor did Government at that time attempt to lay its heavy hand in control. This was left to the baron and the knight, and even they met with armed resistance. In times of dire distress, however, the authorities took it upon themselves to dictate prices, sometimes with disastrous results. Professor Fiske points out that during the siege of Antwerp, had the town council not fixed the prices of all commodities, the desire for gain on the part of the far-seeing merchants would have drawn in enough provisions from the outside world to prevent the taking of the city by the Spaniards.

Not till modern times did nations recognize the necessity of uniformity in monetary standards. England took the first steps in this direction. Then the entire civilized world proceeded to put its house in order. The national ledger of today is kept with the same system that exists in every well-organized business. And it is at all times discernible whether a nation is a debtor or creditor to other nations. But this cannot always be read in the statement of the balance of trade.

The Fallacy of the Balance of Trade

THERE is a vast difference between what a balance of trade actually is and what it means to the uninitiated. To him it means the amount owed by one country to another. It signifies that one is a producing nation, another a consumer. From it he makes many curious and interesting deductions. As a matter of fact, a balance of trade is nothing but the difference between the exports and imports of a nation—given, of course, in relation to some other particular nation. We might be a debtor to one country and a creditor to another—and so on.

The fallacy of the impression usually created by a balance of trade statement is well illustrated in the case of England. Published reports always show her imports to be much greater than her exports. From this fact many people conclude that she is a consuming rather than a producing nation, which is contrary to the facts. Her imports are mostly raw material, but the labor upon this is capitalized, as, for instance, in the ship-building industry. The English flag is seen in every port of the world and represents enormous capital. Very little of the material that is the basis of this capitalization was produced in the country itself. Incidental to this are such sources of income as insurance, brokerage, and the profits of merchants. The final result is that English money, owing to its plethora, is forced to seek investment in outside countries, which adds still more, and that, too, in a very high degree, to the tribute that she levies upon the world. France is similarly situated, but on a smaller and more diversified scale. The virtue of thrift has been developed in this country to the extent that today she stands paramount among nations, and soon will be the leading moneyed country of the world, particularly along the lines of foreign investment

In Germany we find industrial activity of a degree undreamed of twenty-five years ago. With the appearance of her ruling genius, Emperor William, on the scene of action the character of the country entirely changed. His energy and enterprise are evident everywhere. Even now her domination of the commercial world is beginning to be felt, and soon she will rival England in this respect.

Again, the fallacy of judging of a nation's creditorship or debtorship by the trade balance is illustrated in the report of the last seven months of our own fiscal year. During this period we are shown to have exported $192,000,000 worth of goods more than we imported. We may rub our hands and congratulate ourselves that we have that much to our credit. But what about the $400,000,000 that American travelers annually spend abroad? This enormous sum is growing larger year by year, owing to the prosperity of our country. It does not figure in our trade balances, but it is a debt, nevertheless, and must be paid. What about the stupendous sums of foreign money invested in our securities that call for enormous amounts every year in the way of interest and redemption money? What about our tribute to Europe of from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000 a year in the way of freights, insurance premiums, and the like? This doesn't appear in our trade balances, either, but we have it to pay just the same.

Europe's power over the United States in the possession of so many of our securities is almost appalling. In times of stress abroad these will come back and must be disposed of at a price that will affect all other securities. Now, having nothing but manufactured articles to export, we shall have to send over our gold to pay the debt. We don't produce more than $100,000,000 of the yellow metal a year Therefore, if within the next ten years we have to settle a debt of from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 in money, where is it to come from? It may mean the export of our manufactured products at greatly reduced prices in competition with the foreign-made article.

Clearly, then, the transactions that are not recorded in the balance of trade statements vastly outweigh the recorded ones. Particularly is this notable in the dealing in securities between London and the United States, which has assumed such dimensions as materially to affect the rates of exchange. Much of this is manipulation, but still it is a factor and must be reckoned with. However, the legitimate investment demand runs into figures far beyond our wildest dreams. This is due to the policies of their Government, which would not be countenanced in this country for a moment. Yet they say we are too radical. The old country could profitably take a leaf from our book of conservatism.

Our Mythical Much-Vaunted Creditorship

THE question arises, how, with the multifarious dealings between nations who use the prominent money centers as a clearing house, are financial differences settled? Such settlement is known as foreign exchange. Each country has its monetary unit, based upon the value of gold, which, relatively, is the same in all civilized countries. The coinage of these countries having value fixed by law, it is simple to reach a settlement which, in the case of an adverse or favorable balance of trade, must be made in the only money that the world at large recognizes—gold. The adjustment is automatic. The only criterion as to whether we are a foreign debtor or a foreign creditor is the rate of exchange.

When we consider the enormous amount of American money sent abroad every year, as compared with our optimistic balance-of-trade showing, it will be seen that our much-vaunted creditorship is something of a myth. Instead of having an actual credit balance we have a very severe debit balance, which will account for the fact that exchange rates during the entire year—1909—have hovered very close to the gold export point.

Usually, foreign exchange rules high in the spring. Then we export much gold. In the fall we send enormous amounts of cereals and cotton abroad. Then trade is in our favor and gold comes in.

An interesting feature of the foreign exchange business is the continuous movement of gold from one country to another. The precious metal circulates only in settlement of trade balances, and only when the country exporting it has nothing else to send. Just now gold is moving from London to Paris. A short time ago a considerable movement took place between the United States and South America. This was but a settlement of a debt of Europe to our southern neighbor—a mere transfer, as it were. We owed Europe, and Europe owed South America. The trans-Atlantic bankers, rather than send their own gold, merely transferred our debt to South America.

The movement of gold is not always a free one. European bankers object to depleting their store. Therefore, whenever the burden of such a movement can be thrown upon another country it is done. The United States is the only really free market for gold, and while its export is subject to certain regulations by the Treasury Department, still these are not such as to deter exportation when exchange rates reach a point where this is possible.

It is absolutely impossible to get money from the Bank of France unless that institution is willing to let it go. At times they are willing to part with some of it, but charge a price ranging from one dollar a thousand to one and two per cent. The fact that the notes of this bank are payable either in silver or in gold gives it perfect control of the precious metal in its vaults. If one presents paper there and demands redemption the bank may offer silver five-franc pieces, which are legal tender throughout France.

Germany positively refuses officially to part with gold. Much of it is taken out of the country at times, but this is gathered up in small lots. Such a proceeding is unusual, but it is effected whenever conditions warrant it.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

PRACTICALLY the only gold obtainable in England is that which comes from the mines in South Africa. It seems there is an understanding between the Bank of England and the mine owners that the former shall have the first choice on the arrival of the gold, providing it meets any price that is bid for the same. This is why London is the only market where there is a fluctuation in the price of gold. Naturally, while this never falls below the legal status it sometimes rises considerably above it.

In the United States the precious metal can be obtained at the assay offices throughout the country upon deposit of gold certificates, plus a nominal charge of forty cents per $1000 for the cost of refining and preparing the gold in bars. It has been advocated that this charge be placed upon a sliding scale in order to prevent the export of gold. But such an idea should not be countenanced under any circumstances. We should be proud that our country is in the unique position of having a free market for this commodity. Furthermore, it would be useless to attempt to restrict the export of gold in any way, since, if the arbitrary charge on bars be placed too high, the result would be that, instead of the bars going out of the country, the minted coin would go, which would be a more serious loss.

Our mint and assay are of so high a grade that they are recognized the world over. When bars with the stamp of our assay office are received on the other side they are merely tested as to weight, only a certain proportion of every lot being tried as to fineness. Hence it frequently occurs that in importing gold we receive back from the other side the very bars we previously exported.

It very often happens that foreign bankers prefer coin to bar gold. During a period of this year the Bank of England offered a premium for coin, because at that moment it was considered a better investment than the bars. They are somewhat more advanced over there in this respect than we are. When they get our gold they do not melt it down, but hold it intact for shipment back here when the reverse movement sets in. While held there it is regarded as a reserve in the banks. It is estimated by weight, generally in bags containing 500 ounces, and in order to make up the exact weight the coin is sometimes clipped. We hope some day, with the aid of the Monetary Commission now in session, to have similar facilities. It is a disgrace to our common-sense that we should have to melt foreign coin into bars the moment it comes into the country and thus destroy an actual value for which the country must pay in times of need.

During the panic of 1907 millions upon millions of foreign coin were brought over here. These were taken to the assay office immediately and all the work and seigniorage contained in them utterly destroyed. If the banks had been permitted to hold it in reserve these coins would have been the first to go out when the export movement set in a few months later, and would have netted a handsome profit. Thus an inert mass would have been converted into a productive medium.

Let us now look into the mechanical features of a shipment of gold, say, from New York to London. To me this phase of the matter is no less interesting than the mathematical or the economic side.

When a movement becomes imminent there is quite a feverish activity in the offices at both ends of the line, as well as on the Street. Rapid-fire cabling is done; steamship offices are called up in order to make freight arrangements. Then insurance is secured. Coopers have to be ordered ahead with their material, which consists of small-sized kegs, together with a good supply of sawdust. Teamsters are instructed to be on hand to the minute. Nor will every teamster do, by any means. They are all specialists—the coopers, the teamsters, and every one else connected with the mechanical part of the business. When everything is in readiness some very lively team-work will be shown. But training and experience make the master, and it is surprising with what celerity a shipment of, say, $2,000,000 of gold is sent on its way. The weight of this mass is over four tons and, if sent overland, would tax the ordinary freight car to the limit, since, because of its specific gravity, it would have to be carefully distributed.

All is now ready, waiting for the word of command. This is held back to the last minute, as conditions may have changed overnight so that the shipment will not be necessary. But nothing has happened and the word is passed along the line.

The assay office having been previously notified, a detailed statement is handed out by the Government authorities and a sedate, trusted messenger approaches the cashier of the bank, almost with fear and trembling. The emotional condition of the messenger is justified. The cashier parts with his good money with the greatest reluctance. The act of separation is generally accompanied by an explosion of one sort or another, according to the conditions of the money market. But at last the Rubicon is passed. Our phlegmatic trusty carries in the hollow of his hand a small package of gold certificates—the open sesame of the Government vaults.

The gold is handed out in slabs some six inches long, four wide and two thick. On each is stamped the exact weight, fineness, and the seal of the assay office. The bars are checked off by numbers as delivered and placed in stout canvas baskets, some ten to the basket, and whisked away to the bank packing-room as fast as possible. Here they are again checked and with a rapidity that is astonishing, placed in kegs, each bar in a sawdust bed of its own to prevent loss in weight by abrasion. It is aimed to have about $50,000 in each keg. When a keg is properly filled it is headed and nailed up by the cooper, then passed on to sealer and marker respectively, and inside of two hours the whole shipment is ready to be taken to the pier.

The procession now starts. There is no blare of trumpets or other fuss, no armed guard, simply an ordinary truck with a few men standing up, holding on to the supports. To the ordinary observer the wagon might as well contain so many kegs of nails, instead of an amount of wealth that would stagger the imagination of the man on the street.

When the wagon reaches the pier the precious metal is immediately taken to the strongroom of the steamer under the charge of the purser, who is responsible for its delivery on the other side of the water.

Foreign Exchanges Put to the Test

THE merry dance now being finished, let us see what we must pay the piper. The steamship company receives $3125; the insurance company $1000; the truckman $60; the coopers and helpers $20—a total of $4205. It is this expense added to the rate of exchange, as against the price obtainable for gold on the other side, which determines the gold export point. Coming the other way the process is reversed. In addition, allowance is made for loss of interest while the metal is in transit.

During the panic of 1907 our banking institutions that had foreign connections took the lead in devising methods to restore confidence. Considerable profit attended their activities, but at the same time they were public benefactors in a commercial sense. Never in the history of commercial life did the application of scientific means bring about more fruitful results. Here was the true test of the efficiency of the operations of the principles of the foreign exchanges. The machinery was set in motion and kept going in full force until there was no further need for it.

The scarcity of money due to hoarding by individuals and by banks had caused a genuine panic to seize upon the community. All known means of increasing the supply had been exhausted. To dispose of our commodities to ourselves would have meant book credits only, and these we did not want. Our merchants were, therefore, forced to seek purchasers abroad. Even that would have failed had the foreigner been able to reimburse us in kind. But he had returned our securities, and the American, with the spirit of retrenchment upon him, was not purchasing European goods—just then. What we had to sell were the necessaries of life. Price alone could make their purchase attractive. Forced to action by the banks, our merchants were not slow in taking advantage of the situation. The foreign markets were soon flooded with our staples, and these had to be paid for in real money.

A sudden call for gold naturally caused alarm in every financial center. Bank rates were promptly raised to prohibitive figures—that of the Bank of England for the first time in many years jumping to seven per cent. The Imperial Bank of Germany raised its rates to seven per cent and the Bank of France to four per cent. This sudden tightening of the purse strings was a severe blow to the French people, who had always prided themselves upon the stability of their bank rate, and it aggravated an already precarious situation. But it availed nothing. An attempt to sweep back the tide of the sea would have been quite as successful as an effort to check the outward flow of gold. Figuratively, the world was raked with a fine-tooth comb. Hardly a country escaped being laid under contribution to the constant stream of precious metal that poured into the United States during the end of that remarkable year.

I shall endeavor to show how this inflow of gold was made possible.

Observe the causes that led to the panicky condition that made this unusual movement of the yellow metal necessary. During the period of high prosperity, in 1905 and 1906, signs began to appear that we were going at too rapid a pace. Discerning financiers spread abroad the warning signals of the coming storm. But in the mad rush for gain, the world over, these were ignored.

Just previous to that time two of the most gigantic struggles of history were going on—the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese conflict. Either one of these would have been enough to check the pace of prosperity. But under the curious circumstances the observance of the laws of cause and effect was too inconvenient.

Aid to the Injured

THE absolute destruction of property caused by these wars was great. It left a vacuum in the economic fabric the importance of which was not realized until too late. Close upon the heels of these conflicts came the disasters at San Francisco and Valparaiso, which in effect were even more calamitous on account of the suddenness of the occurrences. And so the rent in the economic fabric was widened. Great demands were made upon commerce and industry to repair the damage, and a great expansion of credit resulted. Railroads were called upon to transport more goods than ever before. To meet the emergency, they augmented their equipment. Similar demands were made on all branches of industry. The ramifying influences of it all began to be felt, the world took sudden alarm at the vastness of the proposition, and the result—we all know.

The structure, weakened on all sides, could not stand the strain. Disaster was imminent. Both here and abroad a series of mistakes was made that aggravated the situation. The greatest of these blunders was pulled off by our friends on the other side of the water. They withdrew credit facilities which had hitherto been so freely granted. The action was a cruel blow, but it had a boomerang effect.

European insurance companies were the heaviest sufferers in the elemental disaster in San Francisco. The call upon them to liquidate their obligations was of unprecedented suddenness. They were not prepared for it. A hurried selling of securities, a good part of which were American, followed, and an undue expansion of credit facilities with their home banks was required by the companies. Even in normal times this combination of circumstances would have been a disturbing factor in the financial world, but coming at a period when the entire fabric was under an enormous strain it brought us face to face with disaster.

Just prior to this we were having trouble ourselves and had, as usual, appealed to a paternal Government to help us out of our difficulties. This had been done so often that it became a matter of severe criticism, both in Congress and out of it, which was not without influence upon the authorities at Washington. A number of Cabinet meetings were held, but the members were obdurate. No remedial action could be secured. The persistent attitude of the Treasury Department nearly caused a panic. There seemed no way out.

But opportunity makes the man, and the man was found whose mind rose to the occasion. It was a Washington banker whose fertile brain bore the idea of having the Government advance funds to the

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Why They Call Him Colonel

OF COURSE, you have noticed that the cablegrams persist in attaching the strange appellation "Colonel" to that famous citizen of the United States who has been sojourning in Africa. Perhaps you have wondered why they didn't call him "Doctor," or "Ex-Police-Commissioner." You may have suspected that this calling him by a strange name was a subtile effort to undermine the alleged "Back from Elba" movement.

The actual reason, however, was non-political and creditable alike to the cable editors' hearts and heads. They called him by a strange name because he was temporarily engaged in a strange business. He has been accumulating a "bag" containing, according to the dispatches: "Some five hundred specimens of large mammals"—lions, elephants, buffalo, giraffes, giant eland, and so on—all struck down and shattered by the "Colonel's" bullets and those of his associates. Most large mammals are noble and beautiful creatures. Why a civilized man should wish to destroy them wholesale with weapons against which the strongest of them are utterly helpless is rapidly becoming incomprehensible to other civilized men.

This is what "Colonel Roosevelt" has been doing. Let us charge it up to him with as little prejudice as possible to Mr. Roosevelt the citizen.

When Churches Advertise

SOME churches advertise nowadays—in secular journals of general circulation and on bill-boards—just as does any other concern that wishes to attract public notice. Without having any statistics on the subject, we are confident, from observation and from the fact that church advertising is discussed as a live topic in the religious press, that the practice is growing. "When a man owns something—something that is his but is not himself—advertising is legitimate"; and the church with the Gospel is an analogy to this, one influential religious paper concludes.

This naturally leads to the inquiry: What is it that the churches advertise? Undoubtedly you have seen many of their advertisements addressed to the general public. We cannot remember ever to have seen any such advertisement by any church that was not essentially a simple offering of the Gospel. We do not recall a single one that insisted upon the necessity or superiority of any particular creed or denomination. For example, we have often seen the invitation, addressed to the general public: "Hear the Gospel!" but never: "Join the Baptist Church!"

Perhaps it is only to an unenlightened lay mind that this fact will seem significant or relevant. We read, however, that in Canada a big movement for a union of Protestant churches is afoot, and that there is no chance of a successful movement of that sort in this country because denominational differences are so important they cannot be waived. It seems tolerably clear that a united church might be a more efficient advertiser.

Government by Party

TWO and a half years ago the country enjoyed a very extensive strike of capital. "Loss of confidence" and "panic" it was called. The capital was there, but it simply wouldn't work—being profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions of employment. The paralysis that consequently extended over the country's industries and the vast losses incident thereto are still pretty fresh in public recollection. As yet no step has been taken in the direction of preventing a recurrence of the experience; and a great many people believe that no such step, of an effective sort, can be taken. We must have a panic about once in so often to the end of time.

Of late the press was filled with pleasant reports of a great strike of labor, such as the country has experienced more than once, with paralysis of industry and vast losses. A still greater number of able citizens believe that this, also, is a trouble that we can't really do anything to cure. We must have a big strike about once in so often to the end of time.

Both of these matters are strictly social, for they affect every one of us. In a true sense, both are strictly political. Yet every one realizes that a prime difficulty in the way of collective dealing with them lies in the fact that as soon as we attempt it they will become political questions—that is, footballs for the two parties to scrimmage over. And when that happens to any question an intelligent solution of it is almost beyond hope. Everybody dreads to see a really important question, affecting the whole public, get into politics under our partisan system; but unless it does finally get into politics the public can hardly deal with it at all. Government by parties resembles the famous musket that sometimes hit the mark, but always dislocated the shooter's shoulder.

In the Hall of Fame

A NOTED and opulent citizen of a Western metropolis, who recently died, bequeathed five hundred thousand dollars to the municipality for the purpose of ornamenting a public park, simply stipulating that the ornaments should include a life-size statue of himself. Now the citizen gained his wealth and notoriety as a professional gambler, and the metropolis is reported to be considerably agitated as to whether it should accept the gift and erect the statue.

The agitation seems to us unnecessary. Broadly speaking, and making due allowance for exceptions to the rule, nobody ever knows who those local celebrities are in whose honor enduring monuments may be discovered in most American cities. An easy but slightly-sophisticated way out of the difficulty would be to have the sculptor garb the gambling citizen in military uniform, or in the traditional long coat and top hat of the statesman. No immoral influence would then emanate from his effigy. It would excite only the same mild and momentary curiosity with which the tourist elsewhere views the statue of General Abijah Jones, or of Governor Lemuel Mullens. Our fortunate country is so rich in famous men that, with certain exceptions, nobody ever need, or ever really does, take the trouble to inquire who this or that particular one was or what he did. The gambler would simply be lost in the crowd.

If this expedient seems objectionable as embodying a falsehood, the city might preserve the essential truth and still avoid all scandal by resorting to a perfectly legitimate artistic license. That is, instead of representing the munificent citizen as manipulating a dice box or faro layout, the statue might show him contemplating a stock ticker, or writing an order to buy a million bushels of wheat—occupations in which the best citizens indulge without reproach.

Liberty—With a String to It

BROADLY speaking, we're all hurrahing for liberty nowadays. Nearly everybody agrees that people should have free institutions as soon as they are capable of using them wisely. Disagreement arises only when it comes to the mere detail of deciding whether a people has reached that state.

For example, under the new "reformed" election law of Prussia one-fourth of the population outvotes the other three-fourths. But the conservative European journals warmly commend the law, because it is morally certain that the unfranchised three-fourths are not yet capable of using the ballot wisely.

In other words, it is morally certain they would use it to vote against the Government. As soon as they reach that state of enlightenment where they may be absolutely depended upon to support all governmental measures, conservatism would be heartily in favor of granting them an effective ballot.

About the time of the Stuarts, we believe, the English press gained substantial freedom, and many distinguished Englishmen have pointed out that you cannot have a free government without a free press. Naturally, Lord Morley's great measures looking toward the gradual bestowal of self-government upon India include freedom of the press—in so far, that is, as the press demonstrates its ability to use freedom wisely by supporting the British Government. Any press that is so benighted as to criticize the Government injuriously will be promptly confiscated and its proprietor charged with a heavy fine. In order to save trouble in collecting the fine every press proprietor must deposit the penal sum in cash with the Government—to be forfeited the moment he oversteps the bounds of wisdom.

We imagine there have been a good many "fluttered folk and wild" in India newspaper offices since this act to promote journalistic enlightenment went into effect. But when it comes to liberty as a general principle we're all shouting for it.

The Promise of American Life

A VERY interesting book, with the above title, has been written by Herbert Croly. In a word, so great is the promise that it contains a danger of defeating itself.

Faith in American institutions and American destiny is so profound that it expects the institutions to work automatically and the destiny to accomplish itself. Probably for nine Americans out of ten—even though the ninth occasionally writes Vox Populi letters to the editor proclaiming ruin—a fatal disaster to the great Republic is simply unthinkable. And if the ship is bound to come into port anyway, why bother about the manner in which it is navigated? No drifting ship, Mr. Croly remarks, ever yet made port; rocks or shoals have been the end of every one; and Americans, believing thoroughly in a better future for their country, "may never have sufficiently realized that this better future, just in so far as it is better, will have to be planned and constructed rather than fulfilled of its own momentum."

This implies considerable bother for every one of us. The promise isn't that we can devote undivided attention to making as much money as possible and still have good government—kept good by some sort of patent, perpetual-motion principle within itself. It isn't found in Jefferson's foolish axiom that "that government is best which governs least"—although we can imagine the Sugar Trust as fervently indorsing that. The promise is merely an opportunity. In practical terms, if your state happens to have one or two rotten Senators and you are content to regard it as a joke, or as somebody else's affair, there is nothing in American institutions that promises you cheaper woolen clothing.

Our Long-Lived Invalids

MORE than one scientific writer has demonstrated in a scientific manner that, physically speaking at least, that considerable portion of the human race which inhabits Western Europe and North America is going downhill pretty fast. This is due primarily to the great change in conditions of living which has been wrought by the modern industrial system, with its factory employment and herding in cities.

One writer points out that in 1800 only four per cent of the population of the United States were found in cities. Nineteen persons out of twenty lived in the country, where they enjoyed abundant air, sunshine and bodily exercise, and could easily obtain plenty of wholesome, nourishing food. Now, nearly one American out of three lives in a city—often crowded in tenements; eating canned vegetables instead of fresh; obtaining meat, at prevailing prices, with difficulty; spending most of his waking hours at some monotonous, dusty, indoor employment. In England the drift to the cities has been even more marked, with more extensive under-nourishment and bodily deterioration. France and Germany—all of Western Europe, in fact—show the same conditions.

This is perfectly true, and probably quite as alarming as any scientist could wish it to be. On the other hand stands the indubitable and amazing fact that the death rate falls. The sickly, city-living population of today doesn't die so fast as the healthy farming population of century before last did. While far from well, we live to a green old age. There seems to be no escape from the scientific conclusion that perfect health shortens life.

Much Cause for Regret

THE announcement that Mr. Patten, of Chicago, and his two closest associates have permanently retired from business must cause deep and sincere regret not only in Board of Trade circles, but among farmers as well. Mr. Patten retired with the enviable and rather unique reputation of having always played a perfectly square game; but the more important point is that he is said to retire with a very large fortune. "I have all the money I want," he is quoted as saying in explanation of his retirement, and his retiring associates are understood to be in the same agreeable state.

Hence the regret. For Board of Trade circles are shy of what money they want in just the amount that Mr. Patten retires with. So long as he remained in the game those circles might buoy themselves up with a fond hope of restoring the equilibrium, so to speak, by getting his wad. A great many gentlemen whose involuntary contributions have assisted in swelling the wad to its present splendid proportions will view its permanent retirement with moist eyes and aching hearts.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Has Been Investigating—and Eating—Food for Many Years

Encyclopedia Americana

IN A COUNTRY so vast as ours, with its diversified interests, its enormous population, its magnificent progress, it has seemed necessary, at times, to have and maintain, at a central point, Somebody Who Knows Everything, in order that our people may properly be instructed concerning all that comes into their lives, labors, loves and loafs.

Naturally there was some hesitation over such a momentous selection, and no choice was made until Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley came along. He is the Man Who Knows Everything, and the Man Who, Knowing, Tells. The Doctor literally boils and bubbles with information on every topic. Regularly, three times a day, he erupts a message of advice, instruction, counsel and cheer for our people, and, at odd moments, now and then, spurts forth a mandate, or some stray information on any topic that may attract his attention.

The Doctor is versatile and voluble. If you want to know anything, ask him. He is the Universal Compendium. He is all lumpy with knowledge. "What," asks an earnest young worker, "is a good substitute for meat, meat being very high at the present time?" "Eggs," says the Doc; "I recommend eggs." "And," inquires the gentleman on my left, "what is a good substitute for eggs?" "Meat," says the Doc, "and I'll tell you why."

But to attempt to detail all the subjects with which the Doctor is familiar and on which he is prepared to offer instruction to the people would be to exhaust the items that go to make up the sum total of human understanding, and would include a long appendix made up of the additional things the Doctor knows that nobody else does. Do you want to know wherein the classification of Linnæus differs from that of Cuvier? He'll tell you. Do you desire to make a custard pie? Doc knows how and will inform you gladly. He will give you information on how to run newspapers, how to smoke a cigar, how to distinguish an axial ossicle from a high-pressure hose, how to cook sausage, how to study helminthology, how to open an egg, why women should vote, why women shouldn't vote, how to tie an ascot, what to do when your house burns down, the advantages of cyclone insurance in New England, the difference between testudinata and crustacea, the art of tattooing, perpetual motion, non-refillable bottles, why a chemical affinity differs from a chemical-blond affinity, the construction of boiled dinners, how to sail a boat, the principles of aviation, how to make Ca2 (PO4) 2—if you want to make it—a good cure for corns, outdoor sleeping, buttermilk, how to settle the second-class postage dispute, to regulate trusts and combinations, to boil milk, to get rid of the deficit, to raise apples, what is the proper religion for a man who has been bald since youth, dialectics, diplomacy and doughnuts.

He will draw you a chemicograph or the plans for a bungalow, teach you first aid to the injured or quattrocento sculpture, show you why you eat too much or eat too little, give you adequate instruction on any other topic that may occur to you, and all without money and without price. It merely is necessary to get the Doc on his feet at a dinner, or before one, or after one, and say, "Doctor Harvey Washington Wiley, the eminent chemist of the Department of Agriculture, will now address us," and the Doc will look you over and hand you out such assortments of information as he thinks you most need, or such assortments as you may not need at that particular moment, but surely will need later. If it isn't handy to meet the Doc at a dinner get him at a convention, or a caucus, or wherever else there is anybody to listen, and you will get your information—get it in chunks. The Doc dearly loves to be informative. Also, he loves to be remedial. He has a solution for every problem, a cure for every ill, a suggestion for every symptom that you, your aunt, your Government or the universe may have.

The Doctor as a Food Expert

HOWEVER, it is in the matter of food that the Doc shines most effulgently. That is his main hold. He has been investigating—and eating—food for many years. He knows the nutritive value of everything from benzoate of soda to mushrooms under glass. He is an advocate of a simple, nutritious diet, and he is one of the greatest trenchermen in Washington. To hear the Doc talk about the necessity of a simple diet is an inspiration. To see him eat a ten-course dinner is an exaltation.

Who was it—Aristotle—Socrates—Pythagoras—who, when instructing the people on some phase of living, was rebuked by a man who, rising, said: "But, master, you do not do these things yourself." Whereupon, the master came right back, quick as a flash, with the immortal remark: "Ah, smarty, I know that. You are to do as I say, not as I do."

Well, that is the case with the Doc. He is strong on the simple-living thing—for the rest of us. As for himself, kick in with the best the larder affords and be in a hurry about it. Naturally one cannot preach the simple-living, plain-food doctrine unless one is strengthened for such arduous labors by plenty of rich and hearty food. That would be impossible. In order to give us our meed of daily instruction the Doc must be sustained. And he is sustained to a superb sustentation. Also, he gets away with it more easily because he is a bachelor.

The Doctor arrived in the Department of Agriculture in 1883. He had been a professor of chemistry at Purdue, in Indiana, and state chemist. When he got to Washington his line for a long time was agricultural chemistry, and he wrote a work on the principles and practices of that branch of science, in three volumes, that is standard. Also, he wrote, or collected in book form, the songs of the agricultural chemists, which I have never seen, but which, I suppose, is composed of merry little lays for the agricultural chemist to sing at four o'clock on winter mornings when he gets up to chemicalize the cows and fodder the cattle.

Anyhow, after a while he expanded from agricultural chemistry to human chemistry. That is, he became interested in the adulteration of food and he began experimenting and reporting. He originated the famous Poison Squad, where he fed husky young men, who were willing to take a chance and get their board for nothing, food containing the various preservatives and adulterants used by food-makers, and noted results on the husky young men. The newspaper correspondents called his class The Poison Squad and the name stuck, much to the disgust of the Doctor and the young men, but greatly to the advantage of the experiments, in so far as lay publicity was concerned.

These experiments continued for a long time and resulted, concretely, in the present pure-food law, for which Wiley deserves great credit. He didn't get everything in the law his scientific knowledge told him should be there, but he did get in some things, notwithstanding a few gentlemen here and there in the law-making end of the Government, who seemed to be distressed coincidently with the distressed food-makers concerning what would happen financially to the food-makers if they were obliged to make pure food instead of poor food.

There are many other campaigns to Wiley's credit along these lines. He has written voluminously on the subject and frankly, and has talked with equal volume and frankness. As is always the case when a man begins to talk in public, he has grown to like to talk in public, and has expanded. He does not confine himself to pure food any longer. As I have observed, he now touches on every other phase of knowledge, research and science. Within one week, recently, he exuded some burning thoughts on the rearing of children, the proper conduct of newspapers, the cigarette habit, the difficulties under which American literature labors, how properly to grow ginseng and the ultimate careers of our Angora goats.

If you want to know anything tap the Doc. He is the ocean of knowledge into which all the rivers of information pour. Moreover, he likes to be tapped. His mission in life is to tell us all how to get along. Nor is he any shrinking violet waiting to be coaxed to impart precepts, predictions and postulates to us. He is a natural-born instructor, and he instructs whether you want to be instructed or not.

Not by the Milky Way

WHEN Mr. Taft was taking his trip through the country, campaigning before his election, he went across Nebraska, and one morning he came to the thriving city of Beatrice, where there is an enormous creamery.

Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, was on the Taft car. He arose early in the morning and paid a visit to the creamery. Presently there came a big ten-gallon can aboard the car.

"What is it?" asked the cooks.

"Buttermilk," proudly answered Burkett. "It is buttermilk, the finest in the land. I have had it put aboard for the especial use of Mr. Taft." The can was stowed away and when luncheon came, there being a dozen or so Nebraska notables along and the regular crew on the Taft car, Burkett gave the high sign to the waiter, and the waiter brought in a big pitcher of buttermilk. The waiter offered it to the men at the table. Everybody refused until Burkett was reached. The Senator was sitting next to Mr. Taft.

"Senator," asked the waiter, "will you have some buttermilk?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Burkett. "Give me a long glass of it—a most healthful drink, a most healthful drink."

A glass was poured for Burkett. Then it came Taft's turn. "Will you have some buttermilk, Mr. Taft?" asked the waiter with the pitcher poised, and Burkett, nodding his head vigorously, beamed at Taft.

"No, I will not," Taft replied. "I have done a good many things to help me get elected President, but I draw the line at drinking buttermilk."

The Suppression of Free Speech

THERE was a dinner, a time ago, at a Washington hotel, where the guests were the Spanish-American representatives in Washington, Senator, or former Senator rather, Henry Gassaway Davis; Senator Elkins, Secretary Knox, of the State Department; John Barrett, Director of the Bureau of American Republics, and some others.

When it came time for speeches Secretary Knox said: "There are two classes of dinners that are enjoyable events—one where the ladies are present and the other where no speeches are made."

Secretary Knox then looked hard at John Barrett, our greatest speechifier. "I realize," the Secretary of State continued, "that the fact that this dinner is of the latter class will work a great hardship on my friend, Mr. Barrett."

After the dinner was over and Barrett came out in the lobby, somebody asked him what kind of a time they had.

"Oh," said John, "a very delightful dinner. Some things were said that might have been left unsaid and, yet, many things were left unsaid that might have been said."

Feasts for the Unlettered

WHEN Uncle Joe Cannon was going down the Mississippi River with President Taft last fall he went to a hotel at a river point for dinner. The waiter handed Uncle Joe the menu card. The Speaker pushed it away and said: "Now, George, I don't want to bother with that. Take it away and go out and get me a nice dinner. Bring me a dinner. That's all. The best you've got."

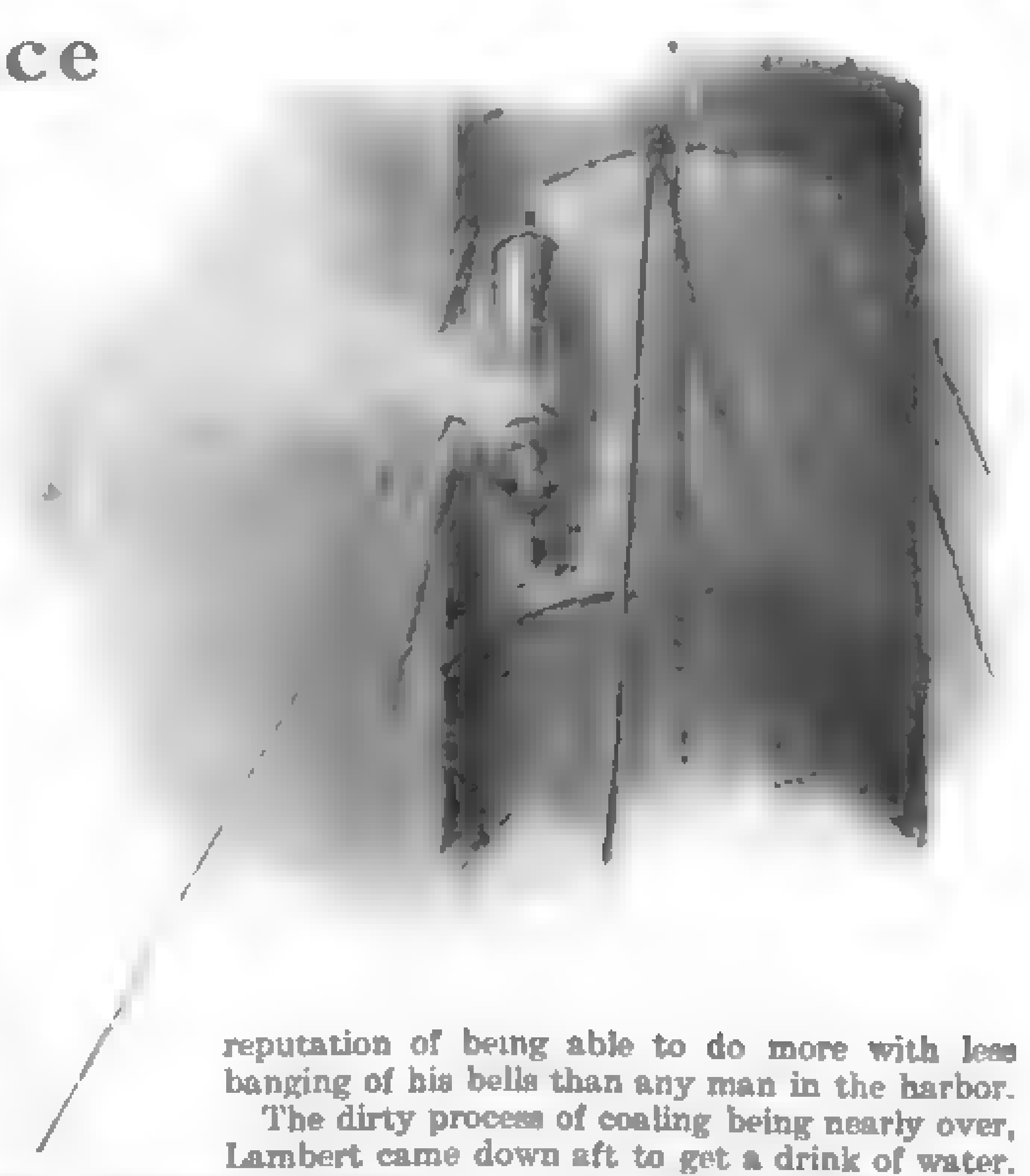
The waiter brought in a dinner and Uncle Joe ate it. As the Speaker was leaving the waiter said: "Mistuh Cannon, ef any of yo' friends up there at Danville what cain't read neither comes down this way, you jist send 'em to George an' I'll take care of 'em all right."

The Bridling of the Sea-Horse

How the New Engineer Won a Race

By HARRY SNOWDEN STABLER

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE



FOR weeks the owners and captains of the towing fleet had been on the lookout for news of the Gulnare.

She was worth watching for, since she was and is the prize of the year among those in the business of seeking down on the "farm," as the waters about the Virginia Capes are called.

The big windjammer, one of the Anglo-Asiatic Company's vessels, had left Hongkong on February eighth, bound for the port of Baltimore. She had been reported at St. Helena, where she had put in for water; but since then not a soul had heard from her. There was nothing alarming in the fact that the Gulnare was a hundred and eighteen days out from her home port and already two weeks behind the estimated time of her arrival; for the time of a sailing vessel that has to round the Horn, where the wind often blows "six ways for Sunday" seven days in the week, is always problematical.

But there were certain merchants, both wholesale and retail, up around Howard and Lexington Streets who knew little and cared less about the Horn. They simply howled, for the Gulnare carried thirty thousand rolls of Chinese matting for the spring trade which had begun with a rush owing to the sudden hot weather.

Not least of all those interested in the matter was Lambert, captain of the ocean-going tug Empress; because to catch the Gulnare meant also the fat job of towing her to New York, where she was to take on a return cargo of John D.'s case-oil to light the heathen.

Lambert had caught her the spring before away down off Currituck, and had waltzed her up to quarantine at Curtis Bay in splendid time, when each day's delay had meant a loss to her owners and consignees.

It was then that Captain Farson, a down-east Yankee from Portland, had promised the captain of the Empress as many rolls of matting as would cover the floors of the house up on the hill that overlooked the harbor should he turn the trick next spring.

No man knew better than Lambert how much of a lottery the business of seeking is. Yet his wife's fondness for pretty things and her pride in their home had led him, in what he admitted afterward was a moment of mental aberration, to tell his wife of Captain Farson's promise.

As spring approached the little woman had made no provision for—had not even considered the purchase of—a yard of matting. She relied solely on her big, boyish-looking husband to turn Captain Farson's trick.

Much in the way that his wife knew her back yard Lambert knew the Chesapeake Bay from the Lazaretto to Cape Henry. He knew and was warmly liked by the officers of almost every steamship and sailing vessel that went up and down that wonderful body of water.

Many a valuable piece of information, to be acted upon instantly—for things happen suddenly on the water sometimes—came to him through those friends. But how was he or any one else to know that at this critical juncture he was to lose his old engineer.

The man had died of heart failure the night before, sitting in his easy chair over the grating in the engine-room. The Empress had come from Poplar Island almost to the Knoll light before a stoker, coming up for a breath of fresh air, had reported it.

The state of things called for quick action. But after looking for half a day for a man whom he knew could fill the position to his liking, Lambert threw open the door of Cabell's private office, a heavy frown on his usually good-humored face.

Cabell looked up, blinking through his thick glasses. "Did you find Haines?" he asked quickly.

"No," Lambert growled; "he's gone on a fishing steamer out of the Rappahannock; went Friday. And it's taken me seven hours to find it out," he added.

"You shouldn't be so infernally choicy, Howard ——"

"It's your boat, isn't it?" was the sulky interruption

"Yes," Cabell smiled; "and you can shake hands with my new engineer." He swung around in his swivel chair. "Mr. Groff, Captain Lambert."

The latter turned as a bulky, broad-featured man arose out of the corner behind the door and came forward, clad in a suit of overalls absolutely spotless; a black silk skull cap pulled far down over a shock of sandy hair.

"Mr. Groff," as their hands met, "I've heard your name ——"

"I was formerly in the Juno, of Philadelphia ——"

"Off the Delaware Breakwater last December?" Lambert inquired eagerly, gazing into the man's pale-gray eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I reckon that settles it," the big captain laughed. "We can get away by dark." He turned to Cabell. "Any news? Who's down there?"

"No news yet, and I don't know just who is there, but the Jupiter got the Massasoit off Hog Island this morning; Britannic's got barges for Boston; Columbus is bringing a raft from Horn Harbor, and ——"

"Where is the Sea-Horse?"

Cabell laughed outright. "With her usual time allowance, she ought to be about due with the Algonquin."

"I suppose you will put the Emperor in commission tomorrow?"

"No!" Cabell snorted, his eyes snapping viciously behind the thick crystals. "Spinner says he can't get her over until Thursday or Friday."

"Sounds good to me," the captain of the Empress laughed. With Cabell's other tug out of the way for the time being, his own chances of catching the Gulnare were that much better. "Come on," he said to Groff; "let's get busy."

With her crew of fourteen, including the new engineer, aboard or loafing about the machine shops, the Empress lay with her nose stuck high in the air against the end of the dock. Grub and water already on, she backed out and started down the Basin to have a hundred tons of coal shot into her bunkers.

Threading his way along the narrow, busy waters, the captain of the Empress found his many unnecessary signals answered as quickly and effectively as ever his old engineer had answered them, and when he tied up at the C. & P. Company's coal pier he was in high good humor. With such a man below he could still keep up his reputation of being able to do more with less banging of his bells than any man in the harbor.

The dirty process of coaling being nearly over, Lambert came down aft to get a drink of water. He was just bending over the barrel on the port side of the stern, cup in hand, when a shadow fell slowly across him, followed up by a voice barely audible above the rattle of coal in the chute. "Hi, Howard!"

He looked around to see the Wessex, of the Merchants' and Mariners' Line, slipping by to her dock, her decks crowded with folk from Savannah, and her third officer, megaphone to his lips. "Hi, Howard! Square rigger off Pamlico Sound last night, twelve o'clock!"

"How's the wind and weather?"

"Northwest, light and smoky all the way up."

Lambert moved his hand. "Much obliged," he shouted and turned with a sigh of satisfaction to get his drink. The water was almost to his lips when another voice floated down to him.

"That means she's got to beat it up, don't it, Captain?"

A swift, wicked oath burst from Lambert's lips. He knew that voice and he knew what was coming. Without looking up he stood, hands clenched, cursing the luck that Slade—captain of the Sea-Horse—of all men in the harbor, should have heard; that he should stand up there and jeer at him in the presence of his crew. There were four of them now seated on the starboard rail. They arose and moved discreetly away.

"I didn't think you were waterman enough to know that, Slade," Lambert retorted with a sneer at the man who stood leaning casually against a coal hopper on the pier above.

"I'm waterman enough to get that tow, if either one of us gets her," Slade replied. "Want to bet on it?" He drew forth a half-dollar and tossed it down. "Put that in Cabell's hands; I'll come for two of 'em later."

Lambert made no effort to catch the coin, which struck against the flat-house behind him. It rolled almost to the door of the engine-room, where Groff stood listening. At a sign from his chief the fat engineer picked it up and came aft.

"Why, this is half your month's wages," Lambert drawled sarcastically, "and I'll double it for you—now." He took the coin in his iron fingers—the nails going white under the tremendous pressure—deliberately bent it out of shape and flung it back to the narrow platform above. "That's what I'm going to do to you, you horse-faced mutt, if I ever get you just right."

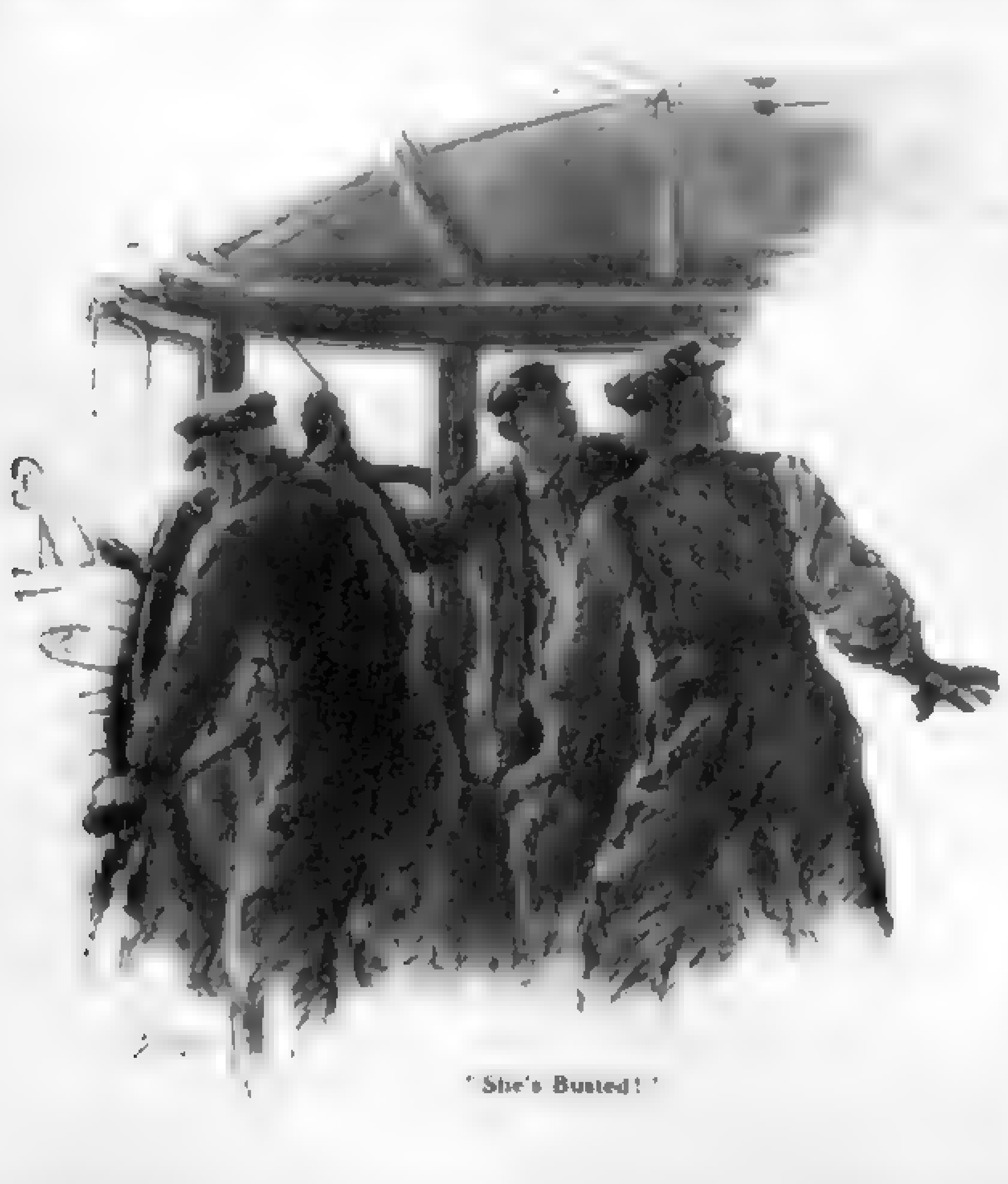
Groff instinctively shrank as Lambert turned on his heel, for the man's eyes had changed from their usual vivid, dancing blue to the devilish blue-black of gun metal.

"Say, Cap'n," continued Slade, ignoring the open threat, "you know I can beat you to it; but there's nothing doing down there yet and won't be for twenty-four hours, or more. I'll agree to stay home tonight and go out in the morning same time as you, if you say so."

It was only then that Groff began to take in the situation; an inkling of it came like a flash in the midst of his wonder. He came up behind Lambert in the narrow passageway until his chin was almost over the other's huge shoulders. "One moment, sir," he exclaimed quickly, as Lambert swung around; "is he a tugboat man?"

"Yes, Sea-Horse," was the curt reply.

"Not a better boat than this one, is she?" Groff ventured in a tone of surprise. The intense earnestness of the



' She's Busted! '

engineer's manner turned away the hot order to seek another climate that was hotter still.

"No, but she's faster and—that's all," said Lambert coldly

"Then tell him," exclaimed Groff hurriedly, "that you'll agree to go out in the morning, and we'll fix his business tonight—if you are game for a bit of sport. It's dangerous, though."

"I reckon you want a night home as much as I do," Slade was arguing over the rail.

Lambert did, for his boy was sick. And for half a minute he and his new engineer took each other's measure.

It was Lambert's habit to think quickly and act instantly when decided. He turned from Groff and spoke in a tone casual, almost indifferent in its cool insolence. "I wouldn't trust you, Slade, as far as I could fling a bull by the tail; but if you will tie up here without coaling until morning I'll go you."

The Sea-Horse was already half-way across the basin headed for the pier as the weighmaster popped out of his little box and yelled: "If you want your coal you'd better hurry up."

"You might as well shut down; I'll take it on first thing in the morning," Slade called, ignoring Lambert entirely. It was after six o'clock already, and in five minutes the pier was deserted

As the Empress backed out to make room for Slade's tug, Groff examined her carefully from the door of the engine-room. The two boats were apparently about the same size and build. He could not tell how heavily the Sea-Horse was engined, but her blades seemed to kick up a lot of white water, considering the slow speed at which she came alongside.

The engineer's curiosity was not satisfied until the Empress had tied up in the home dock and the crew were gone for the night.

Up in the pilot-house her captain unburdened himself. "No," he growled; "the engines rate the same, but I can develop fifty-horse power more than he can. Cabell built these boilers right here in the shops. Slade has an idea that speed is the thing, and old Stockett, his owner, lets him do about as he pleases, just so as he gets a bit of business. Stockett's no tugboat man; he's a ship-chandler and got that boat in Norfolk for a bad debt. He's an old buzzard.

"Both of 'em hate me because I had Slade fined a couple of times and then run out of the towing association for breaking rates. It does 'em both good to beat me when they can. Now, Slade's got the blades of his propellers pitched so that when he is light he can run away from any tug ——"

"Just what I thought," the engineer nodded; "like these launches—go like the devil, light, but when you hook something on to 'em they just fall dead on the water."

"That's it!" exclaimed Lambert. "Why, I can put a rope on him and haul him all over the bay."

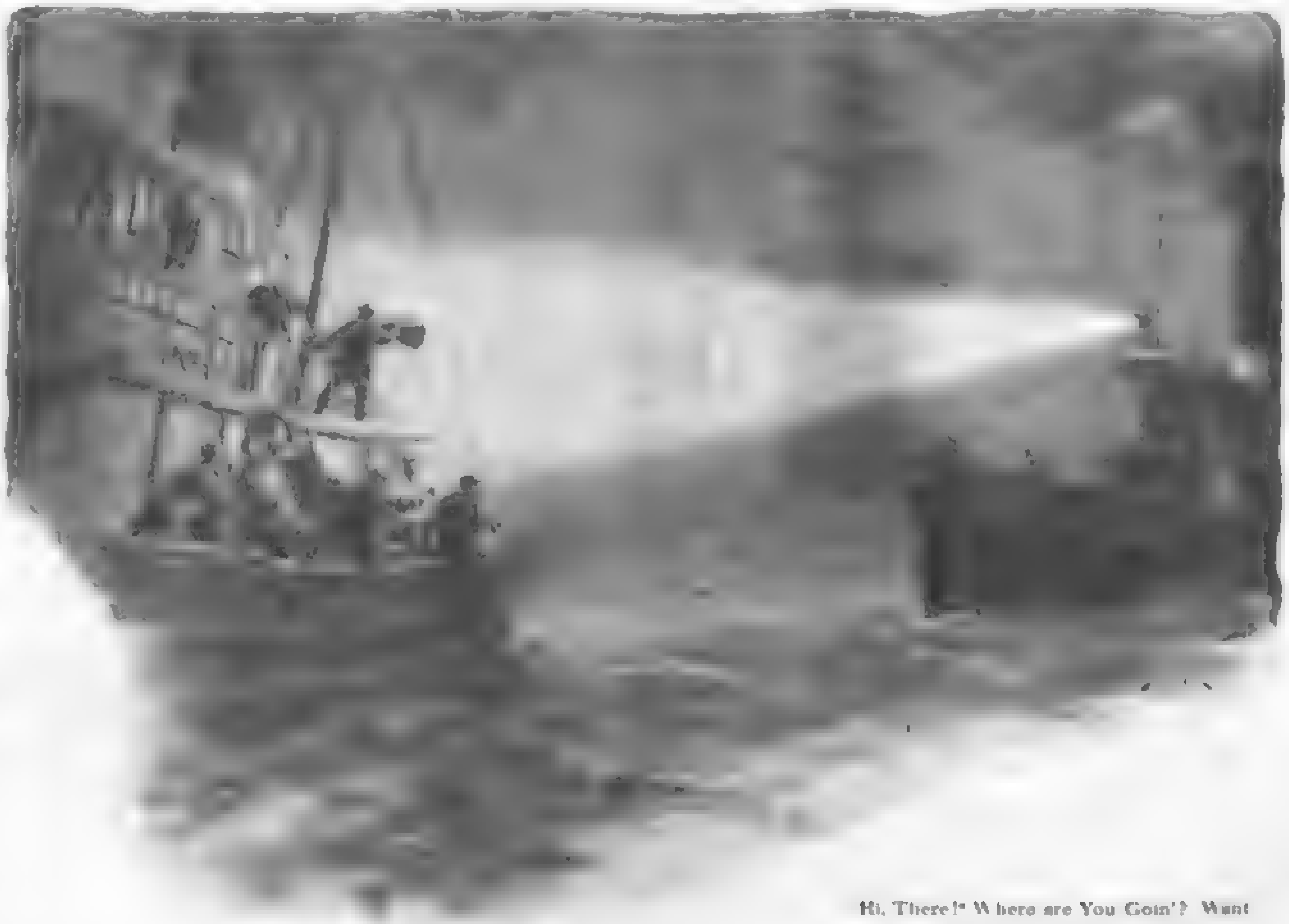
"How much can he beat you from here to Cape Henry?"

"Ordinary wind and tides I can make it fourteen hours and a half. I think Slade can do it in about an hour less."

"That's going some," Groff mused thoughtfully. "Have you the run of this place?" he went on, pointing to the machine shops which stretched along the dock from end to end. "I mean, could you get in here tonight and take what you wanted without having to explain all about it to any one afterward?"

"Why, sure," Lambert replied, studying intently the broad features before him; "the watchman is my brother-in-law, and Cabell himself don't ask me questions. Wait a minute," he added with a jesture of caution, "here comes the mate. He's just rubbering, but I'll bet he says he wants to finish writing up the log. Go below and I'll follow you presently."

Half an hour later both men came out of the engine-room and went home.



Hi, There!" Where are You Goin'? Want to Ride Over My Rope?"

Promptly at one o'clock that night the gate of the yard surrounding the machine shops was opened, and Groff sneaked along the dock to find Lambert waiting in a row-boat under the stern of the Empress

Lying on its bottom were two iron buckets about thirty-six inches in diameter and fifteen deep, together with a large bench vise and a chain some twelve feet long

Lambert steadied the boat as the bulky figure came over the side of the dock. "The very things," Groff whispered, eyeing the buckets with a delighted grin. "Where did you get 'em?"

"Swiped 'em off No. 3 dock. It's not being used now. They're paving it and no vessels alongside. It was a cinch."

"Are you sure those handles are strong enough?" Groff asked. "The pull on them is going to be something terrific."

"Those buckets are used to carry asphalt in, and the handles are riveted six inches down each side," Lambert replied, as he picked up the oars.

Silently the boat rounded the end of the dock and crept along in the shadows close in shore, past the B. & O. elevator vaguely, immensely outlined in the starless night; past the lumber yard and the ice houses, until it stopped under the stern of a rusty old tramp steamer, loaded with phosphate rock from Navassa.

Directly across the ink-black waters the two men could barely make out the Sea-Horse, under the single arc light glittering like a star above the coal pier. She lay just where they had left her, her bow almost against the rudder of a four-mast schooner already loaded with coal for Boston.

Long and carefully the two examined the opposite shore line before Lambert put his full strength to the oars. In a few moments they were resting in the black shadow between the stern of the schooner and the bow of the Sea-Horse

Without a word they began to work rapidly. Groff lifted the chain just as it lay coiled in the boat and, catching it by both ends, let it run loose in a long loop under the water to keep it from rattling, then hooked the ends to an oarlock to prevent it from sinking.

Lambert hurriedly removed his clothing and slipped a noose made in the end of a line underneath his arms. Groff stared in amazement at the man's naked body. In Cabell's office he had seen that the captain of the Empress was a big man; he had regarded the bending of the coin as a dexterous trick, such as the tearing of a pack of cards with the hands; but he was not prepared to see the torso and arms of a giant on a man five foot ten.

Groff was mentally picturing Slade's finish should he ever come in reach of them when Lambert whispered: "Remember: two jerks lower me a bit; one jerk pull up hard and quick. If I can't get it on the first time I will have to bring it up with me, and it's heavy."

With the wide-open, iron bench vise in one hand he slipped noiselessly into the water.

Reaching over, Groff caught the hempen bumper which, like a huge wart, adorned the nose of the Sea-Horse, and pulled the boat up close. With the other hand he held the rope.

Lambert took a long, deep breath and sank out of sight. The rope ran rapidly through Groff's fingers, then slacked. He tightened it and waited, trying to count the time, second by second—up to fifty-seven of them, when the rope was jerked violently

The naked man came to the surface and, reaching up, caught the lower part of the bumper overhead with one hand. He spat the foul water from his mouth with disgust "I lose time trying to handle the chain," he panted "You'd better pull it up and mark just where the middle of it falls."

Groff cut off a few inches of the heave line, and pulling both sides of the chain up evenly, stuck the piece of rope through the middle link

"Now hang it over my neck, and hold tight to the rope; these infernal things are heavy."

Save for the distant rattle of an early market wagon passing the street end of the pier, not a sound or a ripple marked the stillness as Groff counted the seconds; on and on—fifty-eight, nine, sixty up to sixty-seven. Would the fool never come up! He was about to haul away, anyhow, when Lambert shot to the surface empty-handed.

Gripping the boat's edge, his shoulders, glistening in the dim light, rose and fell convulsively as the air whistled in and out of the overlabored lungs. "I've got it on," he gasped, "but I didn't have time to tighten it up good. One more trip ought to do it."

"All right," Groff whispered, "but don't stay down so long. I thought you were never coming up. There's plenty of time."

"How long was it?"

"Sixty-seven seconds, as near as ——

"I've done seventy-five by the watch not a hundred yards from here when I was a boy. Time me," he added, taking the rope from under his arms.

As the engineer drew it in and took out his watch, a spot of brilliant white light struck the opposite side of the pier, near the end.

"Quick, lie down flat!" ordered Lambert in a whisper. "And don't move till I tell you." Groff rolled over in the bottom of the boat as the man in the water disappeared the third time.

The white spot moved farther and farther along, and when the searchlight of the police boat making its rounds struck square in there was nothing to be seen but a tug and a schooner with her empty painter under the stern.

Snatched away as though by some magic hand the beam disappeared; and heaving, spluttering, cursing at the foul water, Lambert came up to see Groff's scared face appear over the edge of the boat like a turtle coming out of its shell.

"Take that monkey face of yours over to the other side," grinned the captain of the Empress. "I'm coming in." Then the pair, chuckling like schoolboys, took the heavy iron buckets and, attaching their handles to the ends of the chain which had remained hooked to the oarlock, quietly lowered them over the side.

"Now we'll see what you can do with a bit in your teeth!" exclaimed Lambert, as he smacked the nose of the Sea-Horse with his open palm.

"You must have gone under when that searchlight was in here," laughed the fat engineer, as he watched Lambert dress. "Got her on tight, have you?"

"That's what! I pulled the lever of that vise clear down and bent her clean up on the other side," the other replied grimly. "Now let's get out of here."

. . . . .

Shortly after daylight a deckhand from the Empress hurried uptown and brought back a morning paper, the ink still moist upon it. When Lambert arrived at six o'clock he looked eagerly at the reports of weather conditions at Cape Henry up to twelve o'clock the night before. They ran thus: "Wind northwest, 10 miles an hour at 8 A. M. Wind west by north, 4 miles an hour at 1 P. M. Wind northwest, 7 miles an hour at 6 P. M. Wind northwest, 14 miles an hour at 12 midnight."

And, to his intense satisfaction, there was no report of the Gulnare from any source whatever.

The captain and the chief engineer usually take the first trick at the wheel and throttle; but as the Empress backed out and proceeded slowly down the winding channel, the two conspirators of the night before were standing in the engine-room door.

They had gone but a hundred yards past the coal pier when the Sea-Horse drew out and headed after them.

"How deep is this channel?" inquired Groff.

"Thirty-five feet from here to the cut-off. I'm not thinking about that," Lambert added, "because I calculate those buckets to hang at least a foot above her keel. I'm just hoping that they won't rise high enough from the pressure against them to create a disturbance on the surface. There's just six feet of chain on either side."

"If she backed out and swung around too suddenly," said Groff thoughtfully, "both buckets might swing to one side."

"In that case Slade will soon be wondering what the trouble is with his steering gear"—Lambert laughed at the idea—"but he came out slow enough, I think. Besides"—his confidence increasing as the tug drew nearer—"the chain would straighten out on each side on account of the curve in her bow, and the one on the wrong side would slip under. That chain is fastened on nearly half-way down to her garboard strake, and those buckets are heavy. It's all right, I bet you."

The gaze of both men was fastened on the water line just behind the bow of the oncoming tug; but not a ripple, other than a natural curve and swell as her bow parted it, could be seen. The two grinned at each other like a pair of Cheshire cats.

Slade whistled as he came slowly abeam and waved his hand in a derisive farewell. He was going full speed, to judge by the fuss he was kicking up behind

The mate of the Empress responded with a short toot, as Lambert, ignoring Slade's gesture, said: "Now we've got to do some jockeying to see if we can hold him safe without being rung up. If we can do it there's going to be a lot of speculation on board this boat, and I don't want a soul to get an idea of what's doing."

The engineer nodded thoughtfully, flicking a speck of soot from his immaculate overalls. "I was just thinking the very same thing," he said. "Suppose you let me manage it, with a word from you now and then through the tube. I can easily sit out here on the bulwark and keep tab on her—increase or lower my speed as necessary."

"Good enough," replied Lambert, watching the rival tug now a hundred yards away, "but I would give something pretty to know how much those buckets are going to hold him back."

"How far is it to Cape Henry?" Groff asked.

"It's a hundred and fifty-four miles from the Lazaretto, back yonder."

"You say he can beat you by an hour in that distance?" asked Groff. "Well, my guess is that you can beat him, now, by that much, if not more."

Lambert shook his head doubtfully. "That would mean a difference of two hours in her time and—why, man, she's nine hundred horse-power, same as me."

"Yes, I know," the engineer answered, "but there's an awful pull on those things, and if she's inclined to fall dead anyway, they will be even more effective." He glanced into the engine-room. "We're half speed now and she's walking away from us; but if we can come near holding her in sight, without being rung up to our limit, why we've got her safe, sure as a gun's iron—and by a fair margin, too."

They were just abeam of old Fort Carroll, squatting gray, ancient and forbidding in the midst of the widening waters, while between them and the fire-lined shore of Steelton the Sea-Horse was hitting it up for all she was worth, a dense cloud of black smoke pouring from her stack.

"Tell you what we'll do," said the captain of the Empress presently. "You open her up three-quarters full until we reach Thomas' Point—that's thirty miles from the Lazaretto—and if Slade is out of sight I'll ring you up full speed and then we will see if we can pick him up and—how long it takes to do it."

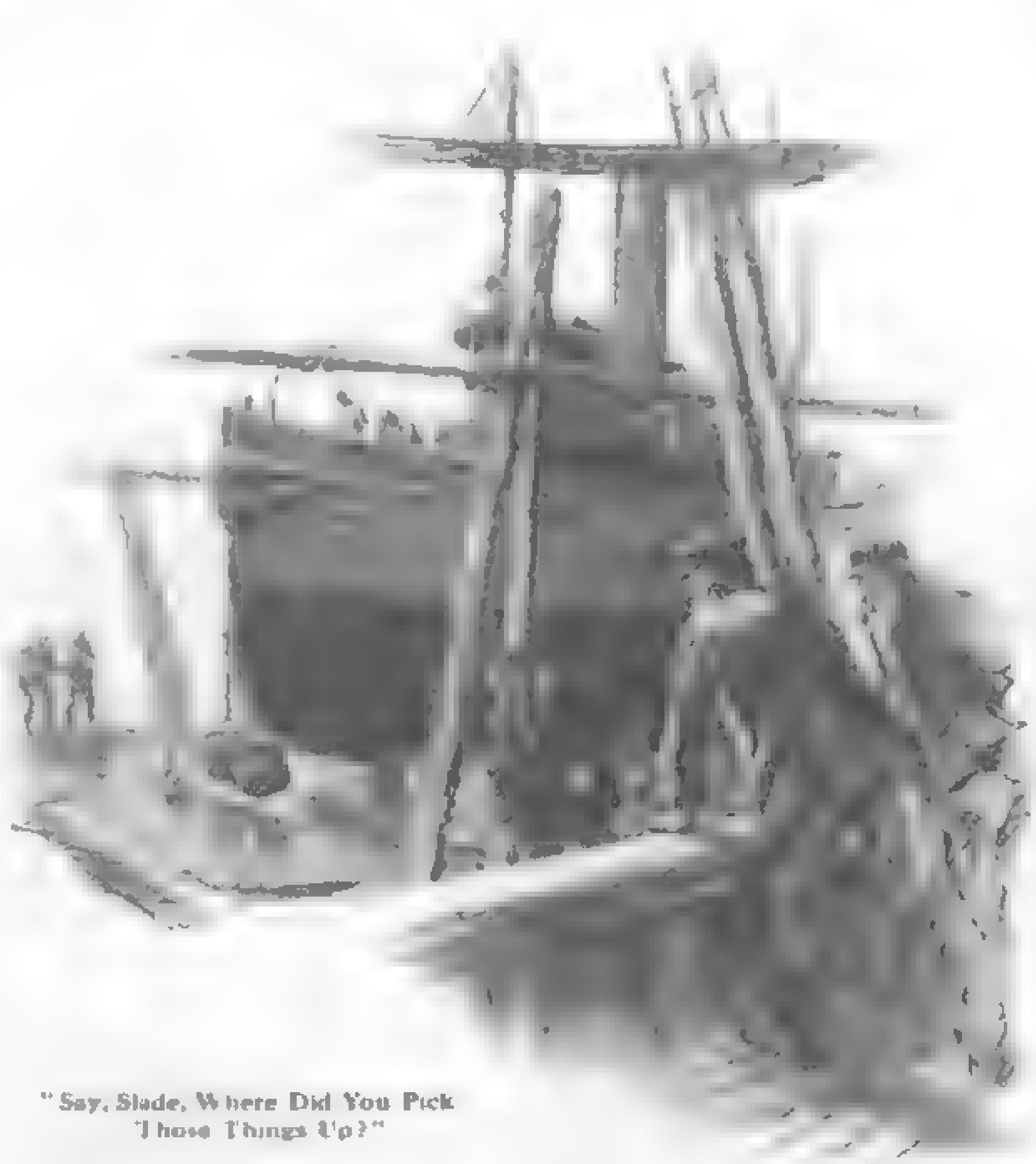
It was not until he had finished a late and leisurely breakfast that Lambert climbed up the brass-bound steps to the pilot-house and took the wheel from his mate.

At Seven-Foot Knoll they met the first of the Norfolk and Old Point fleet of passenger boats. The Westmoreland, passing close enough for the rhythmic swish and patter of her side-wheels to be heard, gave the Empress a toot and the friendly harbor signal as well, in remembrance of Cove River.

At Sandy Point the last of them had passed far astern, bound up the bay, while ahead nothing could be seen of the Sea-Horse.

The early morning had opened with a hint of rain to break the dry, hot spell. The waters no longer danced and glittered in the June sunshine. They had taken on the color of the low-hanging clouds that drifted slowly eastward—dull gray in the distance, greenish-black in the foreground. Here and there a thin wraith of mist crept close along the water. A puff of cool, moist air drifted across Lambert's face.

He laid down the glasses and took out the rarely-used telescope. A couple of distant bugeyes, hull down in the gathering haze, were all he could see. It was hard to stick to his original intention, but with Thomas' Point fairly abeam he rung up the Empress and waited.



"Say, Slade, Where Did You Pick Those Things Up?"

Three-quarters of an hour later Groff whistled up the tube: "Anything doing, Cap'n?"

"No," was the reply, "and we're about off Poplar Island, too. How are you making it?"

"She's going smooth and sweet as a sewing machine," the man below replied cheerfully. "What's the next point on your log?"

"Sharp's Island, ten miles from here."

"How far will we have come by then?"

"Forty-nine miles, almost a third of the way," Lambert answered dubiously.

"Well, if you can sight him by that time we've got him cinched," Groff asserted

But the engineer was mistaken, for it was not until they were off the reporting station at Cove Point, fifteen miles farther yet, that a small streak of smoke showed above the almost imperceptible skyline. In half an hour it had lengthened downward into a thin, straight line, at the end of which was a small black dot, and presently the funnel of the Sea-Horse slid into the end of the glass.

"Got you, got you!" chuckled the captain of the Empress. He leaned through the spokes of the five-foot wheel and gazed intently ahead for many minutes, until he suddenly straightened up and studied the barely-distinguishable shores on each side. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed in disgust, and turned to the tube. "We've got him, Mr. Groff; but it's getting thick fast. Call Larkin and come up here a minute."

"What's the difference if it does get thick?" asked Groff, as he came in and picked up the binoculars, through which the Sea-Horse was now visible. "You can't lose him. Tell him by his whistle, can't you?"

"Sure, same as he can tell ——" Lambert paused, as the other's eyes widened with sudden inspiration.

"Why not rub it in on him? Go past him without his knowing it?" Groff asked.

"Not on your life, sonny," Lambert answered promptly. "I'm responsible to my boss for this boat and all on her. And I break no law such as shutting down my whistle in a fog."

"Oh, I don't mean that," Groff protested hastily. "But just change her tune."

"How? What the devil do you mean?" Lambert demanded.

"Come outside," the man in overalls responded.

The deckhand who took the wheel—one of two men always in the pilot-house—began to swear softly his appreciation of the new engineer.

The latter, just back of the pilot-house, explained. "You see, the whistle is made in two parts—the bell and the cup. To make her sing another tune you must either reduce the area inside the bell or ——"

"Oh, I see," the other grinned, "stuff a bunch of waste or something up in it."

"No," Groff interrupted, smiling at Lambert's eagerness, "that wouldn't do; the steam would blow it out in three seconds. But there's a nut underneath the cup. All you have to do is to loosen it to make her sing different."

He pointed to a ladder lying under the chocks that held the lifeboat. "With that and a monkey-wrench I could do it in two minutes."

"The deuce you could!" drawled Lambert softly, in open admiration. He stepped to the port side of the pilot-house and looked down. Most of the crew on duty below were sitting in the gangway talking. Four of them were seated on the ten-inch hawser in the stern, shooting crap on the bare floor within its huge coil. "Go down and slip a monkey-wrench in your jeans and we will do it now," said Lambert. "I'll set the ladder while you're gone."

The smokestack being nearly fourteen feet in circumference, the fat engineer was hidden from the whole after part of the tug as he stood on the top rung of the ladder. With one hand he clasped a bunch of waste against the hot feed pipe to steady himself, while with the other he reached up and loosened the nut with the monkey-wrench. "There'll be some tall rubbering when you pull that whistle cord, I bet you," he exclaimed, as he started below.

"Wait," said Lambert, "there's a stoker sitting out on the starboard bulwark. Find some way to bring him over on the other side." And watching his chance, Lambert picked up the ladder and hurled it like a spear, end first, into the water. It came half-way up, toppled over, and in ten seconds was lost in the wide, foaming wake. Then he went into the pilot-house.

"What's your idea, Grigsby?" he asked, vainly searching ahead for the Sea-Horse.

"You mean the weather, sir?" the old deckhand inquired diplomatically. "Thick as soup, sir, by four o'clock." There was the hint of a smile in the old watery eyes that watched the distant bank of mist into which the Sea-Horse had disappeared.

"Weather?" said Lambert. "I didn't mean the weather." His cold gaze fastened on the old man, who could barely look over the five-foot wheel.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," Grigsby replied without turning his head.

"That's right; keep your mouth shut; you don't know a thing"; the captain laughed and continued his search ahead.

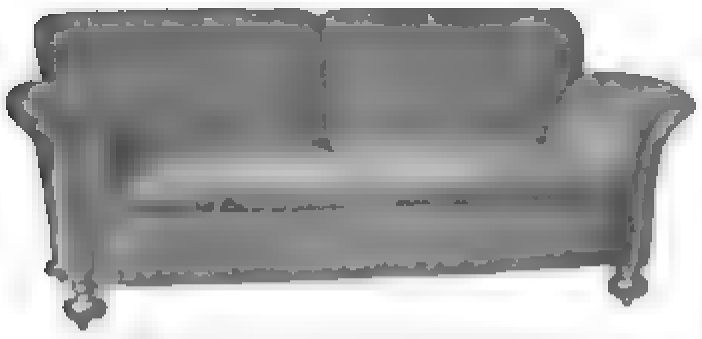
Here and there a thin, steamlike vapor arose from the dull, slate-colored water, writhing in slow undulations as the cooler wind passed over it. "Yes, siree, thick as pea soup," Lambert muttered. Sam's dinner bell rang, and he glanced at the clock. It was just twelve on the dot. "Wish you'd get your dinner now," he said, as the mate appeared. "I want to get a nap as soon as I can; been up all night."

By a quarter to one Lambert was snoring heavily in the little room opening into the pilot-house. Larkin, the second engineer, being in charge, Groff was doing the same thing, while the Empress slid full speed into the rapidly-rising mist. The two schemers had thrown the fat in the fire, and there was nothing to do now but let it burn or sizzle out.

It did neither. It apparently exploded, for about half-past three Lambert woke suddenly, every sense on the alert. For half a minute he lay quite still, seeking a reason for such instant return to the complete possession of every faculty when a few seconds before he had been ten leagues deep in slumber.

Then he turned over in the bunk shaking with laughter, as a deep, hoarse growl smote his ears. Close at hand it rose into a raucous bellow whose reverberations shook the slats in the window, ending with a scream on the upper tone, like a maniac shrieking a question.

Before the regular interval of the fog signal was up Lambert threw open the door. Manning, his hand on the



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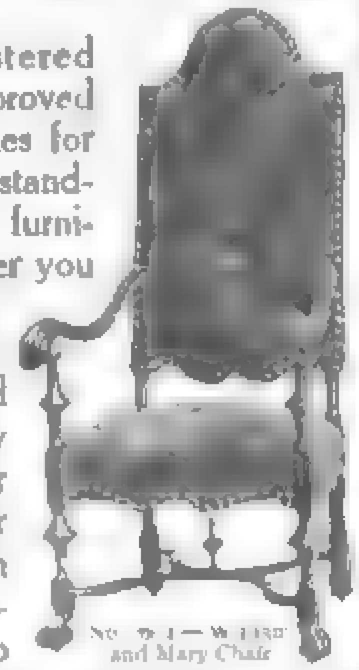

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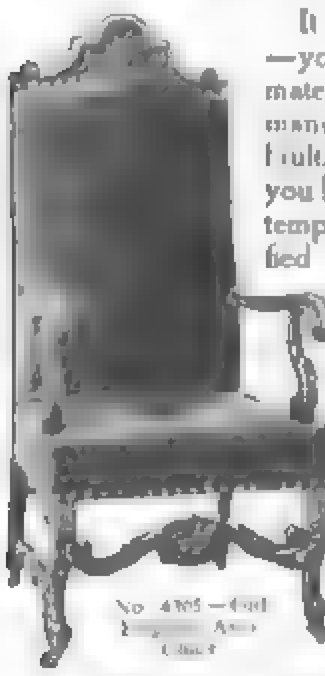

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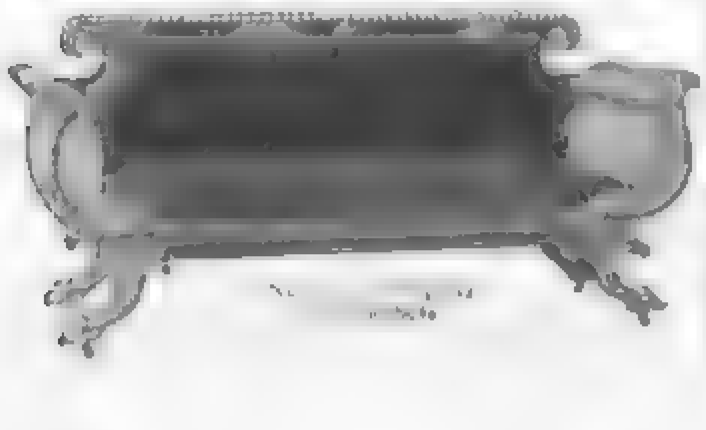


whistle-cord, was staring straight at him, his long, sallow face the picture of astonishment.

"What the devil was that?" Lambert demanded in feigned apprehension, rubbing his eyes.

With compressed lips, the expression and gesture of one who lets off a Fourth of July "fizzer" in his hand, Manning pulled the whistle-cord again. And both men burst out laughing, for nothing like it had ever been heard on the Chesapeake Bay in the memory of either.

"She's busted!" gasped the mate.

"Well, go down and have it fixed," said Lambert curtly, taking the wheel.

Manning's surprise at the other's indifference did not prevent him from adding to the confusion below by cursing every mother's son of the crew for losing the only means by which the crazy siren could be reached. But it had to be blown, no matter how it sounded, and the crew soon ceased to do more than laugh at it, so long as the captain didn't appear to mind it he was the man whose anger meant something.

In fact, as the mate came into the pilot-house, after a vain search for the ladder, Lambert seemed to be taking a fiendish delight in holding the whistle-cord down and letting her scream. But he knew better than to comment upon it as he took the wheel.

Lambert threw down the window next to the speaking-tube and stared ahead. He was trying hard to catch the tone of the siren that for many minutes had been coming at regular intervals through the wet blanket of mist. Every now and then it sounded a bit nearer; and presently Manning began unconsciously trying to recognize it.

At last both men did so, facing each other—one with the hard, mirthless smile that meant trouble for some one, the other with a stare of utter incredulity. "Why why—that's Slade," stammered Manning. "He must be slowing down." And his hand sought the bell to signal half-speed.

But the tone of the voice at his elbow made him pause. "Y-e-s, that's Slade. Port your helm a bit—two points."

"Port ——?" The mate turned

"I said 'port,'" Lambert replied quickly, and then down the tube: "Put the pass-over on, Larkin, and stir up those soot birds below; I want every ounce of steam you can carry." He looked at the clock, it was a quarter-past four. Old Grigsby's prediction as to the fog was coming true And they must be off the Wolf Trap.

The Sea-Horse was not more than a mile or so away by now, since they had been gaining on her for hours. The change in course would carry the Empress wide of her by a good margin when they passed, for here the waters were also wide and safe for such a manœuver.

In the unaccountable way that news travels when seemingly there are no tongues to tell it—for Grigsby knew better than to open his mouth and Groff certainly had not opened his—the knowledge spread among the crew that they were overhauling the boat that usually beat them; that they would soon pass her, and that the siren's crazy screeching had something to do with it.

Gradually they came abeam of the Sea-Horse in the impenetrable mist, giving her blast for blast in tones utterly unrecognizable. They had passed Windmill Point and the Wolf Trap, and by the time they were half-way to York Spit the siren of the rival tug could not be heard. Three miles beyond, the Empress, now back in the channel, passed the acetylene-gas buoy at the Head of the Middle, five hundred yards to port. At the Tail of the Horse-Shoe she slowed down and began to seek in earnest.

The offshore wind, which was dying with the invisible sun, had beaten the sea as flat as a board. There was not a ripple on the oily, slate-colored surface—only the long, slow heave and halt of the ground swell—as the Empress nosed out over the ever-widening waters, this way and that, as a pointer quarters the stubble.

A few points off to starboard a siren spoke at regular intervals; another dead ahead, and yet another out by the whistling buoy, creaking and groaning like some rheumatic, gouty old giant.

Here the Empress took a course northeast, in the hope that the Gulnare had been forced to proceed beyond the entrance to the bay in order to get a fair wind to carry her in between the Capes. "She's a deep-water girl and she needs lots of room," said Lambert.

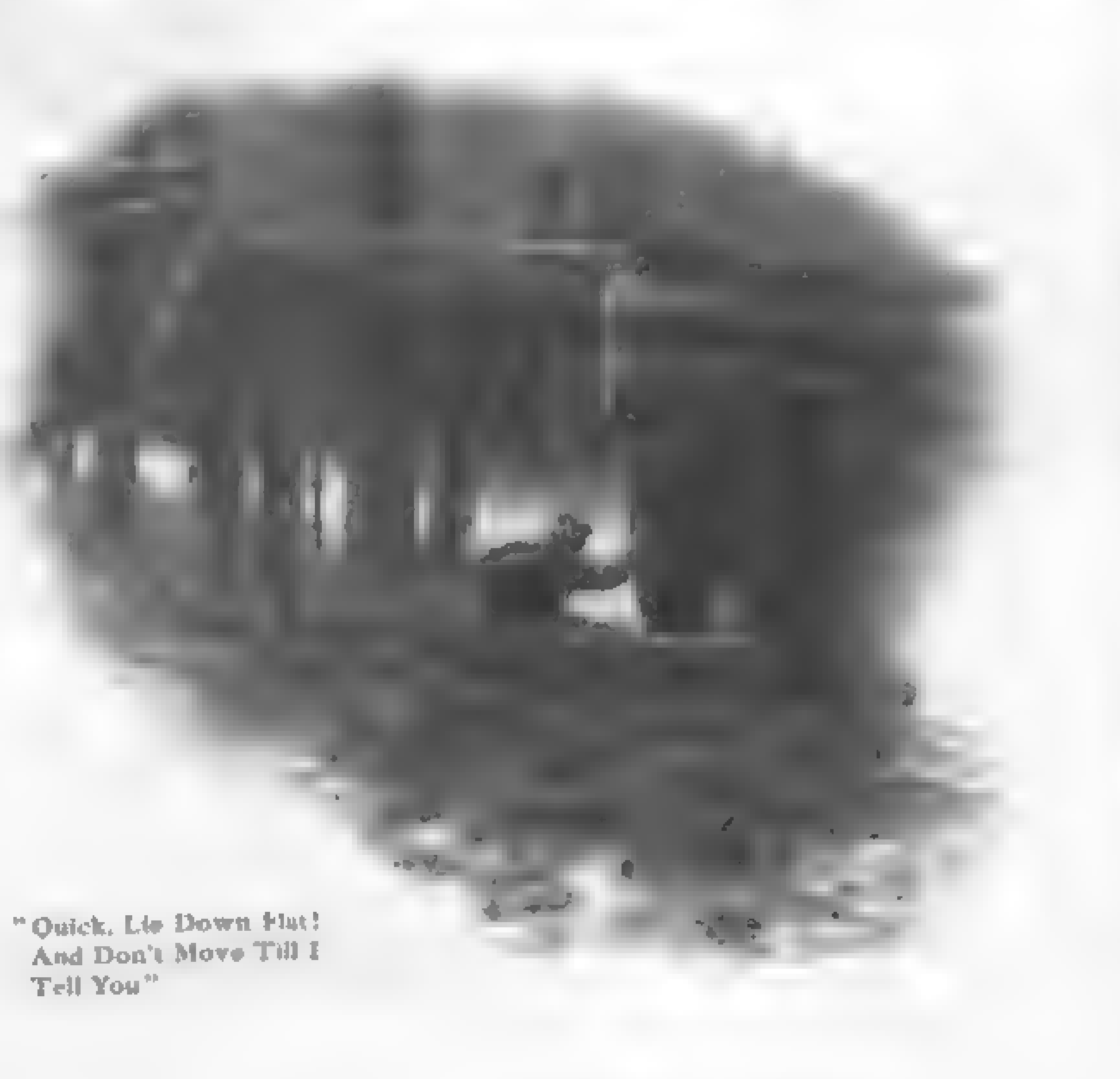
There was no use in gazing into the dense, leaden pall in which the searchlight was practically useless. They were listening for some familiar sound, such as a bell or the rattle of block and tackle, when suddenly there floated in from somewhere a sound that set the crew gazing at one another in mute inquiry. It was very much like "Ahoy-oy-oy-y! Get out! Stop thief! Mr. Cook! Mr. Cook!" uttered in a rasping, choking guttural. Again it came, followed by a quick staccato of strident jargon ending with "Mr. Cook! Mr. Cook!"

So weird and uncanny was it, coming from no positive direction, that it might have been the voice of some master ventriloquist. "Moll Davis is dead and that's her ghost, or I'm drunk," old Grigsby drawled

"Shut up!" ordered Lambert, silencing the laughter; for it did sound like the scolding old virago, who at one time or another had lodged every one of them.

The wheel went over, and the white beam of the searchlight tried to pierce the leaden wall of vapor. Again the ghostly voice floated in on them, this time followed by the distant muffled tinkle of a ship's bell. And Lambert shouted: "Good bird, good old Poll, I'll give you a whole box of crackers!" He leaned out of the pilot-house. "Say, I've got her. That's the cook's parrot. Remember?" The response was a delighted shout of recognition as the tug moved forward.

Apparently appearing twice her size, her tall steel masts towering out of sight, the Gulnare came out of the fog exactly as a picture develops on the photographer's plate. Vast and shadowy, but more beautiful



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than her namesake of the Arabian Nights, she lay anchored in seven fathoms of water. So suddenly had she appeared that her long bowsprit seemed to hang just above them.

Groff's propellers flew astern as Lambert called: "Ahoy, the Gulnare!"

"Aye! Baltimore tug?"

"Empress. Got my matting aboard, Cap'n Farson?"

Years in the Far East had not changed Farson's speech, nor his hatred of having to use his own hawser when there was another one in sight. "Yarse," he replied, "I've got a few rolls; but my rope is no good and I'm low in the water."

"All right, Pappy," came the cheerful reply; "I've got a ten-inch boy here, fresh from a Plymouth walk, and I'll jerk your bitts out. Stand by to take her!"

While the big hawser was being hauled inboard and snubbed about the port bitts, the Gulnare's anchor rose, and the parrot squalled and cursed in every one of the ten languages spoken by the polyglot crew

At the cry of "All fast!" the Empress eased off. Slowly the heavy rope swung up out of the water; the towboard bent and slid this way and that, as the weight crushed upon it.

Listening to the approach of a familiar siren, Lambert stood on the rear of the flat-house, bell in hand. "Half-speed. Full speed ahead," he rang, and a moment later turned to signal to the pilot-house for the "jingle," when a light spot showed up on the dead wall of fog. The thin, attenuated ray of a searchlight struck square across the six hundred feet of hawser that separated the Empress from her prize.

As Lambert sprang back to the bell and the tug's engine stopped in answer, the shadowy form of another tug loomed up quickly. "Hi, there!" Lambert shouted, snatching up the megaphone. "Where do you think you are goin'? Want to ride over my rope?"

The Sea-Horse stopped not fifty feet from where the rope hung slack under the water. She backed away and turned toward the Empress. The Gulnare was lost, but who had caught her? "What tug is that?" Slade bellowed.

"Empress of Baltimore, with the ——"

"Wha-a-t! The who?"

Every man jack of the victorious crew lined the port side as Slade came up and threw his searchlight on them.

"Yea, Sea-Horse, I don't think!" "You are a cheap skate!" "Oh, you selling-plater!" they yelled derisively, dancing and cake-walking up and down, finally to break into the chorus: "Back, back, back to Baltimore," as, without a word from any one on her, the Sea-Horse slewed around and disappeared into the fog.

The question now was, what would Slade do—wait for a tow to take home, or go to Newport News or Norfolk to see what his trouble was?

"If I know the man and his boss," said Lambert to his engineer, as they laughingly threshed it out over the grating in the engine-room, "he'll take the first thing he can pick up and go home. He won't go back to Stockett light, under the circumstances, if he can help it. And, of course, he'll go straight to Spinner's dock as soon as he gets in."

But neither of them knew what Slade had done until the Gulnare had dropped her anchor off quarantine and the Empress with sundry rolls of nice new matting aboard had tied up alongside of the machine shops. It was after nine o'clock and everybody had gone home but the watchman.

He opened the office door for Lambert, who sought immediately for the reports that had come in during the day. The only item that interested him was the one stating that the Sea-Horse had passed Cove Point at noon, bound in, with a three-masted schooner in tow.

"It will be a cinch," he said to Groff, waiting at the foot of the stairs. "We can go to Spinner's in the morning; the boss' other tug is there and we can have that excuse to see the fun." He ran back up the steps and slipped a note under the rolltop of Cabell's desk: "Am going down to Spinner's the first thing in the morning. If you want to see a hot time come down as soon as you can—to see for yourself why they don't get the Emperor over. Understand? Howard."

It was not until one of the yacht club's flyers had slid into the water, about half-past nine, that Slade pushed the nose of the Sea-Horse on to the submerged cradle

Hawes, von Gal HATS

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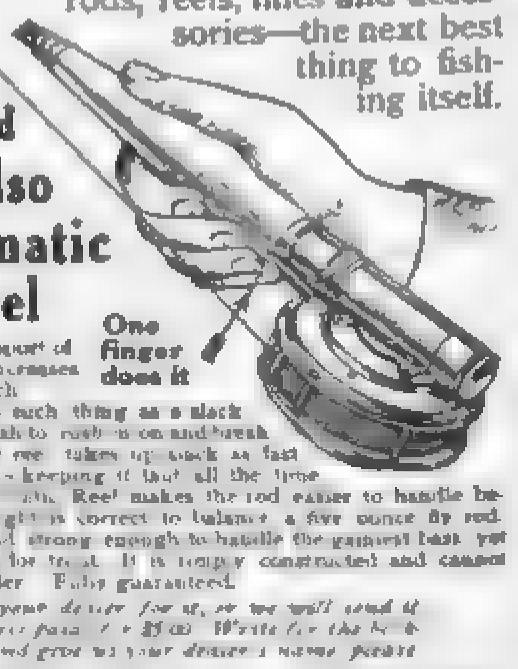

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that was to support her while on the ways. Out of sight, from a distant part of the yard, Lambert and Groff looked on, praying that the buckets might not get caught in the skeleton-like structure. But presently the steam winch began to grind and the cradle with its burden was slowly drawn up out of the water.

As the first part of the chain and the vice that held it on her bow appeared one of the dry-dock crew gave a shout, and Slade came down out of the pilot-house and over on the ground with a bound, and stood dumb and speechless while the buckets slowly rose into view.

They hung straight down, packed full of grass, sea lettuce and other marine growth.

Too amazed to speak, both the tug and dry-dock crews simply stared, until a big channel crab worked his way out of a hitherto comfortable nest and flopped over into the water. That broke the spell.

The roar of laughter from Spinner's men brought an echo from the stern of Cabell's tug, high and dry a few yards away. It was Lambert's turn and he took it. "Say, Slade, where did you pick those things up? Oh, ain't she a beaut!" he drawled derisively, turning to Groff who stood beside him.

Unmindful of his immaculate overalls, the fat engineer sank upon the dirty rail, tears of mirth in his pale eyes. "Why, they look just like earrings!" he managed to gasp.

It was an accurate description of an utterly ridiculous sight, the humor of which was entirely lost on Slade. Half insane with rage and shame, the bedeviled man stood with clenched fists upraised, cursing the men above in impotent fury, until the thin, penetrating voice of Stockett checked him.

It was fully half a minute before the miserly old owner of the Sea-Horse took in the situation. "Why, my aquatic steed—damme, she's been bridled!" he sneered in a high, rasping quaver. And his gaze followed Slade's over to the stern of the Emperor.

"Oh, no, Mr. Stockett," called Lambert, "they are earrings ——"

"Dangerous business that, Howard! What do you know about it?" Cabell came into the stern of the Emperor quietly, his features preternaturally solemn as he nodded imperceptibly at the curious scene.

Lambert swung around. "All anybody knows or ever will know—I mean me and your new engineer. Don't you worry ——"

"Will he do?" Cabell broke in, smiling quizzically at the fat figure in starched overalls.

The captain of the Empress spat emphatically. "He's all to the mustard." And then with a grin: "Says he's a jeweler by profession."

"He is—er—what do you call it?—kidding you," replied Cabell gravely. "But he seems to be a jewel, at any rate."

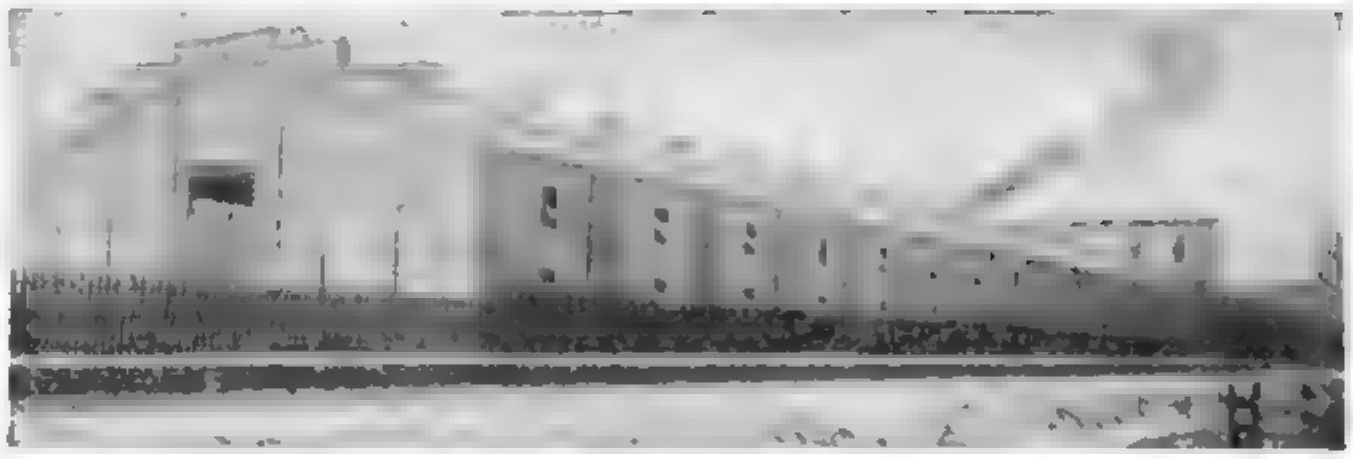
With that he strode away, leaving the pair to enjoy the row below.

Colliding Energy

AN AUTOMOBILE is a self-propelled projectile and as such comparable with a shell fired from a twelve-inch gun. If a shell, whistling through the air at a speed of some thousand feet a second, is suddenly stopped, some disposition must be made of its energy. Exactly the same assertion applies to the moving automobile.

What the striking or colliding energy of an automobile means has been made the subject of an interesting inquiry by Dr. William F. Durand, of Leland Stanford University. The energy of a two thousand two hundred pound automobile at sixty miles an hour, suddenly stopped, would serve to rupture some thirty bars of steel, one inch square and a foot long. The same energy is enough to shear five hundred three-quarter-inch steel bolts, or two hundred and sixty one-inch steel rivets.

A comparison with the projectile of a modern rifle proves even more tellingly the collision possibilities of a high-powered car. The two thousand two hundred pound automobile whose steel-shearing ability has just been considered, has about twenty-five per cent more energy, when traveling at sixty miles an hour, than the twelve-pound projectile of a three-inch field-piece with a striking velocity of one thousand feet a second. That explains why a car usually emerges from a collision a tangled mass of iron and steel and splintered wood.



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YOU should know what Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash in *Standard Sizes* means to the modern mill and factory. How it *saves* money—and *makes* money—in many ways for mills, factories, foundries, car-shops, garages, power stations and industrial institutions generally.

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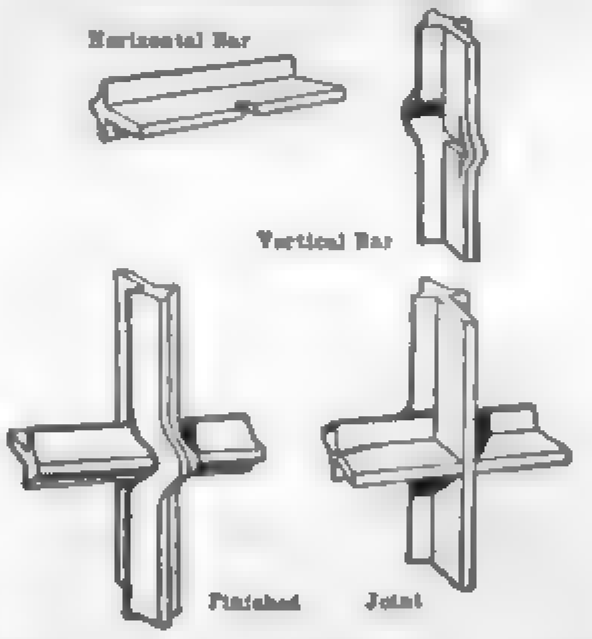

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The Senator's Secretary

THE trouble with the public life of most of our public men is that it is too private.

Politicians—and most, if not all, public men are politicians—are the tortoises of our national scheme of things. They are the least progressive, so far as their politics is concerned. They do things now just as things were done fifty years ago; yes, a hundred years ago. They play as invariably in accordance with the set rules as a scientific bridge-whist player does. Their leads are the same, their finesse is the same, their results are the same

Whereupon they—and I am speaking now of the politicians who run things at Washington—cannot understand why there should be a public sentiment in favor of a change of methods, at least, if not of men. They do not realize that the people who vote are going forward, while the people who tell them how to vote are standing still. The reason for the tremendous popularity of Theodore Roosevelt, who was, and is, a consummate politician, is that he did not stick to old rules and old methods. He made new rules for the game as he went along, and he was in sympathy with the general trend of thought among the people, instead of being miles in the rear, as are the men who control Congress today, and as, for the matter of that, are the executive departments.

Take the cases of Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich, for example. The antagonism to those men and what they represent and what they practice will be the greatest factor in bringing about a Democratic House next Congress. Now, Cannon and Aldrich haven't changed any. They are the same now that they have been for the past thirty years they both have been in Congress. That is the reason. They have not changed and the people have, and, being hidebound, old-style politicians they have not yet an adequate idea of what has happened nor of where they are at fault

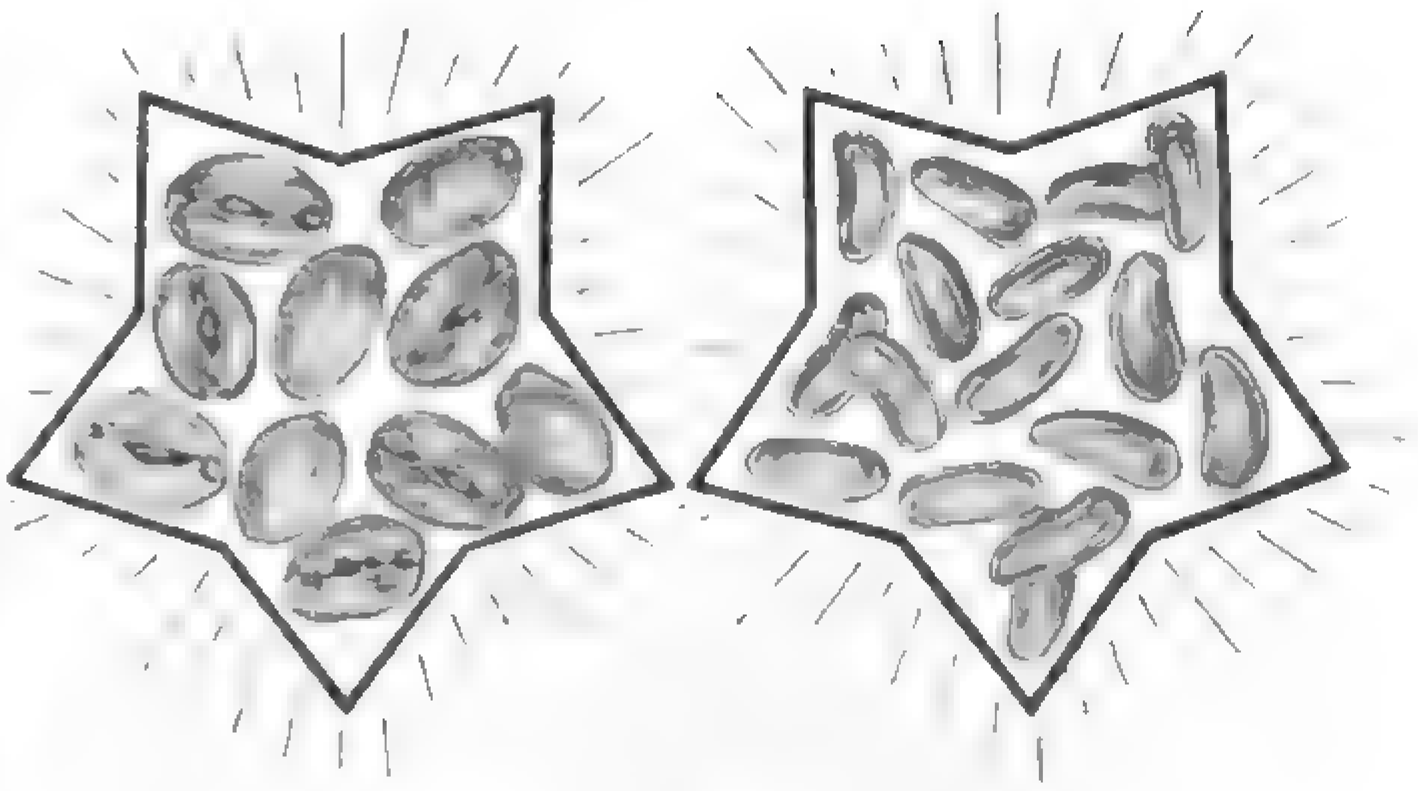
The Feeling Against Cannon

We are becoming a volatile nation. The people, formerly set in their opinions and firm to their traditions, are now swayed, more or less, by the impulse of the moment. Inasmuch as one of the great impulses of the present moment is an ineradicable hatred of Cannonism and Aldrichism, that is the reason for the present revolt, coupled with the fact that the people have progressed, know more about what they want the Government to do, think more about what the Government should do, and, generally, have a better understanding of conditions and what makes them.

Now it would be the inference of a man who has any knowledge of our country that when the mass of the voters are vitally interested in Congressional procedure and action the leaders of that Congress would take some account of the ideas and conclusions of the people, because Congress is supposed to be the popular branch of the Government and more and more so through the operation of direct primary laws. That naturally would be the inference.

Instead, the leaders of the majority in this Congress have been proceeding and are proceeding on exactly the old lines. They have not the apparent intelligence to recognize a shift in public sentiment, even two or three years after it has occurred. They operate along old lines. They pay no heed to protest. They do not see an inch beyond the ends of their noses, and they are riding for a hard fall.

It is pretty well conceded that Speaker Cannon cannot be a candidate for the Speakership again. Nobody objects to his coming back to Congress. That is a matter between himself and the people of his district. What is objected to, and will be attended to, is his election as Speaker again in the somewhat dubious event of the next Congress being Republican. Cannon knows he cannot be a candidate without splitting the party wide open. All his associates know it Then why doesn't Cannon announce he will not be a candidate? Simply because he is old-school and his advisers are old-school The old theory is that, in a case of this kind, the people can be led to think that they are wrong. There never is an idea in the old-schooler's



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All of the grains are put up by us in about all the likable forms. This is by far the largest cereal concern.

But Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—through natural choice—have become our most popular ready-cooked foods. By actual test, we have found that four people in five prefer them to all the rest. That's why we tell you about them. We want you to have what you'll like best.

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It is good to know, when you choose these foods, that science agrees with your choice.

The process of making Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice was invented by Prof. Anderson. Its value lies in making the whole grains wholly digestible.

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The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. The heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

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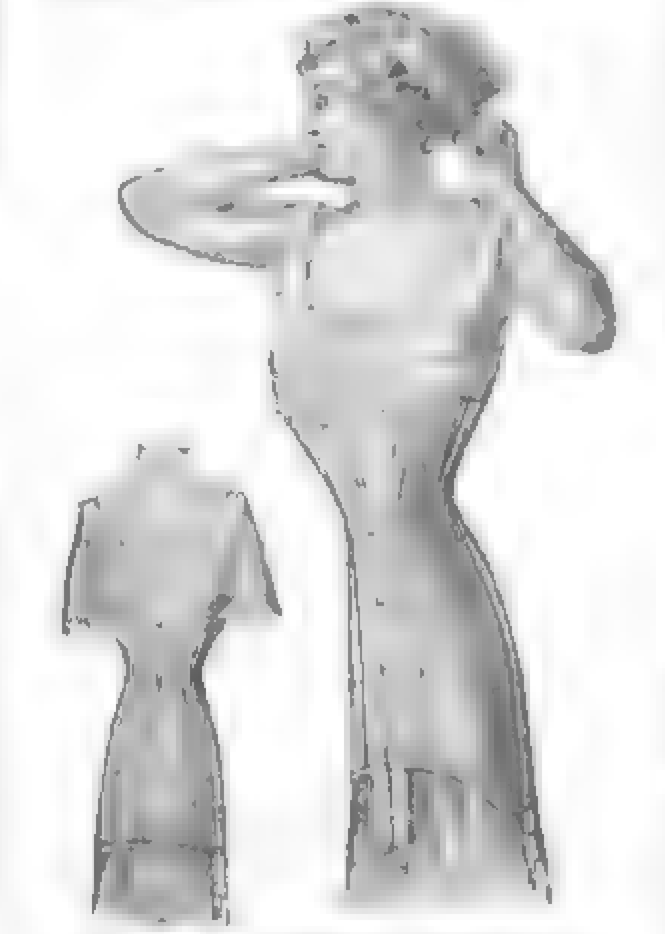

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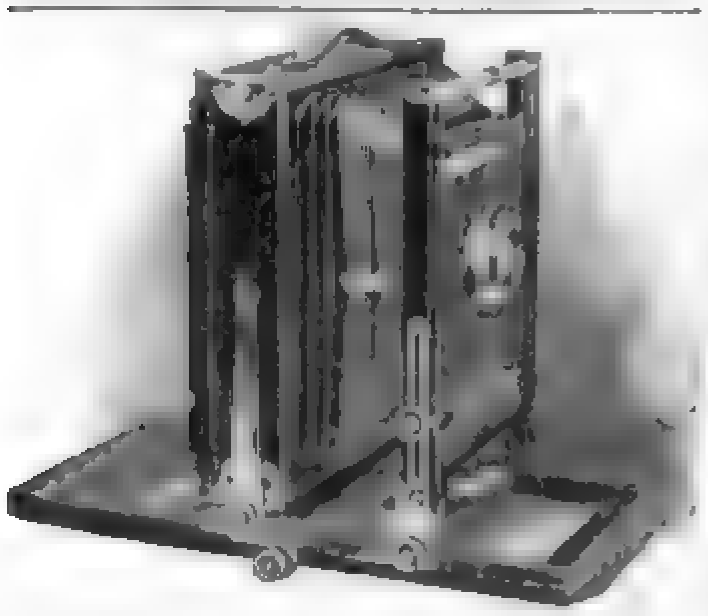

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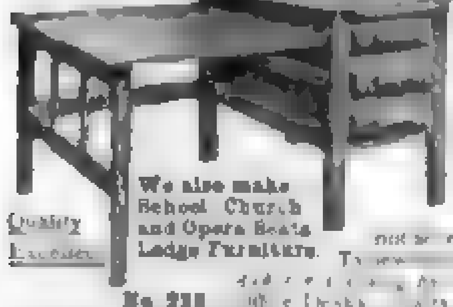

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head that possibly he may be wrong. Leaving aside the sentimental reasons of resigning under fire and all that, the plain fact is that, if the politicians who advise Uncle Joe and Aldrich were not Silurian, they would tell him to get out and save something from the wreck. They do not tell him to do that, because they have not the political sagacity to appreciate what is happening in this country, nor the political breadth of vision to see what has already happened.

Their work is always the same. When a bill of importance comes along, what happens? Aldrich, in the Senate, and Cannon, in the House, call in a few men and they decide what shall be done with the bill. They do this in private. Then they jockey it along, worrying through debate as well as possible, and get or save what they can, depending on the machine-appointed conferees to fix it up if it happens to be radicalized in any way by some of the protestants in Congress, and on the well-known desire of the Congress to get things out of the way to pass the conference report, upon urging. They are the grandest *in camera* performers in the known world, but, even when they are *in camera*, they operate according to the traditions of 1835, instead of according to the precepts of 1910.

Our Washington Bourbons

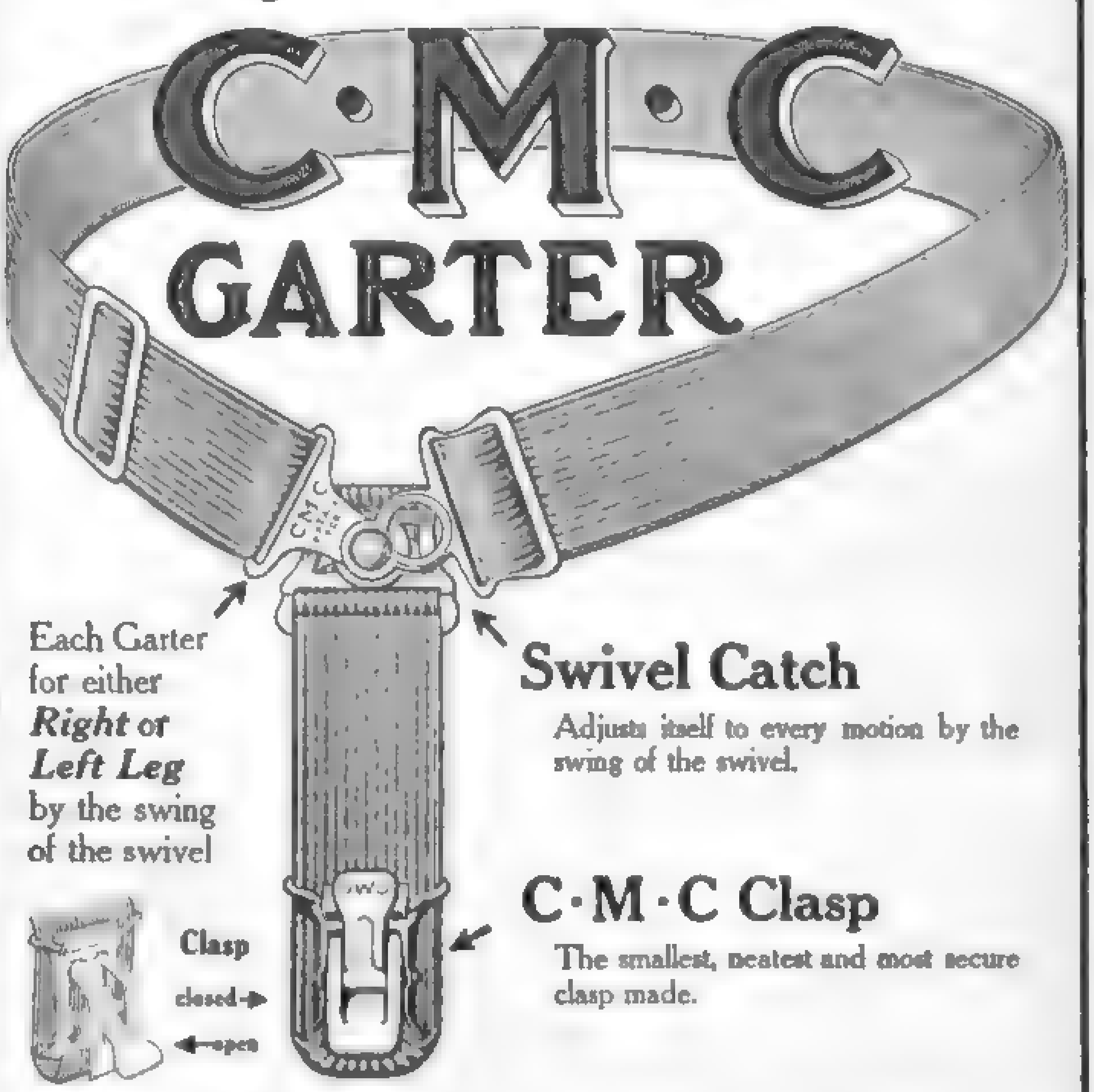
There can be no protest against a man who is in control trying to remain in control. That is legitimate enough, but the protest comes when the men who are in control try to remain in control because of some past reason or condition, instead of trying to remain in control for some present-day reason or condition. The trouble with the fine bunch of musty old Bourbons who control the Republican party in Congress is that they will not read public sentiment. They will not inform themselves. They adhere to that typically English doctrine that what was good enough for father is good enough for me, and they haven't yet begun to find out that what may have been good enough for father, politically, is a long way from being good enough for son now.

These leaders still hold their secret confabulations, still yell, "Rally, boys, rally," and still try to hold their votes by personal attraction or by personal threats. It probably is a great thing for a man in Congress to belong to the machine and to work with it, and, like as not, as Uncle Joe says, organization is the greatest thing in the world, and without organization nothing can be accomplished. Still, that is the constricted viewpoint, valuable only within the walls of the Capitol. The fact is that, whatever the organization men, here in Washington, may think of the value of organization, the folks back home do not give a hoot for organization when they see that organization operating in the old way to get what the organization men, on the spot, think the people should have, instead of giving the people what the people think they should have.

Nor should any too great credit be given to the insurgents, who are protesting against present methods both in the Congress and in the White House. The ordinary insurgent deserves no credit, except for sufficient astuteness to know what the people of his district want and how the people of his district think. They all want to come back to Congress. They are dependent on the votes of those people. Hence, instead of combating those people for the sake of the organization in the House or the Senate, they are with those people for the sake of the organization back home. This is amply illustrated in the case of many men who will be candidates for reëlection next fall and are not openly classed as insurgents, inasmuch as they do not go into battle in the House, but pretty generally act with Uncle Joe and his crowd. There is no doubt where the personal sympathies of these men are. They are with the old-timers, with the old plans and propositions. It is more comfortable in Washington to play with the gang. Still, they are beginning to have a dim suspicion that it may be more comfortable back where the votes are to play with the voters, and they are letting it be known that they will not be for Cannon for Speaker again, to use the most common of their pledges.

What has happened out in this country of ours is that the people are beginning to think a little—not much yet, but a little—for themselves, and not letting their representatives in Congress think for them on Congressional matters. The result is

Why Men Prefer the



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The smallest, neatest and most secure clasp made.

"The Only Garter Without Objections"

The purpose of a man's garter is to hold the stocking securely and smoothly without binding the leg. The construction of the C·M·C Garter is such that it

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A flat band of the best elastic web entirely surrounds the leg and is fastened by a double swivel catch, from which is suspended an independent drop of the same material, to which the clasp is attached.

When wearing this garter there is no straining or binding, in fact *you forget you have it on,* because the double swivel catch adjusts itself to every motion and the elastic drop relieves the strain of the band around the leg.

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going to be that the men in Congress will, in a very short time, give much more attention to the demands of their districts and their states than they have been doing, in so far as the conduct of the Congress is concerned. It doesn't make much difference to the voter back home whether he knows how a Rules Committee works, or why; but if he has it in his mind that a lot of things are put over by means of the workings of that Rules Committee it will be reasonably difficult for his Congressman to convince him that it would not be a good scheme to have a new Rules Committee to operate along new lines, perhaps, or, anyhow, to be operated with new men.

That is the meat of the question. The people haven't lost faith in the rules, for example, because they do not know enough about the rules, and never have, to have faith in them. And, so far as the rules are concerned, they are not responsible, intrinsically. It makes no difference who shall be in control of the next House, the present rules, substantially, must be used to transact business, or else there will be no business transacted. What the people have lost faith in is not the inanimate rules but the animate men who use the rules. It isn't a question of measures. It is a question of men and what they represent.

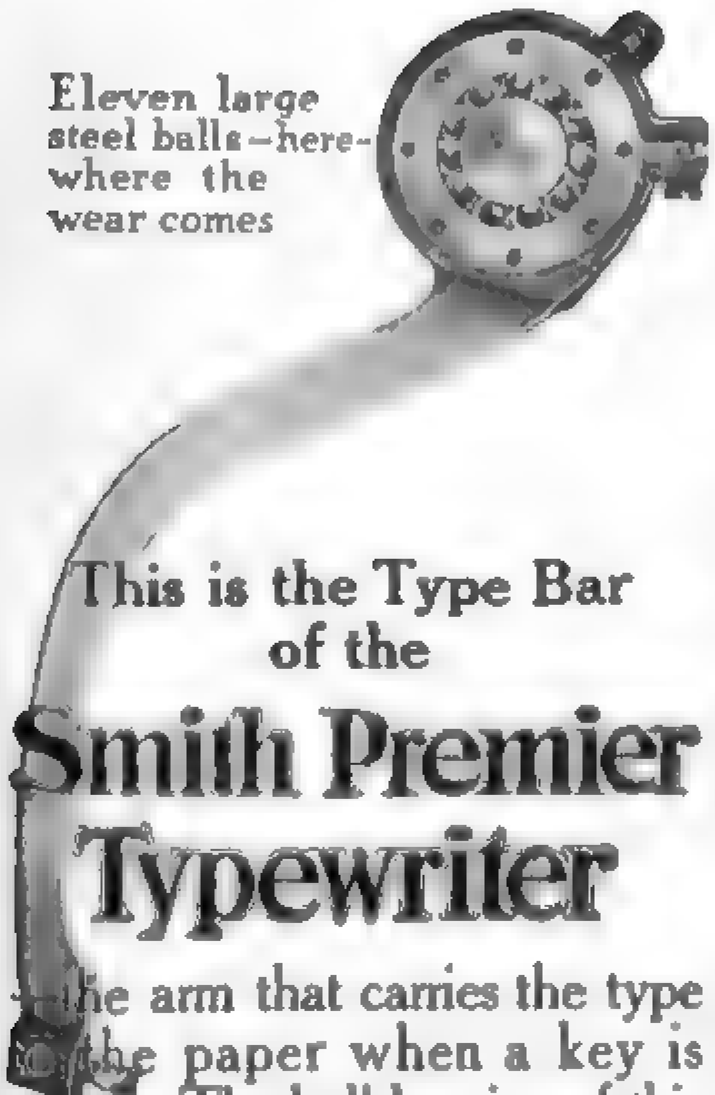
The Senate leadership is under the same suspicion. Coming back to the rules again, the Senate operates under a system radically different from that in the House, primarily because the Senate has but ninety-two members and the House nearly four hundred. Also, the Senate clings to the old fiction that it is a great deliberative body. It may be; but as it is at present constituted, with the exception of a handful of progressives, all progressive because the people of their states are, the deliberating is done by N. W. Aldrich. Now, Mr. Aldrich is a talented, a studious, a companionable, a highly-intelligent and a most efficient man. He simply typifies a system. What the protest is against is the thing he types.

New Rules Needed

And the wonder of it all is that these men themselves do not realize what is going on around them. They do not gather the full force of the protest. They are not advanced enough in their ideas to comprehend, or they will not let themselves comprehend. I venture to say that Mr. Aldrich would not admit, in its full significance, the shift that has occurred in the Senate in the past two years. The old order is changing, but they all will deny it. Presently they may wake up, but probably they will not. I once said the politician is the stupidest person in the world about politics. I think what is going on in Congress proves it. What these men need is some new rules for their game. They do not think so, but they need them none the less, for their game is a new game which they are trying to play by old rules. The most curious instance of the utter futility of the political mind in grasping a new condition is observed right here in Washington. It begins to look as if our leaders think they must think and work as they have always worked, simply because they have always thought and worked that way, instead of getting abreast with the times.

Still, I shall modify that in one regard. It is stated that the regulars, the reactionaries, the old organization men who have in hand the canvasses of their kind for reelection, both to the Senate and the House, have decided to put some good speakers out on the Chautauqua circuits this year to explain the position of the Aldrich and Cannon forces. That shows some intelligence, but of rather a laggard kind. One great factor in the creation of the public sentiment that now exists in this country has been the speakers before these great, thinking audiences. It has been going on for years. There has been a regular propaganda. Just now, apparently, the old-line men have wakened up to what has been happening and its effect, and will try it themselves. The horse has been stolen, but they intend to bolt the door, just the same.

WAR NOTE—Promptly on schedule time our old friend, War With Japan, made its appearance. Promptly on schedule time, I say, for it arrived at the exact moment the fight began over more new battleships and the naval appropriation bill. Talk about new methods! If that one hasn't barnacles on it, nothing has, and it is gravely fought out, just the same.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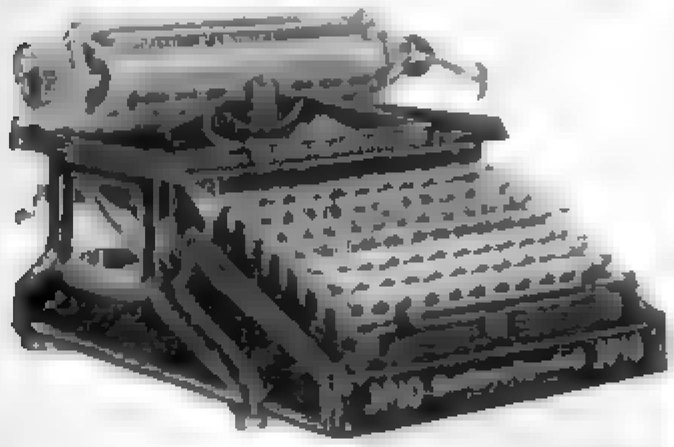

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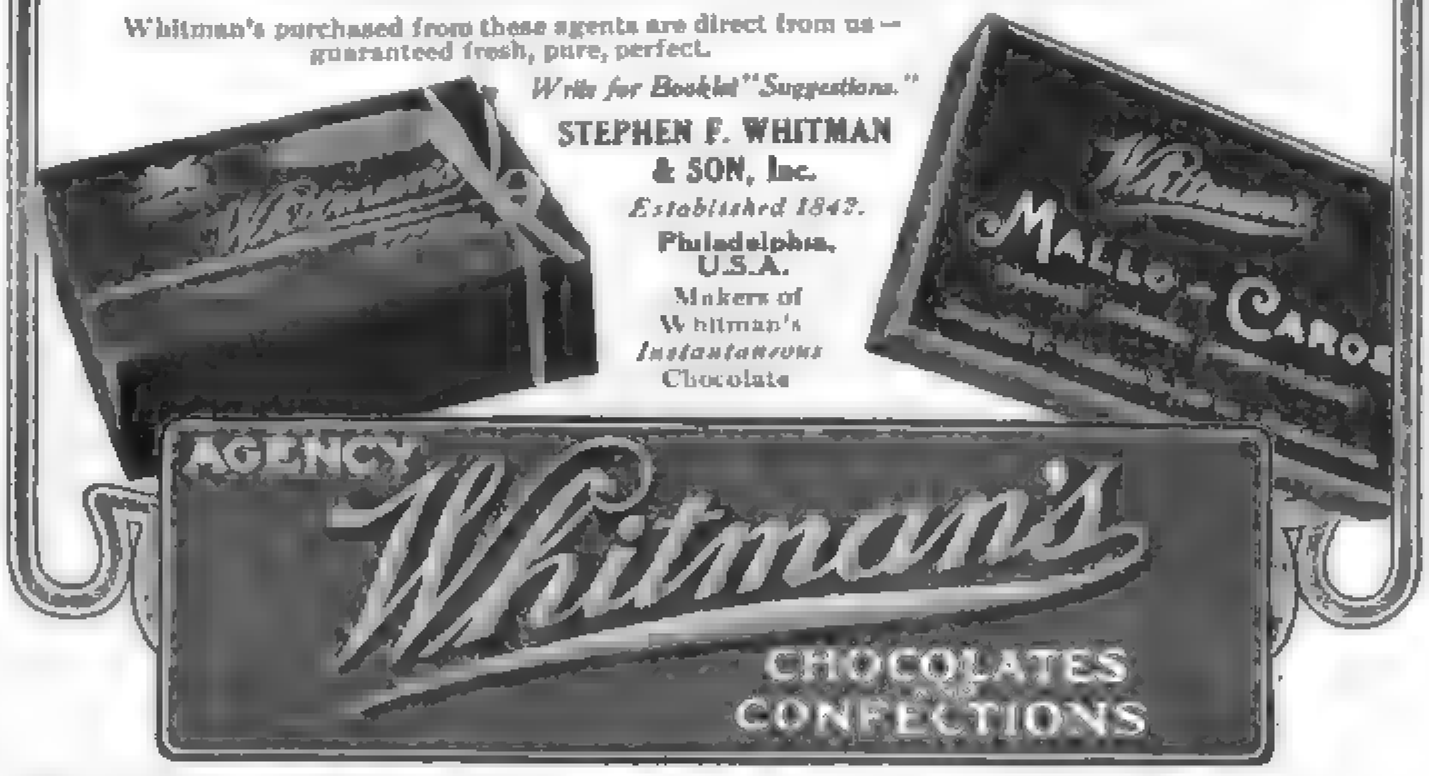

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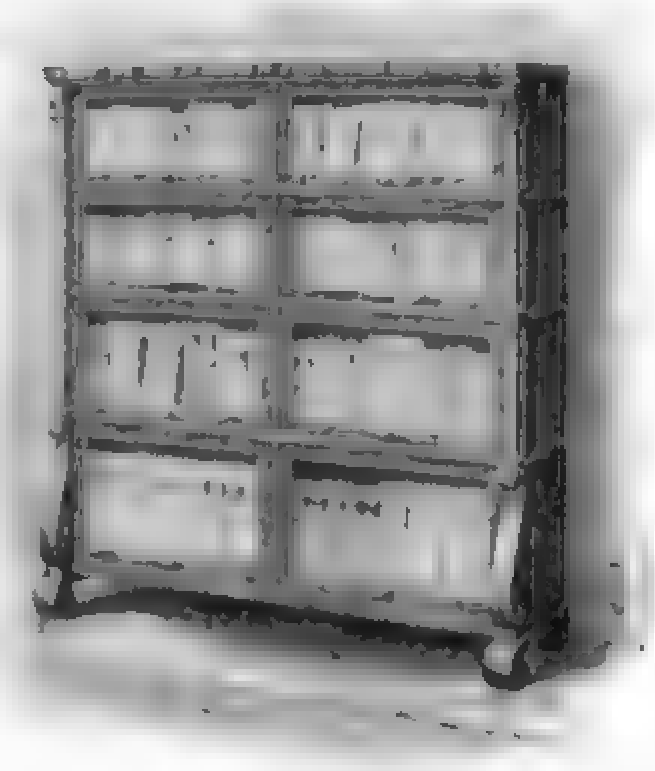

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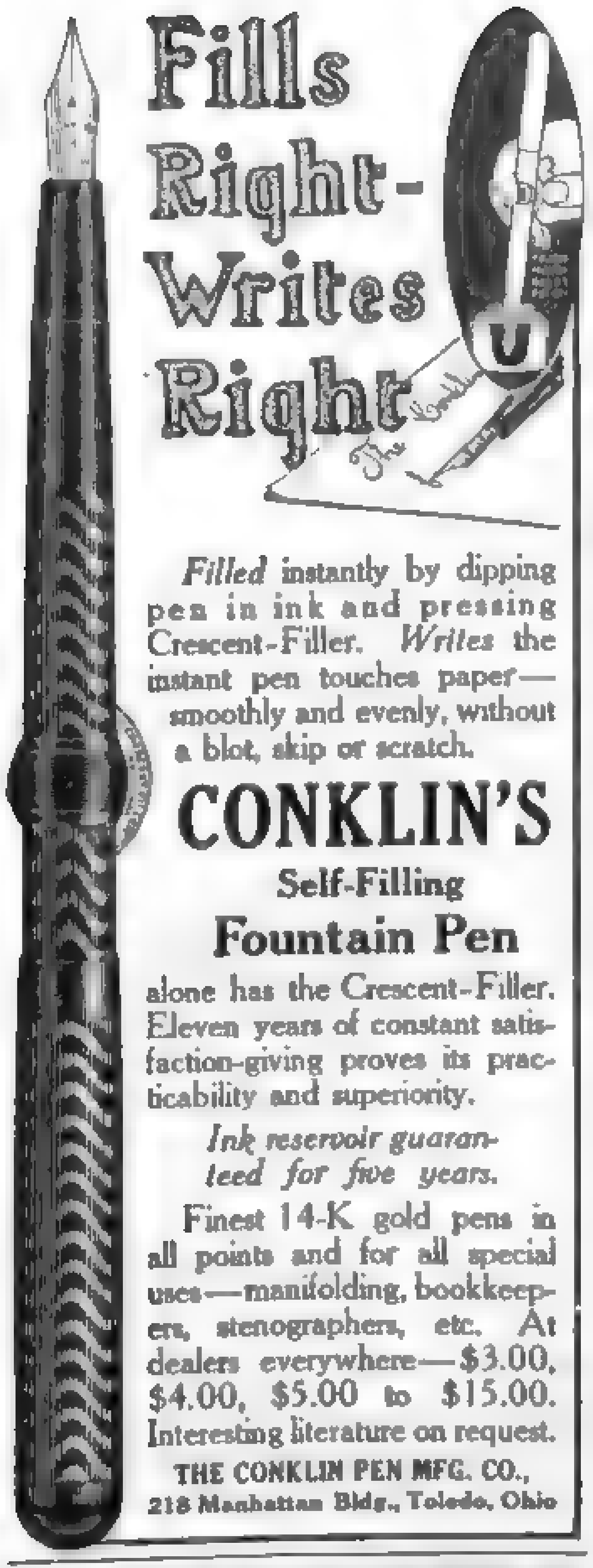

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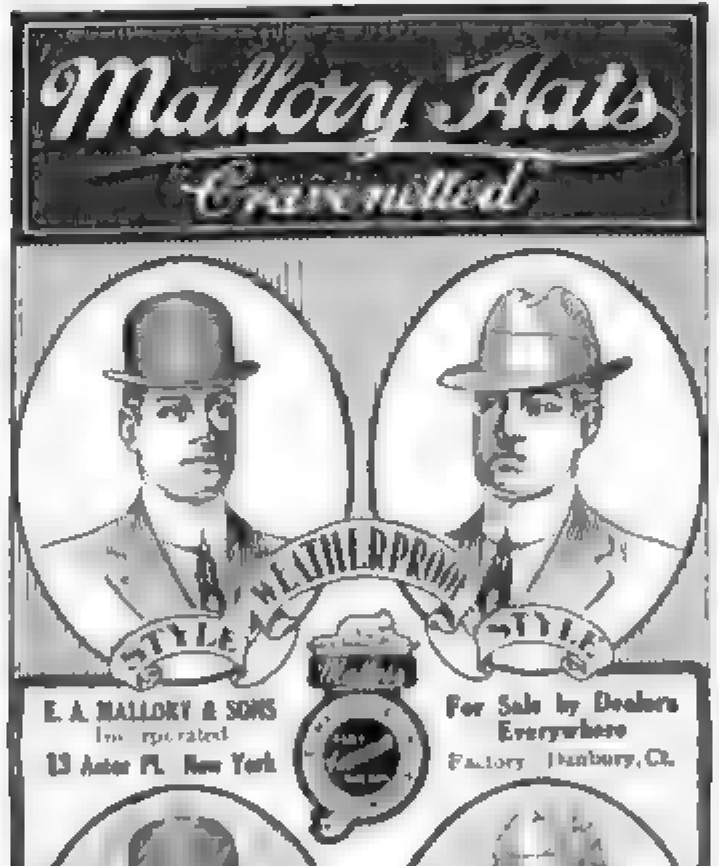

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Educating Sally Ann

By Blanche Goodman

"DEY'S only two kin' er folks what book learnin' was intended fo'." Viney, leaning over the fence, arms akimbo, addressed Uncle Peter, who had drawn up his donkey cart in front of the cabin and had dismounted for a "gate" visit. "Dem what's bawn puny an' not fitten to spen' dey time no other way, an' rich folks what ain't got in wid de quality yet, an' is tryin' to find out how to act in high society.

"When de Lawd makes po' folks an' gives 'em two good arms He ain't aimin' fo' to have de job spoiled by havin' dem stick dey noses 'gainst a book all day. No, suh! He aimed fo' 'em to work, dat's what He did, an' hit makes me plum rambunctious to hear some niggers givin' deyselves airs 'cause dey kin sign dey names an' got a little book learnin'.

"I was tellin' Lindy Jackson somep'n like dat, de day she come over to ax me my 'pinion 'bout sendin' Sally Ann away wid a Yankee woman what wanted to tote her No'th with her, an' put her in one of dem schools up dere.

"'Nigger,' says I, 'you don't know what you is fixin' fo'. Jes' 'cause Sally Ann can speak some pieces what one er Miss Fanny's gals learnt her, an' can read readin' out of a book an' write a little writin', ain't no sign dat she's got a call to leave home an' stuff her haid wid a lot o' book trash same as white folks. You an' me ain't never been to no school. Ain't bofe of us got along all right? Is dey any one what can beat us two when hit comes to bakin' a possum, er makin' beat biscuit, er doin' up a week's washin' an' sendin' hit home lookin' like snow? Did you have to git book learnin' to make Alex pop de question? You brung up all yo' chillen thoo de mumps an' measles an' hoopin'-cough widout knowin' how to sign yo' name. You took Alex's sass an' made a middlin' good husban' out o' him. Could you 'a' done hit all any better ef you had 'a' gone to school?'

"Lindy looked sorter stumped when I give hit to her straight like dat, but she was like all de rest of de folks what comes to you to ax yo' 'pinion; she didn't have no notion of doin' what I said, an' all de time I was talkin' I could see dat she'd sot her mind on sendin' Sally Ann up No'th wid de white woman, so I might as well 'a' saved my breff

"De nex' Sunday, when I met Lindy at de Daughters o' Zion meeting an' ax her how 'bout Sally Ann, Lindy smiled an' sorter flung her haid up like a skittish hoss an' says: 'Thanky, Sally Ann's done gone No'th to git aidgecated.'

"'Aidgecated?' says I. 'Huh!' An' I snorted at her jes' like dat, 'cause hit riles me to see a coon git biggity ovah somethin' dey ain't got no call to swell up 'bout.

"'Well,' says I, 'I sho' do hope dat she'll git all she's gwine fo'.' And wid dat I passed on.

"Fo' two years Sally Ann stayed up No'th gittin' aidgecated. Every onct in a while she writ letters home tellin' 'bout how fine hit wuz up dere an' how fas' she wuz comin' 'long. Lindy's white folks read 'em to her, an' onct she brung one er de letters ovah fo' me to read. Co'se she knowed I couldn't read no mo' dan she could, but she jes' done hit to sorter come hit ovah me 'cause I'd been so hahd set agin sendin' Sally Ann away.

"I didn't take a fit ovah de letter an' dat kinder got nex' to Lindy. Fum dat time she cooled off to'ds me an' stopped drappin' in.

"Time went on, an' Sally Ann kep' gittin' aidgecated. One mawnin' las' summer Ros'bel come ovah to he'p me put up some p'serves. 'Who you reckon come home las' night?' says Ros'bel as she stepped in de do'.

"Dat question always makes me madder'n a wet hen 'cause hit's de bigges' fool question er de whole bunch er fool questions, so I didn't answer, but jes' went on i'nin' one er Cunnel Slocumses shirts.

"'Sally Ann,' says Ros'bel, seein' I wouldn't nibble at de bait. 'She come home on s'prise 'cause de white woman what tuck care o' her am daid, an' Sally Ann 'ud had to go to wuk ef she stayed up No'th.' At dat I couldn't help chucklin'. 'Has you done seen her?' says I. 'Yes, I

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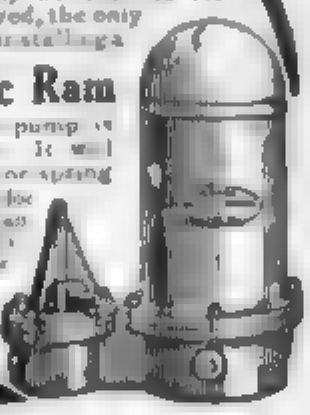

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done seen her,' says Ros'bel, 'an' Lawd! de airs dat coon does put on! Tol' me please to don't call her Sally no mo'. Up No'th dey called her Sarah. An' she talks prissy, tryin' to soun' like Miss Fanny an' dem. Hit gimme a pain to listen, so I come away soon. I ain't gwine to have folks rear dey haid back an' look down to'ds de end of dey nose when dey speaks to me.'

"Fum dat I jes' 'bout see what Lindy wuz gwine to have to put up wid. Co'se I'd done wahned her how 'twould be, but jes' de same I ain't de kin' to crow ovah folks.

"Me an' Lindy bein' bad fren's I didn't drap over to see de prodgigal. But Ros'bel kept me infawmed of de doin's of dat blame fool gal an' her stuck-up notions. 'She's got some sort er doin's to monkey roun' on her fingernails wid,' says Ros'bel, 'an' she breshes her teeth same as white folks. She brung a passel er books wid her an' sets up by de winder all day long lookin' at 'em pretendin' to read, 'cause she couldn't 'a' learnt all *dat* printin' in two years.'

"Dat's what I heerd from Ros'bel. She said Sally Ann batted her eyes when she talked, like as if cinders wuz blowin' up in her face, all de time goin' on 'bout de No'th dis, an' de No'th dat, till I knowed hit must 'a' touched Lindy on de raw.

"Hit ran along dat way fo' 'bout a month, Sally Ann playin' lady an' Lindy swallowin' hit in silence, till Alex got took wid de fever, an' hit was work er go hongry wid Miss Sally Ann, 'cause her mammy wasn't takin' in enough to feed 'em all. Hit was jes' nip-an'-tuck wid 'em. I buried de hatchet an' walked ovah to Lindy's one mawnin'. I could see she was took back consid'able when I walked in, but she didn't let on. We passed de time er day an' talked 'bout Alex fo' a while, an' bine-by I come straight an' says: 'Lindy, Miss Fanny wuz axin' me 'bout gittin' her a cook, 'cause de old one's gwine to leave her an' she's fixin' fer to break a new one in.' Lindy tried wid all her might to look like 'twant nothin' to her ef Miss Fanny wanted a dozen cooks, but you could jes' see de anxiousness stickin' out all over her. 'What you reckon she pays?' says Lindy, sorter keerless like. 'Dey wa'nt nothin' said about pay,' I tol' her; 'she jes' said cook, dat's all, an' I wuz thinkin' ef Sally Ann would like to try, hit would make a mighty good staht fo' her.'

"'Sally Ann's got diffent ideas 'bout makin' a livin',' commence Lindy, but she didn't git no farther ways 'long, 'cause I walked all over her an' de outcome wuz dat when Sally Ann come home—she wuz out when I spoke wid Lindy—dey settled hit between 'em, an' Sally Ann set in at Miss Fanny's a-Monday mawnin', aidgecation an' all.

"On Tuesday I wuz up at Slocumses to he'p wid de cleanin', like I always does, when I heerd Miss Fanny tellin' Sally Ann what to fix fo' dinner. Ceptin' fo' a hen dat wuz to be cooked wid rice, dey wan't much to do, an' a baby in ahms could 'a' got dat dinner blin'folded. Miss Fanny tol' her all 'bout how to fix de hen an' den she lef' Sally Ann an' come on in de house wid me.

"When time come to dish up I wuz back in de kitchen settin' down sorter sociable like, tryin' to strike up a confab wid dat nigger jes' to show her she couldn't be puttin' on dog when I wuz aroun'.

"But she wouldn't strike up. Jes' acted like one er dese here circus queens on pay-day an' showed de whites er her eyes at me ev'y now an' den. I felt like smackin' her jaws fo' her, but I didn't let on. Bine-by heah come Miss Fanny in de kitchen an' say: 'Viney, s'pose you sorter he'p Sally Ann wid de dishin' up today, 'cause she's new an' we'll give her a little lift at fust.' I upped an' put on a clean apron an' got ready fo' to carry in de food. I must say I wuz s'prised at how nice dat hen looked, layin' back in de rice an' ready to carve. De Cunnel he always does de carvin' 'cause can't no one do hit to please him.

"I sot de hen on de table an' stood back er Cunnel Slocum waitin' to pass de plates roun'. Dey was a young gen'lman—one er de gals beaux—what had drapped in unexpected like, an' dey had invited him to stay an' eat wid 'em.

"Cunnel Slocum wuz busy sharpenin' de carvin' knife. Pretty soon I seen him take de fork in his hand, rear back like he always do fo' he starts de actual carvin', ram hit down in de hen's bosom, an' gr-r-r-r! You know how hit soun's when you scrape yo' foot on a bed er wet gravel, 'ceptin' dis wuz

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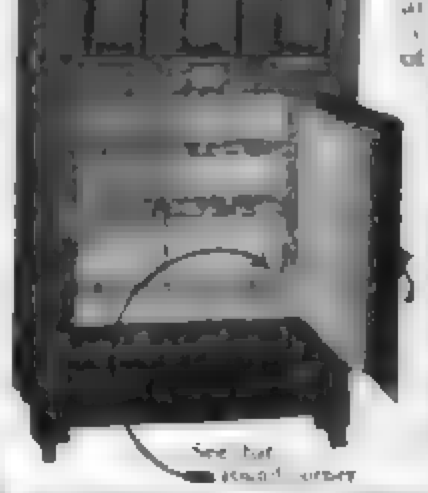

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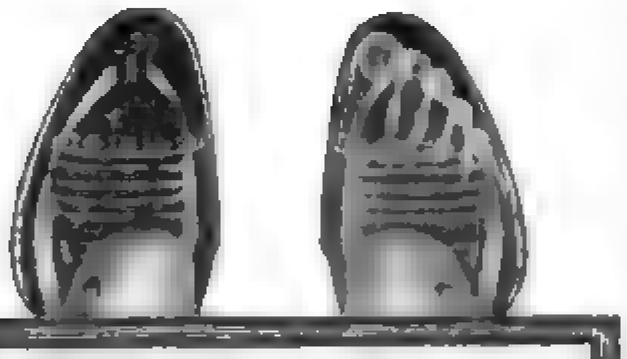
Porcelain-Lined Provision Chamber
instantly cleaned by wiping with cloth wrung out of hot water



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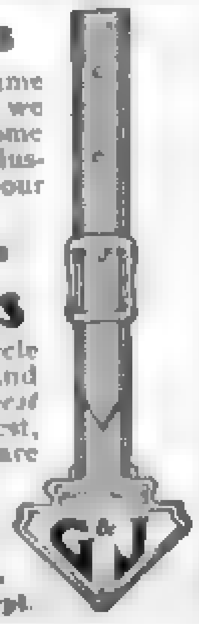


ten times wusser? Eve'ybody looked up puzzled like. Cunnel Slocumses face turned de color of ripe watahmillion meat, an' he let out de only damn I's evah heerd him say 'fo' any one but de fam'ly. Sally Ann had cooked dat hen widout openin' hit, an' de Cunnel had run into de gizzard!

"He tried to han' me de dish quick befo' de comp'ny seen hit, but his intentions wuz too late. Eve'ybody had got a look at de hen an' hit didn't need no spyglass to see what wuz de matter when hit wuz unkivered fum de rice. I took de plate out an' sot hit on de kitchen table right under Sally Ann's nose. I 'lowed she'd git all dat wuz comin' to her fum Miss Fanny, so I helt my tongue. I carried in some sliced ham, but eve'ybody's ap'tite sorter simmered down after dat hen-happenin', an' pretty soon dey riz up an' went in de settin'-room, Miss Fanny lookin' des' as calm 's if nothin' had happened. But I knowed Sally Ann wasn't gwine to weah out no shoe leather at Slocumses. An' she didn't.

"I wuz at Lindy's dat aft'noon to take Alex a bottle er blackberry cordial when Sally Ann come trailin' in. Hit was dark in de room an' she didn't rec'nize me ovah in de cornder.

"'I's done give up my p'sition at dem Slocumses,' wuz de way she 'nounced herse'f, ''cause I wuz aidgecated fo' higher things. I's done changed my mind 'bout bein' a common cook.' 'Fo' de Lawd's sake,' says Lindy, 'you ain't done gone an' lef' Miss Fanny?' At dat I spoke up. 'Done lef' Miss Fanny?' says I, mockin' Lindy; 'yes, she's done left her. Left her like a cottridge leaves a gun—'cause she wuz kicked out,' says I, an' when I spoke up an' Sally Ann rec'nized who hit wuz she might' nigh jumped out er her skin. 'Don't you try to come nothin' on no one in front er me, niggah,' says I. 'You needn't wall yo' eyes roun' at me, fo' you is a niggah, an' you's mighty nigh a white-livered one at dat. Me an' yo' mammy's got mo' sense tucked up under our little fingernails dan you is under yo' whole nappy haid. All yo' aidgecation,' says I, 'ain't kep' you fum sendin' a hen onto Miss Fanny's table wid de insides lef' in hit jes' like de Lawd made hit.' At dat Sally Ann dropped her haid an' Lindy looked like she was mighty nigh ready to drap in her tracks.

"'All yo' aidgecation,' I kep' on, 'ain't learnt you no respec' fo' you' hahd-wu'kin' mammy what borned you an' has tuck de trouble er raisin' you. You knows how to han'le a pen'—I come close to her—'but you can't bake a batch er biscuits, can you?'

"'No'm,' says Sally Ann, squirmin'.

"'You knows how to shine up yo' nails like white folks, but you can't beat up a plain cup cake, can you?'

"'No'm,' says Sally Ann, squirmin' some mo'.

"'You knows how to set up by de winder and show off to folks how you can read printin', but you ain't never done a week's washin', has you?'

"'No'm,' says Sally Ann.

"'What good is all yo' aidgecation doin' you ef hit ain't learnt you some sense?' says I. 'You's done gone an' disgraced Miss Fanny an' dem 'fo' comp'ny, dat's what you's done. Quit yo' cryin',' says I, for she begin to sniffle at dat; ''tain't no use fo' to howl ovah spilt milk. Ef you is got a mossel er sense left in you what ain't been aidgecated out of you, you's gwine to drap yo' persnickety ways an' git down to business an' show what kin' er stuff you's made of.'" Viney paused for breath.

"All dat happen las' summer," she resumed presently. "How come me to tell you 'bout hit I was aimin' to ax you to step in an' tas'e a piece er lemon custid dat ud melt in yo' mouf. Sally Ann baked hit an' sent hit ovah to me dis mawnin'."

"Sho' nough?" breathed Uncle Peter.

Viney chuckled. "She's been cookin' fo' Miss Fanny evah sence I tuck her in hand an' put aidgecation out er business. Now come on in an' tas'e dat custid pie." And Viney swung the gate open for Uncle Peter.

Jap's Trust

JAP MILLER and James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana poet, were firm friends, and since Riley made Miller famous in one of his poems Jap has been called the Mayor of Brooklyn, a small village where he runs a general store.

The other day Jap got a letter from a company that manufactures fire engines, asking what protection Brooklyn has against fire. Jap answered: "Rain."

"The Owen"

Designed for Touring Comfort

The price of the Owen represents the car *complete*. The regular equipment includes finest quality mohair top with side curtains and top slip cover; folding wind shield; clock; speedometer; electric horn; combination electric and gas headlights; combination electric and oil side and tail lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; muffler cutout; foot accelerator; side tire carrier irons; robe rail; trunk rack; tire chains; full set of tools and one extra inner tube.

DESIGNED for touring, the Owen affords the utmost in luxury and comfort.

The wheels are 42 inch, with large tires—which insures easy riding and great tire mileage.

The motor is 50 horsepower, four-cylinder, with a long stroke, which gives the maximum pulling power at slow speed, increases the life of the motor and insures quietness and absence of vibration.

The steering wheel is on the left side—the gear shifting lever at the operator's right—so the driver's seat is accessible from either side.

The occupants of the front seats are protected by high front doors.

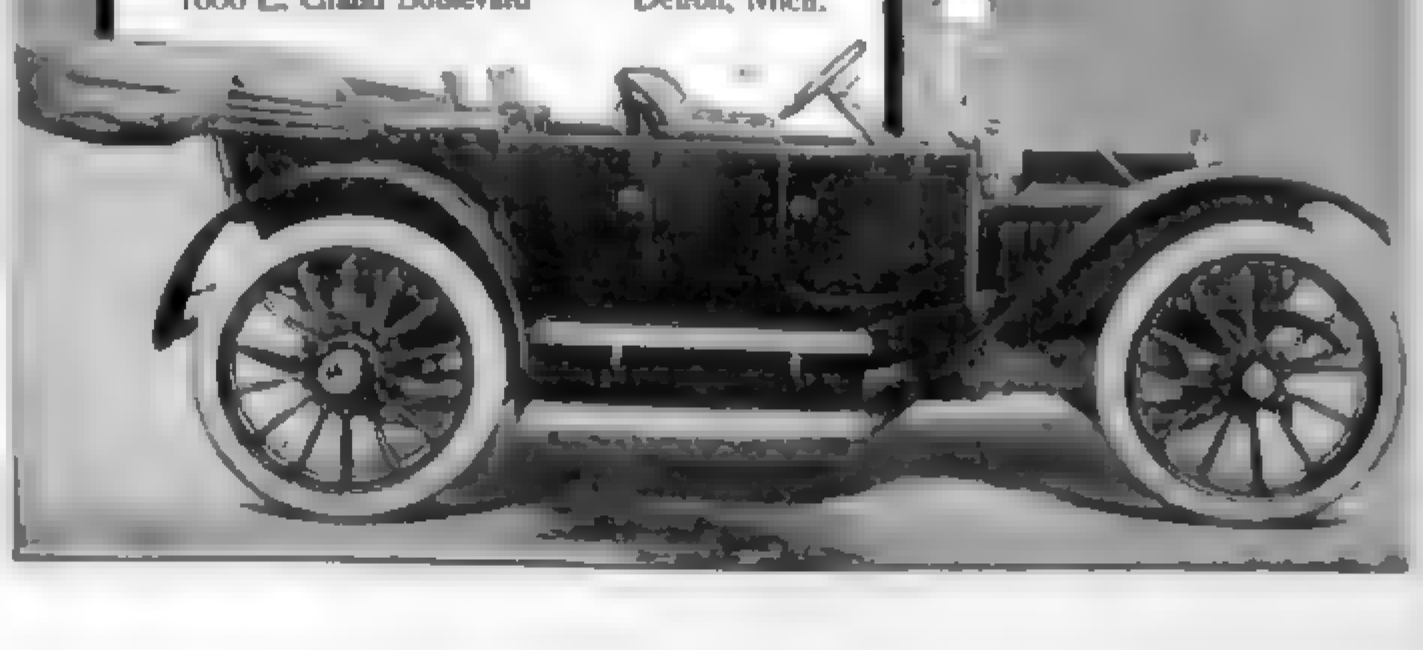
The tonneau is deep and roomy and is provided with folding auxiliary seats.

The "Owen" is $4,000 f. o. b. Detroit

Description literature on request

Owen Motor Car Co.
1608 E. Grand Boulevard Detroit, Mich.

Regularly fitted with Complete Touring Equipment



Now 800 Cities Have Overland Dealers

Wherever you are you can see Overland cars. There are dealers to show you their matchless simplicity. There are owners to tell you about their performances. You can judge for yourself why these remarkable cars—in two short years—have reached the topmost place.

You Owe This to Yourself

This is no ordinary car—this Overland. It should not be considered as merely one of the many.

Remember that 27 months ago the car was entirely unknown, and it had scores of well-established competitors. Today there are four factories, employing 4,000 men, turning out 140 Overlands daily to meet the overwhelming demand. And a fifth factory is being equipped.

This season's advance orders from dealers called for $24,000,000 worth of Overland cars. And this demand was created without any advertising—solely by the cars themselves.

We are turning out five times our output of one year ago. Yet, at this writing—March 1—we are 1,700 cars behind on orders for immediate delivery.

You owe to yourself a knowledge of this car. It has won over others on sheer merit alone. And the demand is increasing several times as fast as for the best other car that we know.

The facts which are winning these legions of buyers are bound to win you when you know them. It is worth a slight wait—if it is necessary—to get this superior car. Every Overland dealer has at least cars to show. You can see them and try them. And most of our dealers who have ordered ahead can deliver with reasonable promptness. We are going to supply the demand.

Why We Advertise

The demand for Overlands, until this year, has come from scattered localities. The larger part of the country has known nothing about them.

In sections where known the cars have captured the trade beyond our power to supply it. Last year the demand was twice our capacity, though we turned out 4,075 cars.

Now our output is multiplied, and it soon will be larger still. But the records of last year's cars would sell this year's production without any advertising, in all probability.

But the time has come when every city and hamlet—every farming community—should know about Overland cars. We want a few of these cars in every locality, so that all people everywhere may know their advantages. Our future depends on this wide distribution—on having these cars on every road and street. That is why we have sold to these 800 dealers. And that is the reason for this national advertising.

Every man familiar with Overlands knows what the result will be. Dealers who are ordering for next year's delivery are doubling this year's contracts. One of them has ordered 3,500 Overlands to be delivered in 1911.

Before this year is ended there will be 20,000 new Overland owners, in a myriad localities, telling about these cars. Then the whole world of motor car lovers will know how this car performs.

Two Careful Customers

There are two users of Overlands whose requirements are extremely severe. For 18 months the Government has used Overland cars in its mail service. The cars must run 75 miles a day, winter and summer, without missing a trip. A virtual novice must be able to care for them without breakdowns, delays or trouble. And the cars must cost less than horses, compared with the service performed. For a year and a half the Overland has splendidly met these requirements.

The J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co. supplies Overlands to its country salesmen. These cars must travel any road in any weather. They must always keep going without expert attention, and must show a low cost of upkeep. That concern has selected the Overland as best suited to these requirements.

Nine buyers in ten seek that sort of car. They seek a car as faithful as a horse, as economical as a horse, and as easy as a horse to drive and to care for. They want a trouble-proof car which no conditions will faze, and a car which gives most for the money. If you compare cars as did these careful buyers you will choose the car they chose.

The
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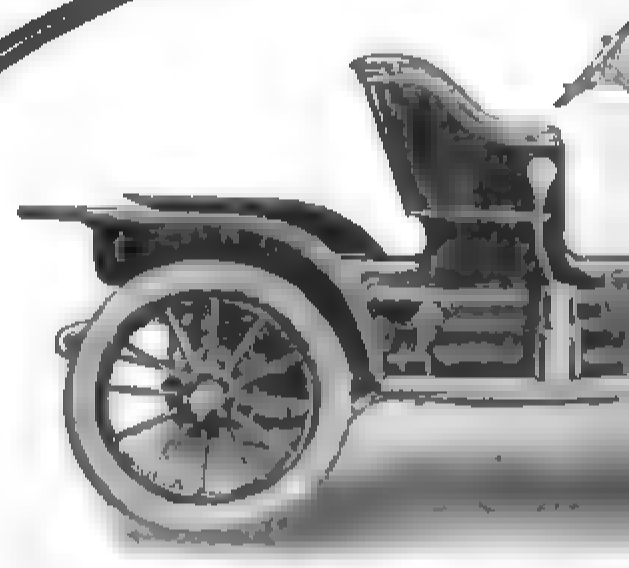

Overland Model
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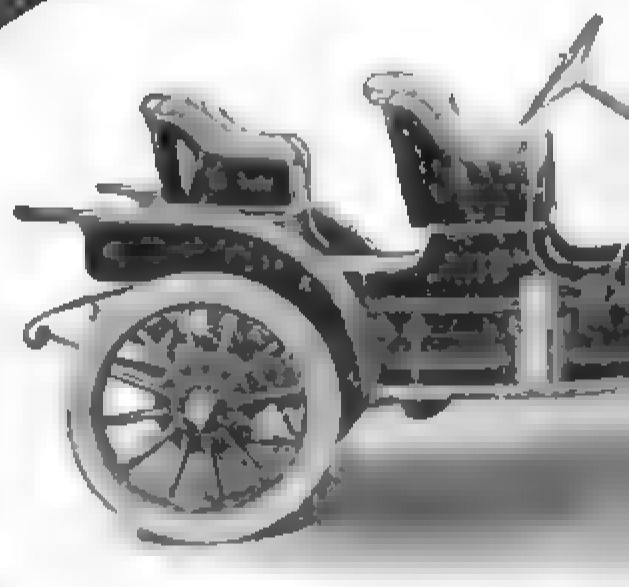
$1,050—double ru
complete Toy T



Overland Model 4
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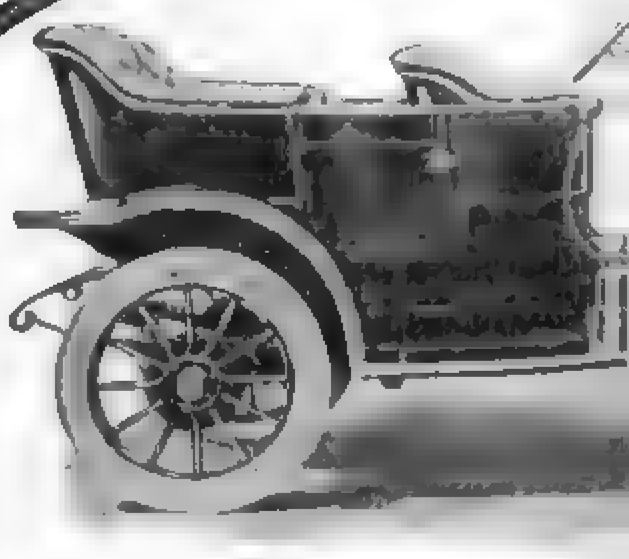
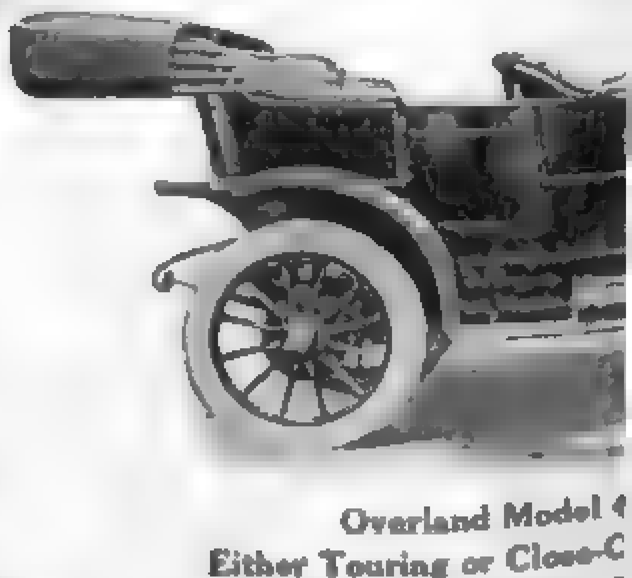


Overland Model 41
40 h. p.—112-inch wheel b
Touring or Close-



Overland Model
Either Touring or Close-C
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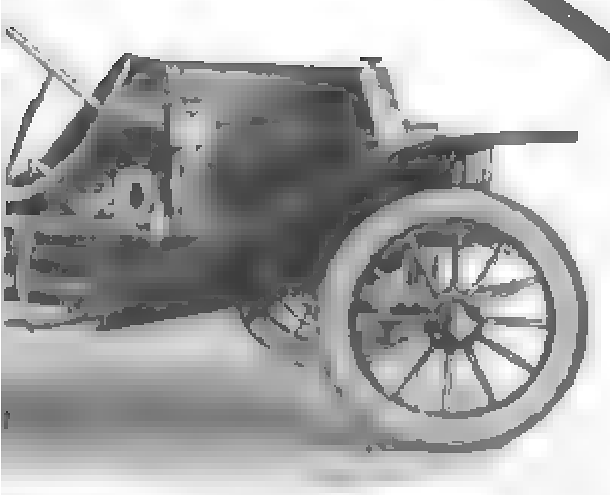

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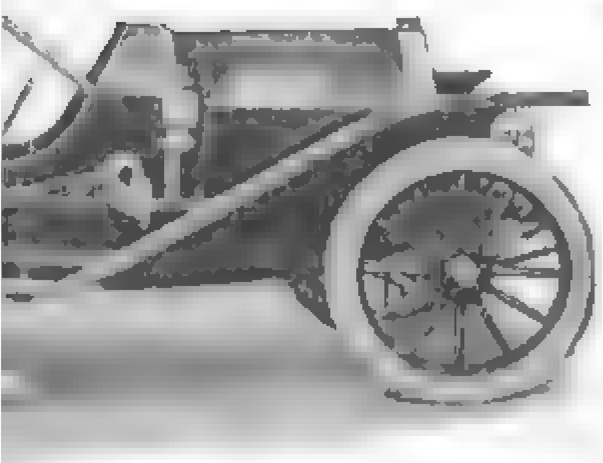

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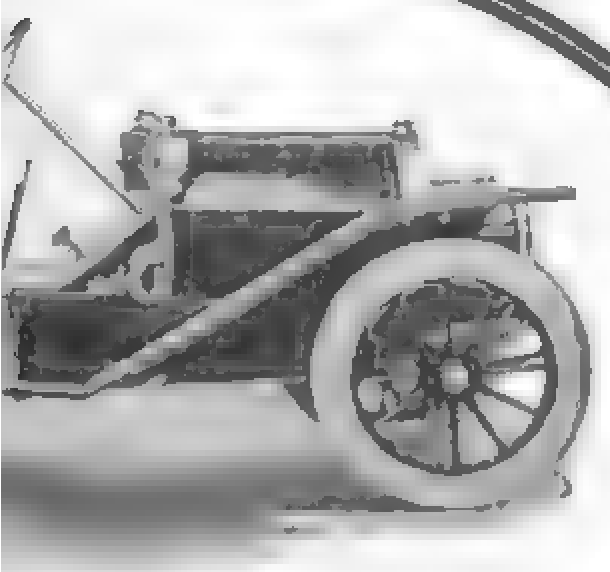

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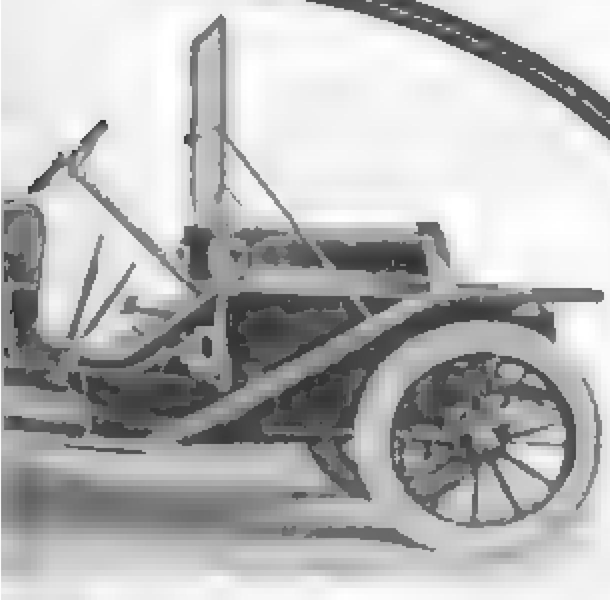

2—Price, $1,500
oupled body. The folding
d gas tank are extras

Five Times Last Year's Call for Overlands

The demand for Overlands is five times that of last year. And we are making five times as many. Yet the Overland last year was one of the big-selling cars. A car which so wins its way against today's competition must, as you know, be a remarkable car.

Some Important Reasons

We will leave to our catalog the technical details. But let us point out the main reasons why the Overland, where known, has so captured the trade.

The car was designed by a mechanical genius after most other cars had been fully developed. He had for his basis all the best ideas that the best engineers had worked out. He compared the creations of a hundred designers by the actual results in use. And he chose for every part of his car the device that had proved itself best.

Then he developed a wonderful engine—powerful, simple, all-enduring. He made the lubrication automatic. He got rid of the complex pump.

Then he studied simplicity. He knew that the best way to minimize trouble was to reduce the number of parts. He invented one part to take the place of a number, wherever this could be done. A single part which he invented did away with 47. The next step was to solve the question of ease in operation.

The Pedal Control

Three of the Overland models operate by pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. The hands have nothing to do but steer. As a result, a child can master the car in ten minutes. A novice can run it the first time he takes the wheel.

The Overland is almost trouble-proof. Give it oil and water and it will always keep going. We have run one of these cars for 7,000 miles, night and day, without stopping the engine. Many a man has run an Overland from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug. And the car has been run as far as 28 miles on one gallon of gasoline. That is why Overland owners sell these cars to others. Our whole marvelous growth has been due to that fact.

Our Costly Machinery

About $3,000,000 has been invested in plants and machinery for producing the Overland car. The parts are all made by automatic machines, so that error or variation is out of the question. Accuracy is secured to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. The system is the same as that employed in watch making. As a result, Overland parts are all interchangeable.

Every part after each operation is subjected to careful inspection. There are more than 10,000 of these inspections of the various parts of each car. Then every chassis, before the body is added, is given a thorough test on the road. As a result, every Overland car goes out in perfect condition.

The Minimized Cost

Our enormous production and labor-saving machinery enable us to make cars for much less than others. This saving alone would give us a very fair profit. In the past year alone, through multiplied output and new machinery, we have cut the cost 20 per cent.

This year we are selling a 25 horsepower Overland, with a 102 inch wheel base, for $1,000. No other car of equal power and size is sold nearly so low

We sell a 40 horsepower Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250. For $1,500 we are selling a car with all the power and speed—all the style and appearance—that any man can want. All prices include five lamps and magneto.

With a smaller output and less modern machinery it is out of the question for any maker to give what the Overland gives for the money.

Please Find Out

We have two books which should be read by every man who desires to keep track of the progress in motor cars. They are fascinating books and they tell a wonderful story. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to ask us to send them free.

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Toledo, Ohio
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Travelight Bags can be bought from dealers. If yours does not carry them, send us the price and we will ship to you express prepaid, or if you prefer, just send for our illustrated folder, containing testimonials from all parts of the U. S.

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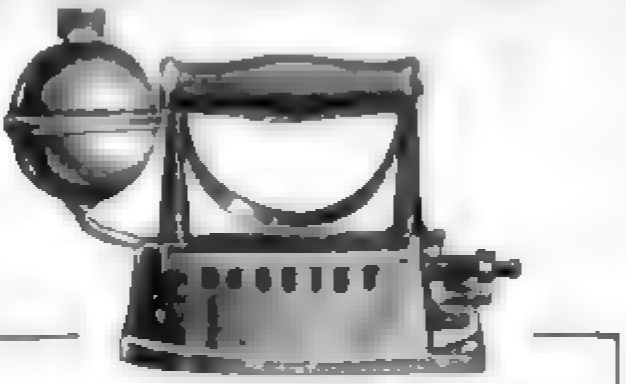

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G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.
Publishers New York

SON

(Continued from Page 23)

Miss Adrienne was there, settin' just inside the wire gate of a high fence that cut the room in two. Mrs. Russell was with her. Both was watching the door at the far end of the room.

"A Son," reads a fat old policeman. I was in front of that platform by now, with a banister between me and it.

Miss Adrienne stood up, quick, and come past me, Mrs. Russell a close second. The judge was talking low to somebody. So Miss Adrienne half faced toward the wide door again. "Why ain't he here!" I heard her whisper to Mrs. Russell. "He'll come, dear." "But he's had plenty of time." And she went down to the wire gate—then back again.

The judge stopped talking. Now he looked at me. He had the nicest pair of eyes I've ever seen in a man's head. "Well, Son," he says, "what've you got to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor," I answers, looking straight at him, "I don't know as I got anything to say."

He read a slip of paper in his hand. "But this is a serious charge." All of a sudden his face was more sober. "If you can't speak up for yourself I'll have to hold you."

"All right, your Honor; that suits me."

"Oh, Judge!" It was Miss Adrienne, and she put up one little fist. "Judge, he didn't take the money!"

Mrs. Russell broke in. "I don't know what to make of this," she says. "This man robbed Miss Mallory, and the foolish girl won't hear a single word against him!"

Bless her little heart!

"Officer, when you searched him ——"

"Money wasn't there, your Honor. But he might 'a' slipped it."

"And, madam, you swear you saw a thousand dollars put into the purse?"

"Yes."

"And you know, Miss Mallory, that he didn't take it?"

"I do."

It was my turn. "It'll be all right if you hold me, your Honor," I says again. "If the bail's too big I reckon I can make myself comfortable."

"Judge! Judge!" She could hardly speak, the poor little girl. "I won't have him sent to jail. I don't care who it hurts. I'm going to tell the truth. I gave that money away."

"Ridiculous!" says Mrs. Russell. "Don't believe her, Judge. She only wants to protect him."

"You gave it away?" repeats the judge. "To the defendant?"

"No; to another man."

That give Mrs. Russell a stitch in the side. "Another man! Another man! Why, this is the most disgraceful thing I've ever heard, Adrienne! My boy shall know about it!"

"*You* shall know about it," cries Miss Adrienne. "I can't spare you any longer. Judge, I'm willing to tell everything. Will you please hear the rest in a private room?"

He led the way through a side door. A man that'd been making shorthand scratches went next, then Miss Adrienne and Mrs. Russell. Last of all, me—usual full military escort.

If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget the room we went into. It had a strip of red carpet on the floor. And two or three chairs was half shoved under a long table. The judge pulled one out and set down.

Miss Adrienne stood in front of him. "Judge," she begun, "I loaned that money to Mrs. Russell's son."

"Harold? Nonsense!"

"Yes, Harold. Why isn't he here? Because he's afraid. Six months ago he came to me for help. Now he's in trouble again. And if he hadn't had that thousand in time today he'd be standing here instead of this innocent man."

No more snorting, no more stomping, no more rearing up on tiptoe. This was the end of her picket. "Oh, my son!" I've never seen anybody paler around the gills. "It'll ruin him! And he's so proud! He's always held his head so high."

Proud? A man ain't got the genuine brand of pride just because he goes around with his nose in the air like he was wearing a chunk of asafetida under his chin.

"Nobody'll know," went on Miss Adrienne. "He's safe now."

"I'm—I'm sorry." The policeman offered his arm quick. Mrs. Russell leaned on him

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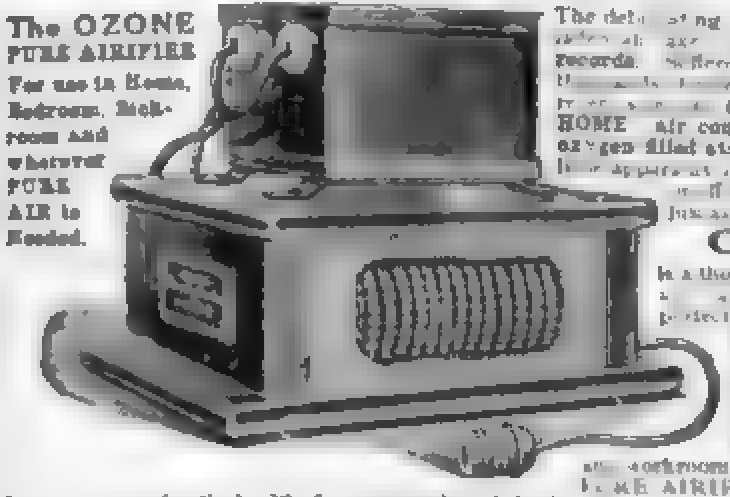

The [illegible] health [illegible] disease breeding effects of [illegible] impure germ [illegible] lungs [illegible] mortality records. [illegible] having origin in impure air [illegible] OZONE of the mountains and pine [illegible] everyone to have RIGHT IN THEIR OWN HOME air constantly as pure, refreshing and exhilarating as the purest oxygen filled atmosphere of the "piney woods" and mountain peaks. [illegible] the air of the closest room [illegible] with oxygen the out-doors air. The

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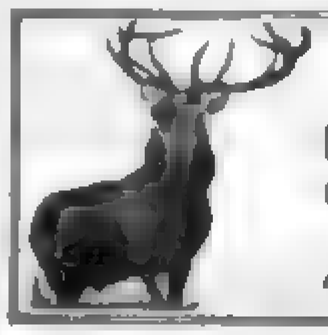

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POPULAR WITH EVERYBODY

heavy. "Thank you, Adrienne," she says, "and you."

I bowed and opened the door.

"Case is dismissed," says the judge. He crossed over to me. His eyes were gray, too—gray and kind. He reached up a hand to my shoulder. "Got anything to say for yourself now?" he asks.

"I'm as guilty as ever, Judge."

"Guilty of what?"

"Of—of being in love."

"I thought so."

"Judge, I'd cross hell on a tight-rope for that girl."

He slapped me on the back. Then he went out, the shorthand man behind, and shut the door soft.

I stood at the end of the table. "Miss Adrienne," I says—I could see she was cut to the heart—"a person can't be hard on a young man in a case like that. You know, every good proposition in this world has some teeny weak spot in it. Now, look at a mule, for instance—the smartest animal on four legs, barring an Arab horse. A mule'll outpull an ox, live on cottonwood bark, drink out of a puddle, and keep hog fat. But swim him, and let a tablespoonful of water leak into one ear, and under he goes!"

She turned and smiled a little, sad smile. "Harold Russell wasn't even willing to admit that he'd borrowed the money, or ask his mother to stop prosecuting. The coward! He wasn't thinking of my happiness."

"Son," I says to myself, "don't take that for more'n it's worth. There's about as much to your chance of winning her as there is to the shadow of smoke." And I grabbed on to the end of the table to keep me where I was.

"I told him six months ago that I never could marry him."

Then for a few minutes neither of us said a word. Her gray eyes were fastened on my face.

"I want to thank you," she began when she spoke again.

"You're welcome—there never was a person more welcome."

"It's strange," she says, "how you—you seem to me."

"It ain't strange how you seem to me," I answers. "It's the most natural thing in the whole world."

"I've seen you a thousand times in my life," she goes on, voice 'way low. "In the books at the library—in plays—in galleries where there are paintings of the West."

"I've seen you in my dreams, little girl."

And then—well, I never did know how to think one point of the compass and talk another. But she couldn't more'n kill me for it, anyhow. So—out it popped!

"In every dream I've—I've loved you," I says. "And—I know you'll laugh—in every dream you've loved me. I guess—this is where I wake up."

She come toward me. Ah, she was tall and slim and sweet! "I—I don't dare love you," she says.

"Because ——"

"Think of your being willing to go to jail to save me a little trouble! Oh, you're out of a book—or a play—or a picture. You're not real." And she put out her two hands to me.

That little old room swum. And I circled with it, as dizzy as when I used to let the old cat die. I covered my eyes.

When I opened 'em I took both her hands in one of mine and I kissed the top one. "If that's the only thing that's troubling you!" I says. "Ah, little girl, I'm going to take you back with me to the San Joaquin!"

"The San Joaquin!"

"Where the sun's on the job three hundred and forty days out of the year; where there's slathers of water on tap if the orchard gets thirsty; and a little shingled ranchhouse waiting for you, honey." I had both my arms around her now.

"But—but I don't know what your name is yet."

"It's a dickens of a name," I answers. "I'm afraid you won't think it's worth trading Mallory for."

"It'll suit you, whatever it is."

"Well, for a front handle, sweetheart, how'd Sheridan suit you?—Sherry for short."

"Sherry is dear! But the last one!"

"Honest, I hate to tell you."

"Sheridan'll go fine with anything."

"Well—well, is it my fault if it's ——"

"What?"

"Smith?"

"You great big boy!"

And I kissed that sweet, warm mouth.

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have a high quality standard to maintain which will never be slighted in the minutest degree. The fabrics and the other materials are keeping the national reputation of this famous make of apparel, where it has been for years. Collegian Clothes are the clothes for particular men.

The spring suits and overcoats are now being shown by foremost clothiers everywhere. A copy of our style book will be mailed upon application.

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No matter what line of commercial work you are engaged in, no matter what posit[illegible] hold if you are a success, and by success I mean if you can do your work better than [illegible] your fellow employees, and if you are looking for a better hold where you can make mor[illegible] than you are making at present I want to hear from you.

I AM LOOKING FOR MEN OF BRAINS. PERHAPS WE CAN GET TOGETHER

Do not take the trouble to write me unless you have confidence in [illegible] are good, and you can furnish me with the best of references as to you[illegible]

I AM WILLING TO PAY, AND PAY BIG IF YOU MAKE GOOD

I am interested in various commercial enterprises so do not hesitate to write thinking I am not in your line. Perhaps I am not, but may be a little later, and it will not take you long to find out whether, or not, I have something to offer you.

State briefly the line of work you are successful in, your reasons for considering a change, and the salary you expect.

As to my standing I refer you to any Bank in Minneapolis, or the Commercial Agencies.

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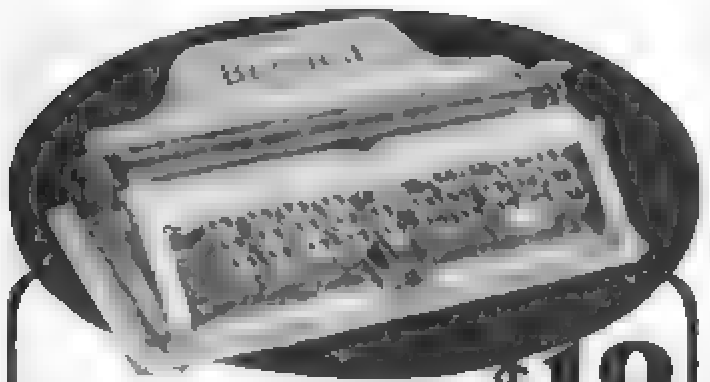

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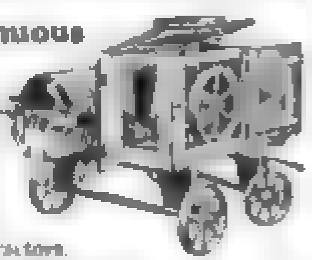

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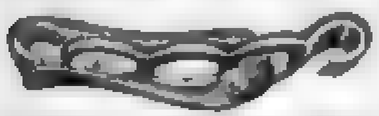

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THE ARIZONA RANGERS

(Continued from Page 21)

slept as best they could among the deepening drifts. For five days they kept this up until the skin drew tight upon their cheekbones and they staggered when they dismounted from their gaunt horses.

The sixth morning, as usual, they separated for the hunt. Sergeant Campbell and Bob Green took a course to the north and west; Maxwell and Tafolla went to the north and east. That night all four were to return to the point of departure.

The country over which Maxwell and Tafolla rode included several hogback ridges and interlying cañons. It was for the most part side-hill traveling through thick brush and along boulder-strewn slopes. The horses floundered heavily in the snow, which balled on their hoofs and made them stumble frequently. At times one of them, and then the other, pitched forward dangerously, and the rider kept his seat by the rare knack that comes from the habit of years. But the men rode stiffly; their bodies had but little of the warmth of life—the warmth that does so much to keep off discouragement. Their gaunt eyes searched the white snow constantly.

The day was cold and still. A gray sky overhung all the country. Dull-bellied clouds sank toward them from the heights. It started snowing; the flakes made a thick fog through which they peered for any sign of man or trail. Morning wore on to noon; afternoon deepened to the time when shadows fell like huge threats. The pair of rangers halted suddenly, frozen to stillness by a rifle shot. Another followed. Some one was hunting across the ridge.

It was getting late when they rode cautiously into the cañon whence the report had come. They found what they had hoped to find, a fresh-made trail, beside it blood drops on the snow. A hunter had traveled here with his new-killed game. They knew he must be one of those whom they were hunting in their turn.

The Parting of the Ways

They were miles from their own camp. The snow was falling fast. To return and notify the others would mean delay until the next morning—the losing of that trail in a country of strange, tangled landmarks. They followed it alone.

As they followed it they took the rangers' oath. According to the old custom they rode side by side, clasping each other's hands, repeating the secret words by which they swore to stand by each other and their duty and the honor of their company. Dusk was coming on; the pine trees loomed about them, black against the snow. They spoke the last low words and rode toward the place where the seven hid.

Their gaunt horses stumbled wearily. The cold grew more intense. The trail with its lining of blood drops led them up a hill. They climbed toward the summit which forms the rim of the bowl-like valley where the outlaws had their camp. They were near the top of the rise when something—perhaps it was that strange, keen sense of impending danger which no man can exactly define—made them dismount and tie their horses in the brush. They crawled on up; they reached the crest. The two of them emerged upon the open slope.

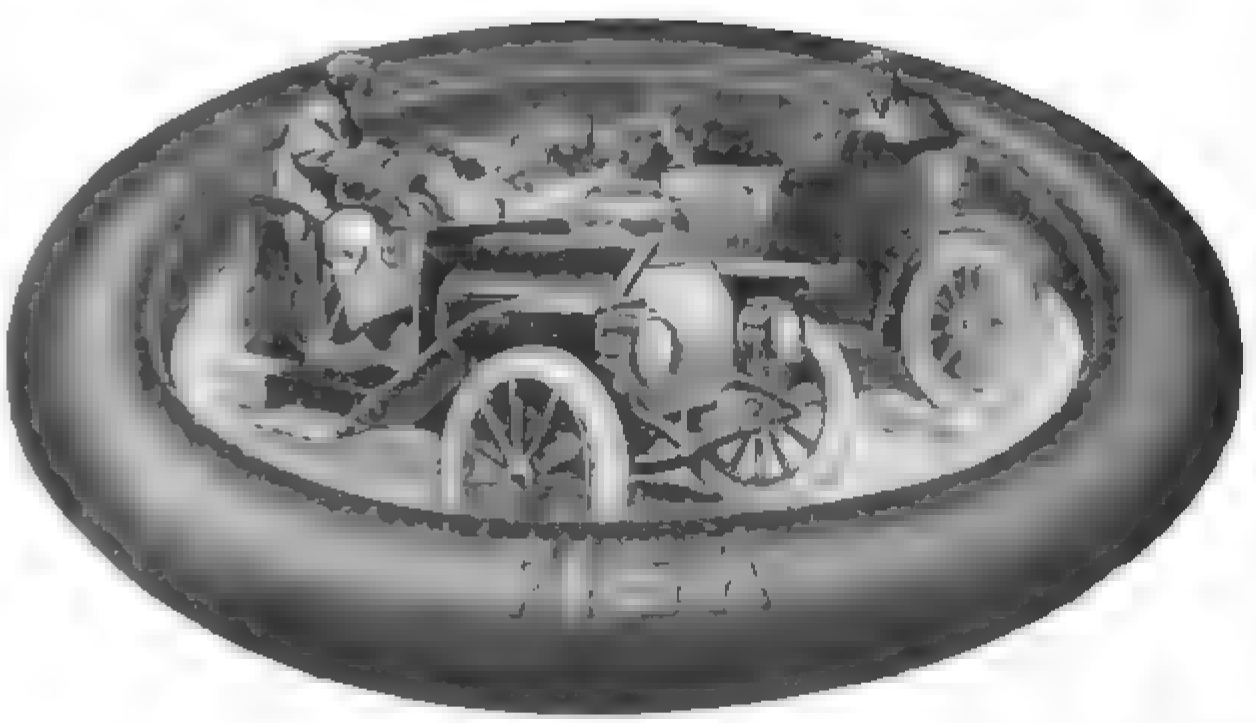
Below them—it was fifty yards at most—the pine grove began. Farther down, among the trees, the seven members of the gang were gathered around a pack-horse on which lay a fresh-killed deer. Even as they saw them there—the quarry whom they had trailed so wearily—and as they were striving to reach the shelter of the outlying pines, the pack-horse caught their scent. It reared violently and snorted. The outlaws looked up, then sprang to cover, and the grove showed presence of no man. From behind the tree-trunks came the click of rifle hammers brought to the cock.

Maxwell called out, then, the statutory formula of arrest. "In the name of the law and the Territory of Arizona," he ended. He raised his voice a second time, commanding them to lay down their arms. There was a moment of silence. A man stepped out into plain view.

"Hello, Tafolla," he said quietly.

"Hello, Smith," said Tafolla.

The two former partners looked at each other. It was the first time they had come



What tire to buy? That's the question that assails every automobile owner. Usually the new auto owner experiments until he finds the best. Those who have been through the mill say this to those who have not—

There are two things of paramount and equal importance in tires.

First the tire itself.

A tire must be *well made* of the best possible [illegible]

Second, a tire must have attentions or care after you've bought it. Not necessarily repairs—but attention regularly.

You see you're not an expert rubber man. Nor are you an expert machinist. Nor as yet automobilist.

You yourself simply can't give your tires the attentions they regularly require. A tire agent will not give you tire attentions for he's usually too anxious to sell you more tires yet. You *must have* expert advice and care for your tires to secure their maximum efficiency.

With these two tire requirements in mind, viz., the tire and the tire care, you can go down the line of tires and you'll find most of them eliminated.

One make of tires you'll not find eliminated however and that's the Fisk.

The first cost of Fisk Tires is *higher* than any other tires—but remember in addition to securing the best tires—material and workmanship considered—when you purchase Fisk Tires you secure a Tire Care Service as well—not from agents alone but from branches or units of the Fisk Rubber Company (see list below)—the people primarily interested in securing the maximum efficiency of their tires.

WRITE FOR EXTENSIVE LITERATURE (FREE)

We can't tell you the whole story of Fisk Tires here, yet you should know it if you wish the *most serviceable* and *most economical* tire. We'll be very glad to send you our books on this subject if you drop us a line. Better write now. Address New York Office, 1725 Broadway.

Four styles: Bolted-On with Removable Rim, Clincher, Quick Detachable Clincher, Dunlop. Tires to fit any rim.

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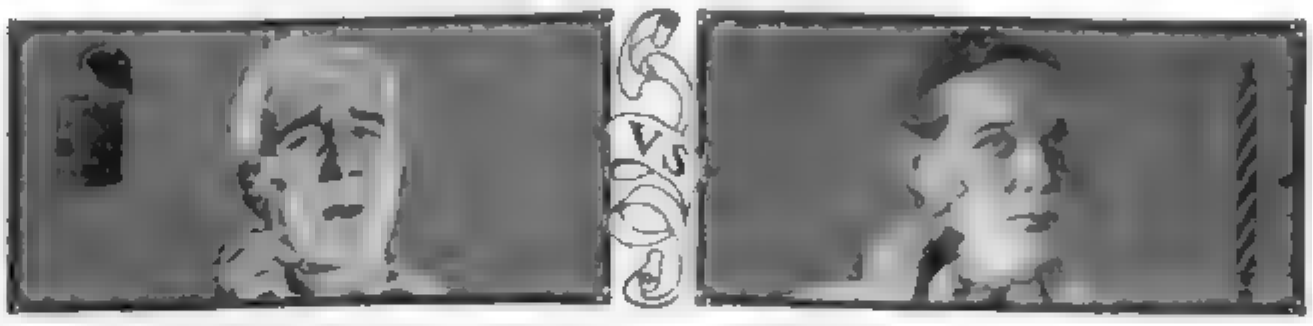

Tin Can *vs.* Head Barber Shaves

When you finish shaving, does your face feel like it had been scraped with the edge of an opened tin can?

If so, it is because you don't strop your razor, or don't know how to strop it expertly.

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No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if any are returned, we exchange them or refund him his cost.

Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register.

Men who "do things" act—act quick.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Quick Handy Great

No delay. No procrastination.

Don't wait to call on your dealer. 'Phone or write him to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial now.

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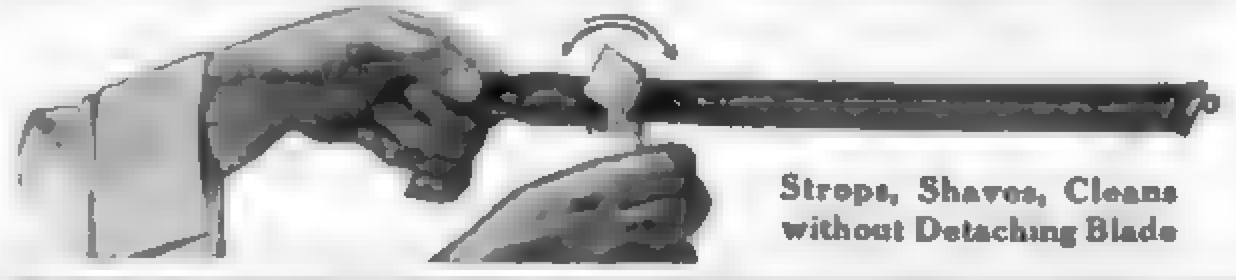

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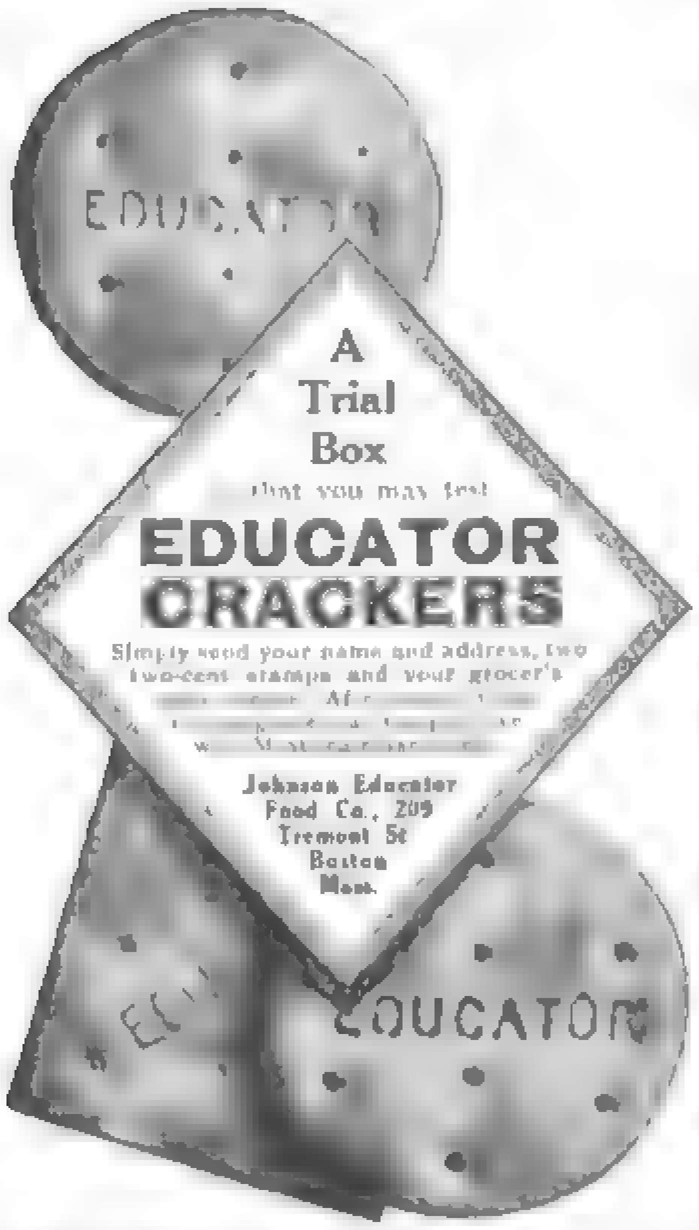
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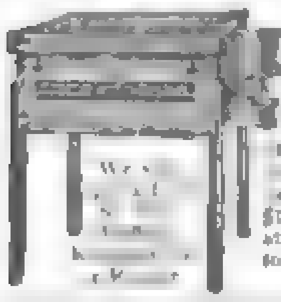
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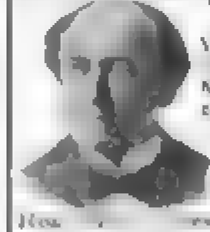
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SAFETY RAZOR BLADES
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together since the days when they had shared work and hardships and food down in the desert country. The one stood, holding his rifle, between the trees which hid his six companions. The other, rifle in both hands, crouched by his fellow ranger, in silhouette against the background of snow.

"This is hard lines," Smith went on steadily. "You're as good as dead, Tafolla." With which introduction he explained the obvious merits of their relative positions, and then reminded Tafolla of his marksmanship. He lifted his voice a little as he begged the pair to go away. He pleaded for the sake of old times. He did not want to shoot his friend, he said; and he promised that he and the other six would leave the country without delay.

Tafolla said simply that he and Maxwell had just taken the rangers' oath. "If things come out the way you say they will," he ended, "you can do me one favor for the sake of old times. You can get word to Captain Mossman that we did the best we could and stuck it out."

There was no more parleying, save that Tafolla then repeated what Maxwell had said, the formula of arrest. After that the rangers started for the pine trees, and the shooting began.

Smith, faultless marksman that he was, still tried to frighten them away. He shot four holes through Tafolla's high-crowned hat. Tafolla and Maxwell kept on advancing, firing as they came. Then Smith lowered his sights and shot his old-time partner between the eyes. Maxwell fell a moment later.

Bill Smith's Explanation

Sergeant Campbell and Bob Green waited late that night for their companions. They started searching early in the morning, but the snow had obliterated all trails. When hunger drove them out they went back to Willcox and reported what they knew to Captain Mossman.

Mossman showed them a long letter from Bill Smith. The outlaw had written of the whole affair in detail. And what he said the rangers verified in good part when they found the bodies in that cuplike hollow among the mountains—the body of Tafolla, with a bullet hole between the eyes; near by, his hat, shot four times through the crown.

The letter was the last heard of Bill Smith. He and his gang left Arizona at once. The territorial legislature at every session passes a bill pensioning Tafolla's widow during the following two years.

That was nearly ten years ago. Since then the Arizona Rangers have policed wide wildernesses, making many stories such as this. The company became a power for the law. In 1909 the legislature passed a statute abolishing this territorial police. And in the ten months following that law the county of Cochise alone, where stock stealing had almost vanished, suffered losses of more than one thousand head at the hands of thieves. In the same county in those months twelve murderers were jailed. The border country, unwatched by this cavalry, has shown again its old traits that made its reputation twenty years ago. Because of this the better classes in the territory are united in a movement to recreate the company.

One of the Smiths

REPRESENTATIVE SCOTT, of Kansas, was examining a witness before the House Committee on Agriculture, of which he is chairman, on his bill to prohibit gambling in cotton and grain.

During the hearings a man who had been paying close attention and making notes began to ask questions.

"Will the gentleman please state his name?" asked Mr. Scott.

"Smith."

"Please state your full name."

"Ellison DuRant Smith."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Scott; "but there are many Smiths, you know, and that name signifies nothing. Where are you from and what do you represent?"

"I am from the United States Senate," replied the questioner, who was Senator Smith, of South Carolina.

Whereupon Representative Scott took off his eyeglasses, rubbed them vigorously, pulled at his mustache, and whispered "You may proceed."

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 2.
A Preamble and a Resolution

Whereas—Some of the leading manufacturers of food products throughout our country are endeavoring to correct some of the evils which have confronted the retail merchant for the past few years, one of which is unfair competition:

Be it Resolved, that the Old Colony Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Association, in annual meeting assembled, heartily endorse the position taken by the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., and would urge our members and all retail grocers and provision dealers throughout our country that in the purchasing of food products they give preference to the manufacturers who are disposed to maintain the position as set forth in above preamble.

Thos. H. Lynch, *Clerk.*

The Genuine has this Signature,
W. K. Kellogg

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The Champion Prize Alterer of the World

Every little while someone says to us:

"I can't wear ready-made clothes without alteration. So what's the use? I go to a merchant tailor."

"Without alteration?" Bless your heart! You go to a merchant tailor, and forget that he is the champion prize alterer of the world.

What do you think he puts so many pins in his mouth for?

We believe that Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes do not need any alterations for you. If they do, you have the opportunity of standing up like a man in the FINISHED clothes and seeing what the alterations are and where they are.

Our effort from morning to night is to put into Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes so much thorough workmanship and skilled knowledge that they won't need alterations. Stein-Bloch Clothes will fit you. You are not hard to fit. Your tailor has scared you into thinking so for his own ends.

To-day write us for Smartness, a free book of photographed Spring and Summer styles. It will tell you why you should insist on being shown this label, that stands for fifty-five years of Knowing How.

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Warner's Pictorial Record of Aviation

Delagrange in his Monoplane — Doncaster, England

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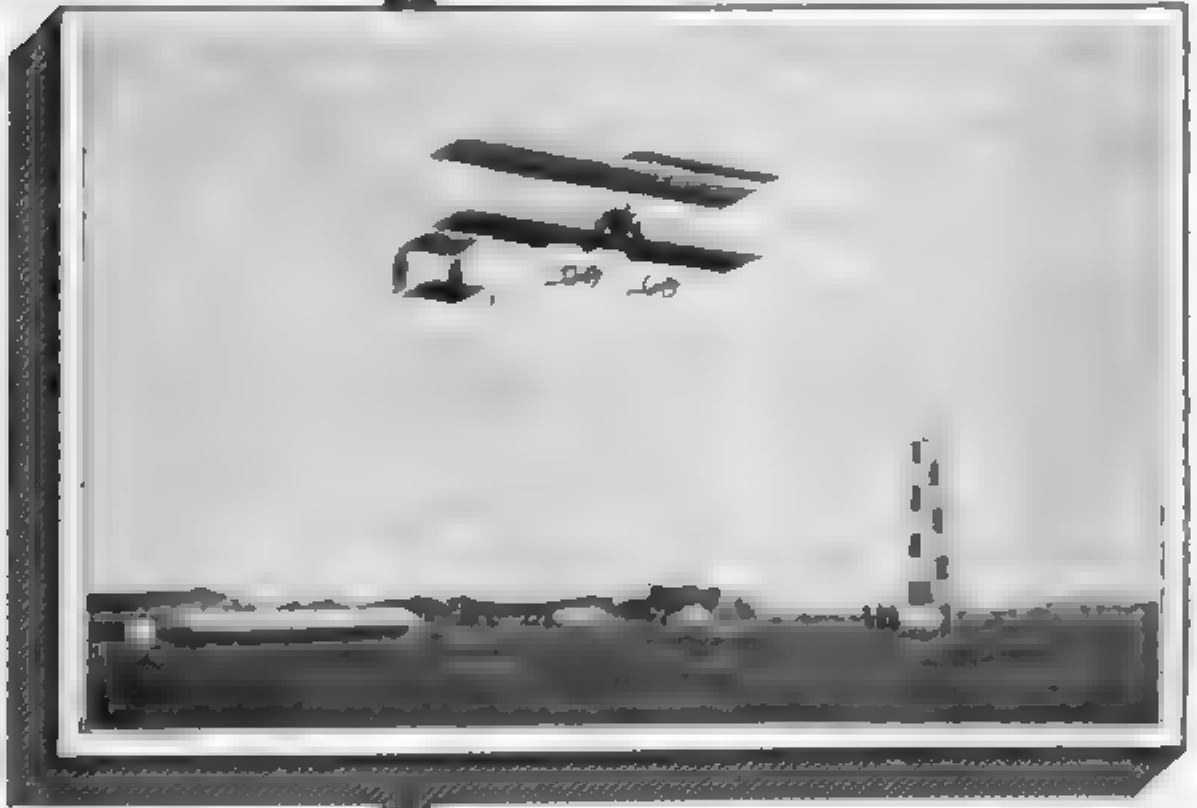
Baroness Laroche,
the first woman to drive an Aeroplane



Paulhan in flight — Blackpool, England

Bleriot Monoplane on the seashore

To the Man Who is Driving His First Car

This is a little talk on the speed-indicator problem, and on the Warner Auto-Meter as a solution of it, which may save you a good many dollars. It is addressed primarily to the man who is driving his first car, because the experienced motorist — out of his experience — has learned that the Warner Auto-Meter is the one speed-indicating instrument which always tells the exact truth.

But the less experienced owner may be misled by mere price-marks, forgetting that it's not what you pay, but what you get for it, that counts. And price is not considered in building the Warner Auto-Meter. Absolute accuracy is the sole aim, and unless you have that you might as well have nothing.

There are two things which determine value—dollar value and service value — in a speed indicator. They are construction and principle.

The Warner Auto-Meter is built with the same care, the same thoroughness, the same attention to detail, as the finest watch.

Skilled experts direct, and trained mechanics perform, every delicate operation in its construction. No Auto-Meter is allowed to leave the factory until the most thorough tests have proved it absolutely perfect under all conceivable working conditions.

And the principle upon which the Warner Auto-Meter is constructed — magnetic induction — absolutely assures continued accuracy, no matter how long the instrument may be in use. There are no parts which friction or wear can affect. And the speed indication is exact, no matter how low or how high the speed.

Examine any other type of speed indicator — or ask users — and see if these facts apply to it.

We have been designing and building speed-indicating devices for years — read the next page for interesting particulars of some of them.

Then write or call for our instructive free booklet, telling about the various models of the Warner Auto-Meter and the uses of a speed indicator to the motorist.

Warner Instrument Co.

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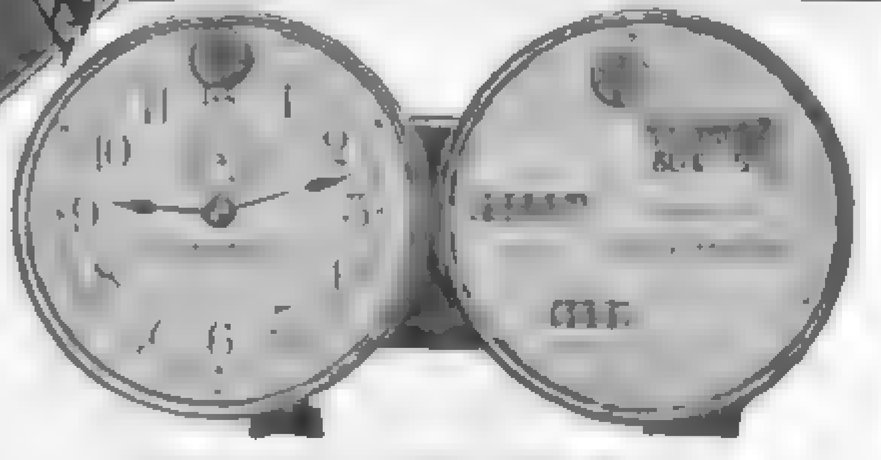

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The **Warner Anemometer,** which indicates the velocity and direction of air currents, is in use by the United States Government in various departments.

The **Warner Aero-Meter**—the first aeroplane accessory and the latest triumph of the Warner work-shops — is an adaptation of the principle of the anemometer to the determination of wind velocity in aerial navigation.

The **Warner Horograph,** the invention of Mr. C. H. Warner, is an electrically operated race-timing device which is so far in advance of any other timer that it was adopted at once by the National Racing Association. It will register hundredths of a second.

Absolute accuracy in principle, in construction and in performance is the feature of Warner products. Price is not a factor in any of them. You can buy cheaper speed indicators than the Warner Auto-Meter.

But it is the entire subordination of price to quality that has made the Warner Auto-Meter the Aristocrat of Speed Indicators. We do not build it to sell as cheaply as we can. We build a perfect instrument and sell it as cheaply as it is possible to sell perfection.

It is the only instrument considered in important tests or races where accuracy of speed indication is a necessity. This fact demonstrates that the Warner Auto-Meter is the only instrument whose perfection is acknowledged by those in a position to judge. Doesn't that make it the only instrument for you?

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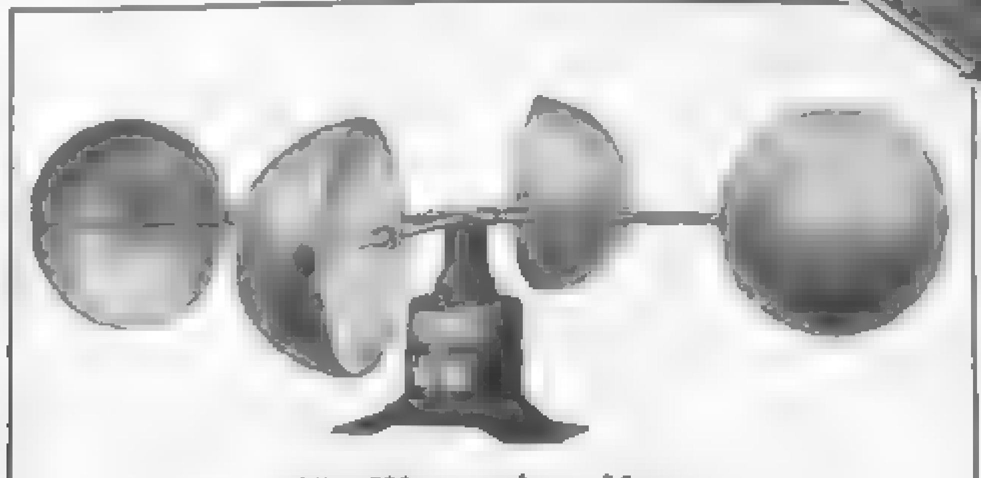

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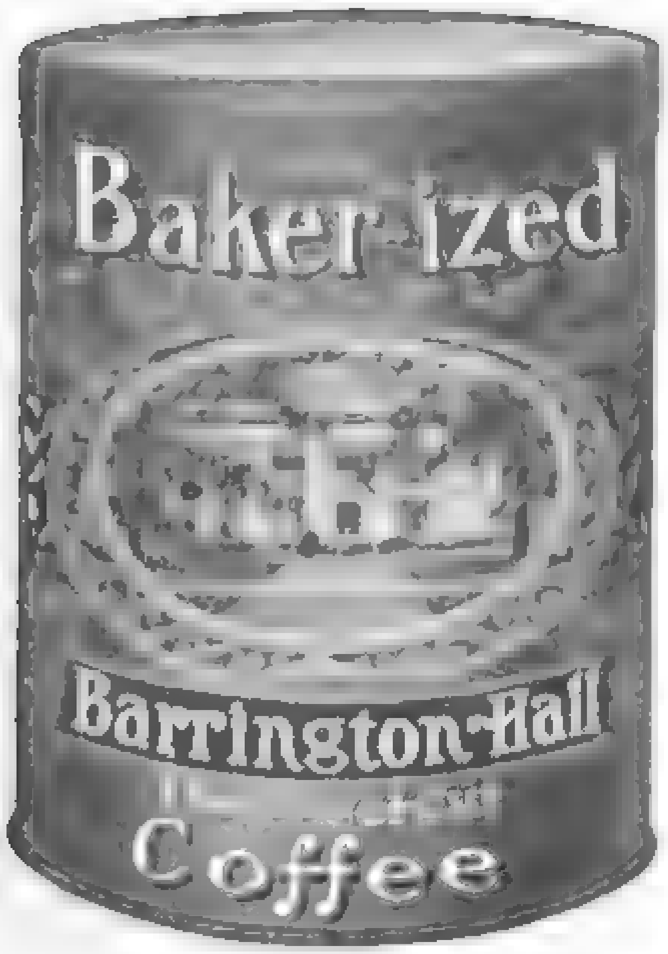

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BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ONE

(Continued from Page 15)

it, an' the other was a Columbian half-dollar!

"Rhoda," says I, "it was me who done you a good turn," I says, "when you made a playmate of a common pig," I says. "Tell me, then, where you found the money."

"Fifty cents," says the innocent child, holdin' out her pretty little hand.

"Rhoda," says I, "I'll ask your mother."

"She don't know," says she, half singin' it

"She'll make you tell," I says.

"No, she can't," says Rhoda, an' jumped off the fence an' picked a dandelion an' blew the fuzz off it, an' then stuck out her little red tongue at me an' skipped away. When she was a long way off she turned around an' screams: "Fifty cents!"

It was only the next day I met old man Ed Coleman, the janitor of the Opera House.

"Jim," he says, "I had a stroke of luck."

"You don't say," I says. "Have yer sins been fergiven?"

"No," he says. "I'm comin' into some money," he says, kinder lowerin' his voice. "My wife always says I tell everythin' I know. I ain't goin' to, this time! I ain't goin' to tell so you'll understand it at all. But I'm just goin' to say that I invested fifty cents this mornin' that maybe'll bring me back three or four thousand or a half a million dollars. Somethin' like that, more or less."

"When?" I says.

"I oughter have it by Sunday night, by jolly!" says he. "I tell yer I'm in on the ground floor!" An' with that he turned the broom over an' beat with the handle on the Opera House steps an' began to sing:

My old man was a captain of a clipper,
He's a jolly old trading skipper,
So wait till the ship comes in.

"Seems to me you're a long way from the salt water an' steamboat docks to talk like that," I says.

"Don't you worry," says he, beginnin' to sweep again. "This is somethin' real romance," he says, "like them plays the traveling troupes act out in the Hall. I tell yer it will be a surprise to this town!" he says, draggin' his broom up the steps.

I didn't have to go half a block up Main Street before I come to Lynch's hardware emporium. Ted was sittin' out on the steps in the sun. You know Ted. He never seems to do any business there, an' I guess his father, who was there before him an' treated him like a child an' abused him, kinder broke his spirit. He always acts like a man who's just got up from havin' a spell of sickness an' he talks in a whisper.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Hands," he says to me. "I want to ask you somethin'."

"What is it?" says I.

He squinted one eye the way he does, an' coughed an' says: "Is the minister of the Mead Street Church goin' to get married?" he says.

"I hadn't heard it," says I. "Them pale, thin fellers with clammy hands always seem to keep out of it fer a long while," I says. "Why?" says I.

"Nothin' much," says Lynch, squintin' some more. "But he come in last night an' bought a spade."

"What's that got to do with it?" I says.

"Nothin' much," says he, "but I thought maybe he was gettin' hitched. Of course, then he'd get a house instead of boardin' at Mrs. Grogan's, an' then he'd have a garden, so he'd have to have a spade. An', besides, he was kinder excited. He seemed to want to hide his feelin's, so he asked me what I knew about Mahaffy's buried money. I thought he was kinder foolish actin' so I came to the notion he was goin' to get married."

"I'll see what I can find out," I says, an' I went on up the river road to get into the factory in time to punch the time-clock before eight.

It was near noon before I seen Dave. He seemed to kinder want to keep away from me. But finally I had to speak to him about a new pattern fer vamps, an' I says to him, "Do you remember that Columbian half-dollar?" I says.

"Yes," says he, lookin' kinder quick out the window at the railroad bridge an' then lookin' at me.

"Let me see it," says I.

"Look here, Jim," says he to me, "quit yer jokin'. You ain't told anybody about that business that happened yesterday?"

"No," I says, tryin' to keep from laughin'.

"Jim," says he, "I tell you this is an important matter. I'll give you ten dollars the first of the week if you won't say nothin'."

"Can't bribe me," I says.

Dave's got a tradin' streak in him, anyhow. "Well, Jim," he says, "I'll let you in on it. You come to my house Sunday," he says.

"No," says I, "I wouldn't touch money that was tainted," I says. "Especially when it was tainted by a murder," I says.

"Sh! Sh!" says Dave. "Don't talk so loud. Enough people know about this already. An' I can't understand why the little brat of a girl won't do anythin' till Sunday. But it don't do to talk to her. She just gets up an' laughs an' starts to run."

"She can keep a secret," says I.

"No, she can't," Dave says. "She's already let somebody else in on this."

"Somebody else?" I says. "Can it be possible?" I says.

"Yes," says he. "It was a woman, too. It was Miss Kirby, the milliner," he says, diggin' into his yellow hair with his fingers. "It makes me tired," he says. "A woman with spectacles an' frizzled top-piece, too!" he says. "An' she got in on this easy. Why, what do you think? She took advantage of that little girl. She offered her half a yard of yellow ribbon an' a brass thimble if she'd tell where she got the gold coin," he says. "Ain't that a whale!"

It's kind of curious how things happen, but just about then I happened to look up an' I seen little Rhoda herself. She was sittin' on that plank that reaches across the sluiceway, an' she was talkin' to Best, the foreman of the packin'-room. He's a shrewd feller—a cold-blooded feller, an' a feller who never bought a cigar fer anybody an' buys ten-cent calendars fer his folks in Michigan at Christmastime. An' he had so much method an' system about everythin' that it weren't often he got around to real work, an' he was so close he wouldn't use tooth powder except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Well, as I say, I seen Rhoda show her coin an' then tie it up in her little handkerchief again. Best rubbed his forehead as if he was studyin' over somethin', an' then I seen him point up toward Maple Hill an' the woods, an' I seen her nod. Then he said somethin' an' she walked away an' picked a daisy an' begin to pull the petals off. Then he followed her an' she ran round the corner of the buildin'.

"Dave," says I, "love of money has made rascals out of some men an' fools out of others," I says.

"Aw! You'll think different when you see me ridin' in a puff wagon," says he, "an' gettin' trusted at all the stores, an' things like that," he says.

I laughed to myself at him, but I guess a dozen times between then an' Sunday I found myself wonderin' whether the Beautiful Little One had really found somethin'. I had half an idea that it would be a good joke on me if Dave an' the milliner really got somethin' out of it.

I remember Sunday mornin' come good an' bright—one of them fine Sundays in spring when you can see a clean edge to them mountains that's twenty miles up the valley an' the church bells sound clear, too, an' you can even smell farther, an' lots of the flowers in the front yard up there by the bushes come right out a week or so ahead of time.

After breakfast I was sittin' on the doorstep, listenin' to my Annie singin' while she was gettin' the kids dressed fer Sunday-school, an' birds were hoppin' around out on the road. An' when I looked up there was Jessie Peters, the old woman that lives alone three houses up the hill above mine. Some say she is Miss and some say she is Mrs. an' talked so much that the Mr. joined the Gypsies.

"Mr. Hands," says she, "you know how I hate borrowin' folks, but I just come down to find out if maybe this afternoon I could have the loan of a spade from yer," she says. "There don't seem to be many in town," says she, "an' somebody stole mine last night," she says.

"I'm sorry," I says, "but I lent the only one I had yesterday," I says.

"Oh, well," says she, "it's all right. Maybe a trowel will do," says she. "Good-mornin', Mr. Hands," she says, "an

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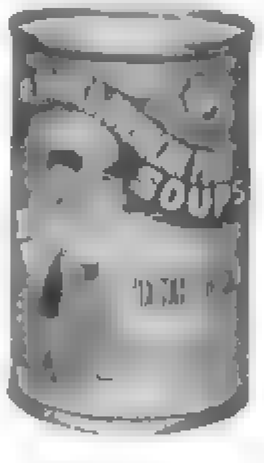

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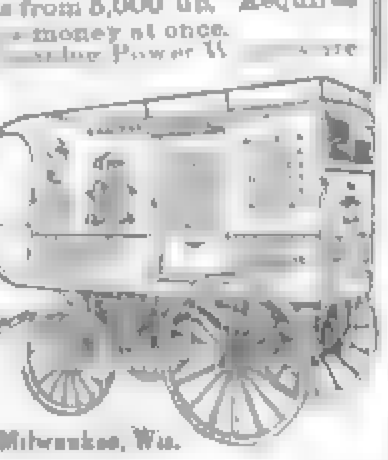

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thank you just the same," she says, settin' her little black bonnet on her doorknob of gray hair as she went off.

"Annie," says I to my wife after dinner that day, "I believe I'll take a stroll down into the village," I says, "fer I believe there'll be a secret told," I says.

"What is it?" says she, wrigglin'. Fer good as she is she's a woman just the same!

"Have patience," says I. "I'll be back presently. Hand me the little camera off the mantelpiece, Mike," I says, "an' the old pipe an' the box of tobacco; that's a good boy," I says; an' so I went down Maple Street an' strolled along in front of the closed stores on Main Street till I come to the corner where you turn down to the station. Right there I met Fred, the barber's assistant. He was hurryin' across Main Street an' he didn't seem to see me at all.

"Where you goin'?" I yells. "Runnin' fer a train? There ain't any trains Sundays."

He grinned a little, but he didn't stop. "I'm just takin' a little stroll," he says.

"Where's yer spade?" I says.

"What's that?" says he, startled an' pullin' off his hat so's you could smell the bay rum. "How'd you know I had a spade?" he says. "Say, Mr. Hands," he says, "are you in on this?"

"No," I says. "But," says I, pointin' down the station platform, "lots of 'em is," I says.

An' it was astonishin'. It seemed as if there was goin' to be an excursion. There was the minister of the Mead Street Church, an' the girl who does housework fer the boss, an' Dave, an' Miss Kirby the milliner, an' Best from the packin'-room, an' two girls who run vampin' machines, an' Ed Coleman wearin' corduroy pants, an' Jessie Peters, with an old-fashioned sunshade, and Joe Fletcher, and Sig Newton, an' the two Hebrews that bought out the Empire City Clothing Company, an' a farmer that lives out by Doty's sawmill, an' George Sykes who used to be selectman, an' others also present.

Why, they was all eyin' each other an' not talkin', but lookin' around the scenery this way an' that, as if they expected somethin'. Some of 'em were sittin' on the baggage-truck an' others was walkin' up an' down, an' some was whistlin' just as if they was careless, an' others whittled on pieces of wood. Anyhow, they weren't sociable. There weren't one of 'em that didn't look as if he wished he was readin' the death notice of the others. Miss Kirby, I remember, kept fixin' her veil. None of 'em was glad to see either Fred or me

It weren't long, though. I was one of the first to see Rhoda. She come down around the corner of the Bixby Brothers' hay, grain and feed store. An' there weren't anybody there that didn't start forward to meet her—the dear little girl! An' every one of 'em had walked toward her a half a dozen steps before they turned an' looked at each other. An' maybe they understood.

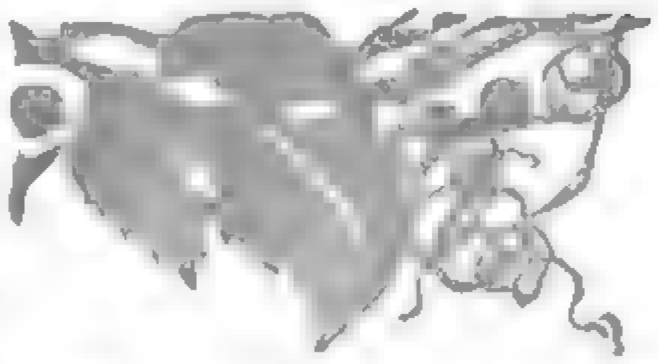
Anyhow, there was Miss Kirby, she coughed an' turned around an' walked the other way, an' Dave looked at me kinder sick an' went back to sit on the truck, an' Ed Coleman pulled out his jackknife again.

But the dear little girl came along just the same, catchin' the top of the longer grass in the fork of her dear little innocent fingers. She looked up at the white clouds an' picked up a pebble an' threw it across the track as she came down the platform. She didn't pay any more attention to the others than if they had been a lot of empty packin'-boxes. I can remember her now. She was dressed up the way I'd seen her first—all white and starchy an' with her golden hair all smooth an' nice behind her little pink ears.

It weren't till she had got by all of 'em that she stopped an' turned around an' looked back at 'em. She had one finger in her dear little mouth. An' then all of a sudden she let out one little short laugh. It weren't loud, but all them on the platform looked around kind of frightened to see what she would say. But she was somethin' of a Beautiful Little One. So she just stuck out her little red tongue at 'em—once—just once.

"Dave," says I, fer I was standin' very near him "I told you, didn't I, that the little child's soul had been washed in some river in India?" I says.

"By gee!" says Dave to me. "You listen to me," he says "They didn't use no soap!" he says



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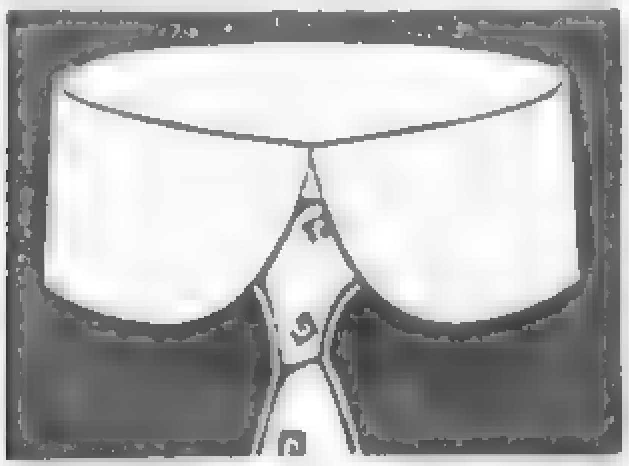

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SIR JAS.

(Continued from Page 11)

I looked at Miss Graham, all unconscious of her doom. She had dropped her gaze, and stood, breathing rather deeply at the distress of the scene. Hallimore unfolded the sheet, and a whiff of some scent floated into my nostrils. Miss Graham's long lashes curtained her eyes.

"But I don't understand," said Hallimore, suddenly breaking to me what was a terrible silence. "Why did you—my dear man, what was the matter with you? Kleptomania? Or a joke?" To my amazement he put the letter in Miss Graham's hand. "It's only a cordial letter of congratulation from Mrs. Anson. She - heard it at the Carltons'. She puts things very nicely."

He turned to me again, a whimsical smile upon his face. "My dear fellow, what was the joke? A wager?"

I was dumfounded. I was almost incapable of thought.

After my day's agony and endurance that this should be the outcome, a feeble, cynical jest of Fate! I murmured, accepting this way out:

"A bet, yes, but a stupid one."

"Well, between ourselves, I think you allowed it to go too far," said Hallimore civilly enough, but with an implication of rebuke.

There was an obvious constraint between us. I shrugged my shoulders. "I offer apologies," I said. "Practical jokes are invariably foolish and generally vulgar. This was both."

He did not deny it. "Sometimes they have an ugly cast," he said coolly. Somehow, I don't think my bearing impressed him favorably. But how was it possible to meet such a climax without signs of confusion? Miss Graham, I was aware, was regarding me oddly out of her deep eyes. She was twisting the note between her fingers almost without consciousness of it.

"Well, having confessed and been discharged with a caution, I will go," I mustered spirit and voice to get out. Yet I will not attempt to deny that my exit was an undignified affair.

Confused, irritated and ashamed, I was enabled to get through the rest of the evening only by taking a hand at bridge at the club.

"What are you going to do about the rebuilding scheme, Tyrwhitt?" asked d [illegible].

"What rebuilding scheme?" I asked with deliberate insolence, for he knew I knew. He laughed.

"It's all along of that no-trumps declaration," he declared knowingly, by way of accounting for my mood.

The idea of rebuilding made me sick after that day of shame. I blushed over my cards, played false, and caught my partner's cold scowl.

Mrs. Anson's hand was visible on one of my letters next morning. Of course, the explanation was what I had conjectured in the bitter hours of the night watches. It was a fevered note, but suggested a certain aloofness for all that, as of one who had given confidences unwisely, and had repented on finding them unnecessary.

"I find I put into the envelope my letter of congratulation which was to have gone today under another cover. I shall be always grateful to you for your kindness and sympathy . . ."

How naïve a revelation! But letters are dangerous things. Did I not know that from painful experience! I dropped Mrs. Anson's into a blaze. *Sic pereant* . . .

I was aware I was in disgrace with Hallimore, who did not even take the trouble to vote on the rebuilding scheme. He was curt when I met him, and refused to cut in at cards at my table on one occasion. Of course, it is possible that he may have been more interested in the "patience" he was playing.

It was in October that I happened to meet Lady Hallimore at a musical at-home. She had been married over two months, had recently returned from Como, and looked amazingly happy and healthy and handsome. I think she must have engineered our small *tête-à-tête*, for certainly I was not anxious to be alone with her. I was a little afraid of her. She knew too much. Her very frigid civility during the afternoon had been almost a menace. I wondered if I should ever outlive, or live down, my indiscretion. But her address

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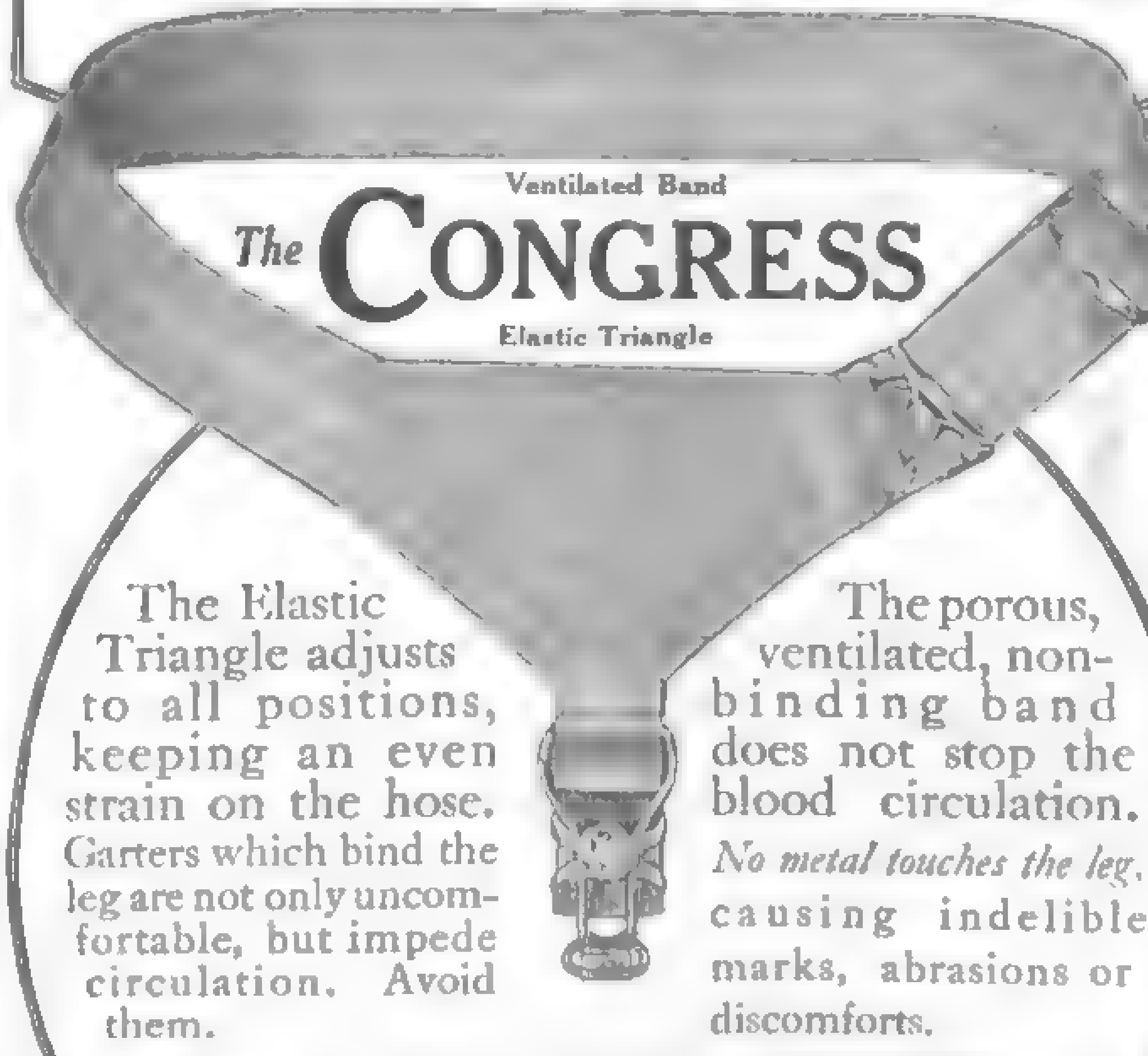

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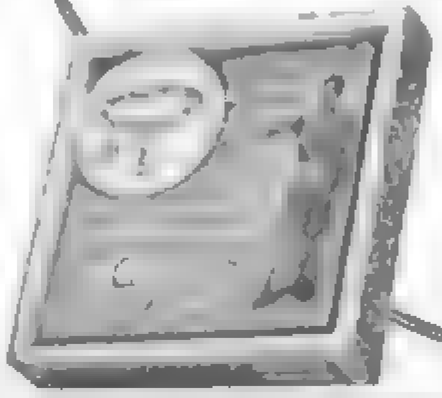

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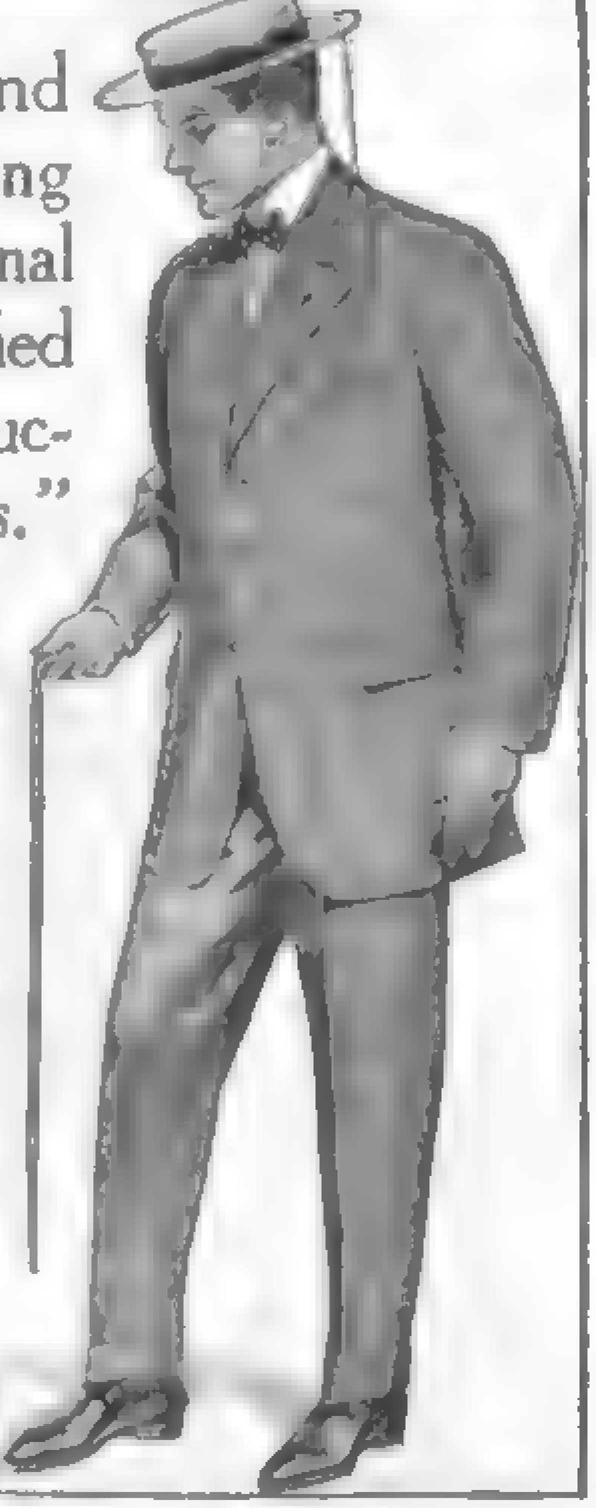

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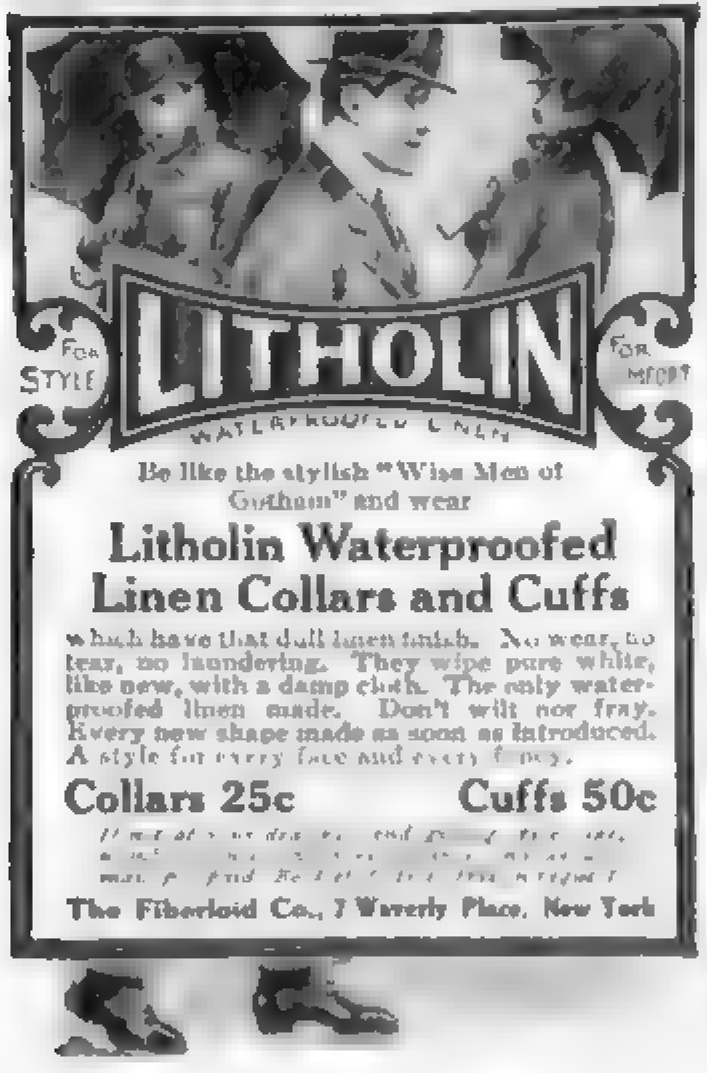
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.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Be like the stylish "Wise Men of Gotham" and wear
Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs
which have that dull linen finish. No wear, no tear, no laundering. They wipe pure white, like new, with a damp cloth. The only waterproofed linen made. Don't wilt nor fray. Every new shape made as soon as introduced. A style for every face and every fancy.
Collars 25c **Cuffs 50c**
[illegible]
The Fiberloid Co., 7 Waverly Place, New York

agreeably surprised me. Her voice was quite friendly when we were alone.

"Did you like that Chaminade?" she asked.

I have musical tastes, but they are my own, and I really don't know how I got at them. I expressed my appreciation of Chaminade. I don't think she listened. Her eyes were fixed on me, and she said suddenly:

"Will you tell me what she said in that letter?"

"Who?" I cried, like an owl in bewildered fear.

"We need not mention names," she said. "But you know what was in that—that letter that didn't come?"

I met her glance frankly. "No, I don't," I replied.

"Mr. Tyrwhitt," she said quickly, "we were once in tearooms together. You put a certain question to me. Honestly, I didn't understand it at the time. But afterward, when the letter ———. Well, I guessed."

"All the same, I don't know, I never knew," I said firmly.

"You knew enough———" She paused, but her fine eyes were unashamed and did not leave my face. I answered on the impulse:

"I know enough to know that no knowledge need matter."

"Yes," she said, "I did not understand you. I thank you." She glanced aside. "Sir James knew always. Do you think I———"

"My dear lady," said I, "remember, I know nothing save that whatever it was wouldn't matter—with you."

A faint color spread in her face. "Thank you," she said, and added impulsively:

"You acted nobly; it was beautifully chivalrous. I have wanted to tell you since."

"I don't think you need thank me," I said. "It was all unnecessary."

"Ah, but you didn't know," she interjected.

"And, you see, I was acting in the interests of some one else," I added slowly.

"Ah, yes," she assented, pondering. "I wonder why———"

"You must remember that I did not know you then," said I.

"But you do now," she said quickly.

"It is my great privilege," I answered.

She leaned forward. "I am giving a little dinner next month at which the Prime Minister will be present. I want you to come."

"But Hallimore———" I protested.

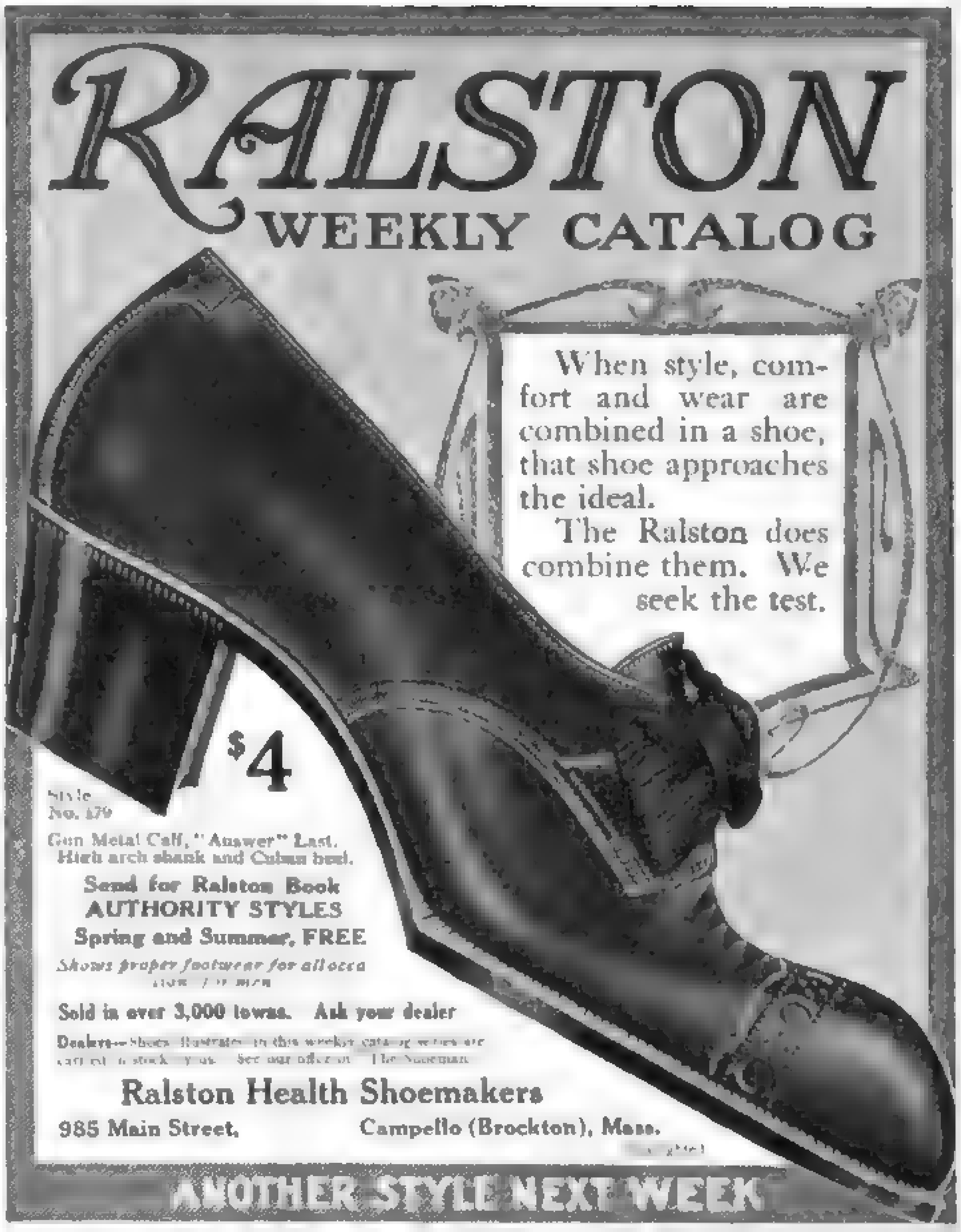
She smiled. "Oh, James will be delighted," she replied mildly.

As a matter of fact, I met him at the club that night, and as his table broke up he took my arm in a friendly way. "I say, Tyrwhitt, do you know this 'patience'?" he said, walking over to a baize table under the light. "It's called the 'Agnes,' and is quite good sport."

Sun-Power

IT HAS been estimated by Professor Sir J. J. Thomson that under a high sun and a clear sky the amount of solar heat that beats upon the earth is equivalent to about seven thousand horse-power to an acre. Many an inventor has tried to utilize this enormous power in a practical way. Perhaps the most distinguished of these dreamers was Captain Ericsson, who designed the Monitor. Although his solar engine never reached the commercial stage, his example undoubtedly fired his less distinguished but somewhat more successful followers. In California at least one plant is in operation driven by the sun. Some day, when our coal is exhausted and our water-power inadequate, there will be more plants like it. When that time is at hand, perhaps the alkali wastes of the West or the blazing desert of Sahara may be centers of great manufacturing industries, and, perhaps, the value of land will be determined by its suitability for trapping sunbeams.

A recent engineering study of the possibilities of solar-power plants shows that even now the sun's rays could be utilized to good purpose in some parts of the country. To compete with a sun-power plant, which, of course, could be employed only in suitable regions, such as California—a steam plant would have to obtain its coal for sixty-six cents a ton. When it is considered how expensive coal is in the West it seems astonishing that sun-power is not more widely applied to practical purposes in the Southwest.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Gun Metal Calf, "Answer" Last. High arch shank and Cuban heel.
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Shows proper footwear for all occasions [illegible]
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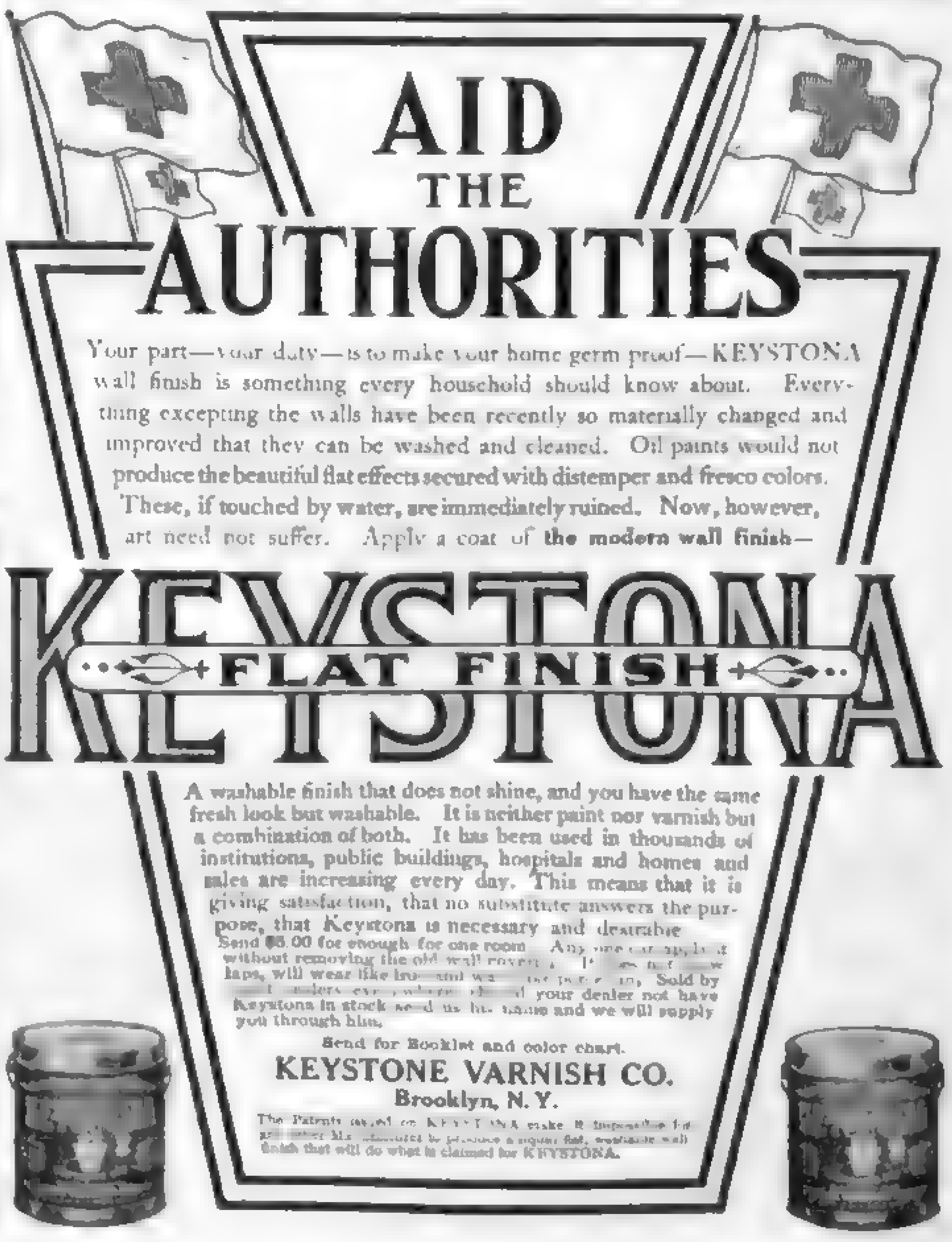
ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK


AID THE AUTHORITIES
Your part—your duty—is to make your home germ proof—KEYSTONA wall finish is something every household should know about. Everything excepting the walls have been recently so materially changed and improved that they can be washed and cleaned. Oil paints would not produce the beautiful flat effects secured with distemper and fresco colors. These, if touched by water, are immediately ruined. Now, however, art need not suffer. Apply a coat of **the modern wall finish—**
KEYSTONA
FLAT FINISH
A washable finish that does not shine, and you have the same fresh look but washable. It is neither paint nor varnish but a combination of both. It has been used in thousands of institutions, public buildings, hospitals and homes and sales are increasing every day. This means that it is giving satisfaction, that no substitute answers the purpose, that Keystona is necessary and desirable.
Send $5.00 for enough for one room. Any one can apply it without removing the old wall covering. [illegible] laps, will wear like iron and [illegible] Sold by [illegible] dealers everywhere. Should your dealer not have Keystona in stock send us his name and we will supply you through him.
Send for Booklet and color chart.
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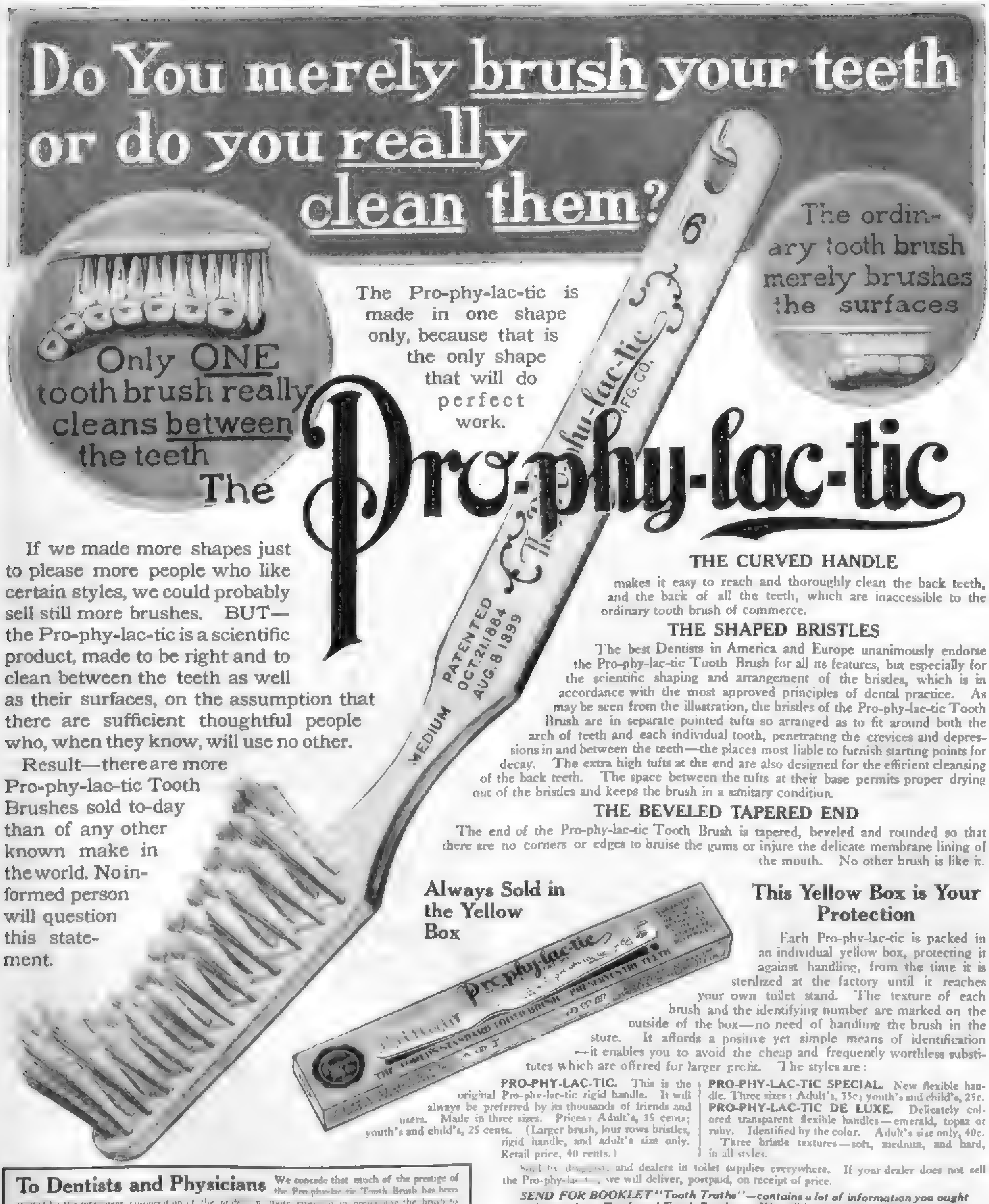
Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Patents issued on KEYSTONA make it impossible for any other [illegible] to produce a [illegible] flat, washable wall finish that will do what is claimed for KEYSTONA.



Do You merely brush your teeth or do you really clean them?

Only ONE tooth brush really cleans between the teeth

The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is made in one shape only, because that is the only shape that will do perfect work.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic

If we made more shapes just to please more people who like certain styles, we could probably sell still more brushes. BUT—the Pro-phy-lac-tic is a scientific product, made to be right and to clean between the teeth as well as their surfaces, on the assumption that there are sufficient thoughtful people who, when they know, will use no other.

Result—there are more Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes sold to-day than of any other known make in the world. No informed person will question this statement.

THE CURVED HANDLE

makes it easy to reach and thoroughly clean the back teeth, and the back of all the teeth, which are inaccessible to the ordinary tooth brush of commerce.

THE SHAPED BRISTLES

The best Dentists in America and Europe unanimously endorse the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for all its features, but especially for the scientific shaping and arrangement of the bristles, which is in accordance with the most approved principles of dental practice. As may be seen from the illustration, the bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are in separate pointed tufts so arranged as to fit around both the arch of teeth and each individual tooth, penetrating the crevices and depressions in and between the teeth—the places most liable to furnish starting points for decay. The extra high tufts at the end are also designed for the efficient cleansing of the back teeth. The space between the tufts at their base permits proper drying out of the bristles and keeps the brush in a sanitary condition.

THE BEVELED TAPERED END

The end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is tapered, beveled and rounded so that there are no corners or edges to bruise the gums or injure the delicate membrane lining of the mouth. No other brush is like it.

Always Sold in the Yellow Box

This Yellow Box is Your Protection

Each Pro-phy-lac-tic is packed in an individual yellow box, protecting it against handling, from the time it is sterilized at the factory until it reaches your own toilet stand. The texture of each brush and the identifying number are marked on the outside of the box—no need of handling the brush in the store. It affords a positive yet simple means of identification—it enables you to avoid the cheap and frequently worthless substitutes which are offered for larger profit. The styles are:

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC. This is the original Pro-phy-lac-tic rigid handle. It will always be preferred by its thousands of friends and users. Made in three sizes. Prices: Adult's, 35 cents; youth's and child's, 25 cents. (Larger brush, four rows bristles, rigid handle, and adult's size only. Retail price, 40 cents.)

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL. New flexible handle. Three sizes: Adult's, 35c; youth's and child's, 25c.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC DE LUXE. Delicately colored transparent flexible handles—emerald, topaz or ruby. Identified by the color. Adult's size only, 40c.

Three bristle textures—soft, medium, and hard, in all styles.

Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere. If your dealer does not sell the Pro-phy-lac-tic, we will deliver, postpaid, on receipt of price.

SEND FOR BOOKLET "Tooth Truths"—contains a lot of information you ought to know about Teeth and Tooth Brushes. We will be glad to send it on request.

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All our base ball goods are guaranteed; any defective article will be replaced if returned to us

Ask your dealer for our Catalog of Athletic Goods and "Official Base Ball Rules for 1910" - free. If he hasn't them, write us.

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It means a great saving in time and labor if You Use a

SIMONDS SAW

The steel which goes into Simonds Saws is made in [illegible]

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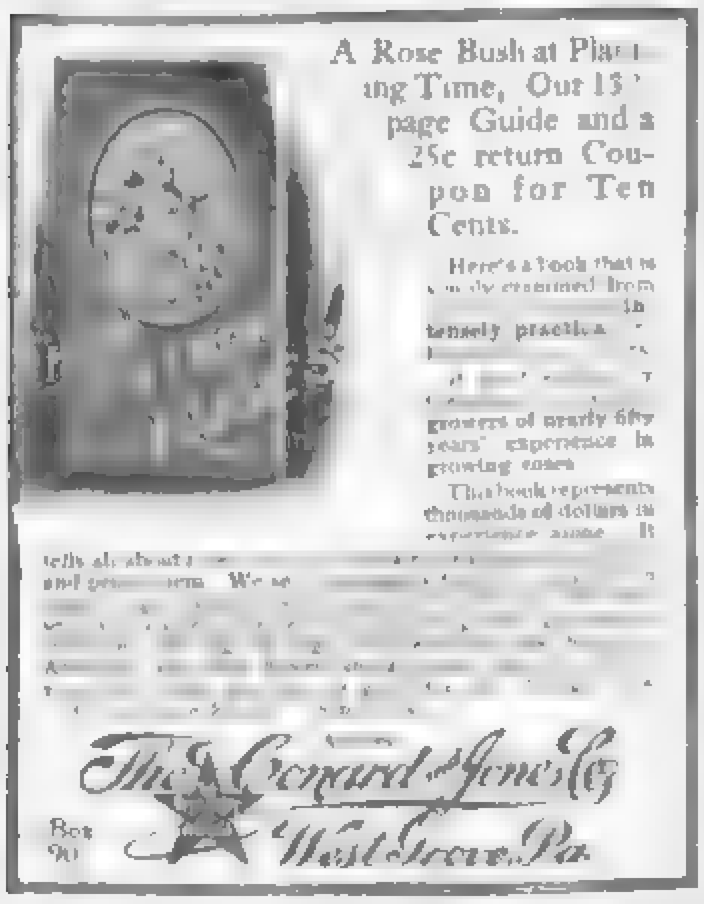
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Here's a book that is [illegible] tensely practical [illegible] growers of nearly fifty years' experience in growing roses

This book represents thousands of dollars in experience alone. It tells all about [illegible]

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Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

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9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
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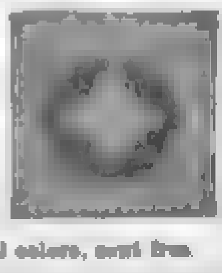
Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.


New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 694 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

THE EASIEST PROFITS

(Continued from Page 16)

When this expert installed it personally, however, getting acquainted with the mechanics, balancing their common-sense against their conservatism, it would often bring about wonders in production. A run-down machine-shop employing two hundred men, losing money, and with no shop spirit, could be brought to pay good profits, increase wages thirty per cent, and make work move along with spirit and certainty. This sort of standardization has not as yet been applied in one-fourth of our machine-shops, much less in other mechanical industries. So, there is a world of room for profit-saving through better labor organization.

And in many industries where mechanical processes are secondary it is possible to apply the same principle of standardization. The employer with only two or three dozen persons on his payroll can often establish a standard that will make for uniform production if he holds his people to it, reveal the best workers, weed out incompetents or give a chance to train them, attract the highest class of employees, and infuse an aggressive shop spirit into the whole work force. Even an office-boy likes to be in the top-notch class. Knowing this, the management of a large paint concern has set standards of efficiency all through its organization, extending from mechanical operations, which may be timed by the clock, to work like that of the traveling salesmen, which is standardized by a system of points. Twenty salesmen in given territory are credited with good work by points, and at the end of the year those who have attained a certain standard of efficiency get bonuses, with a little gold button to be worn through next year. Even the boys who sweep out the offices are rated by points and get a button for standard work. It bears the initials "T. N." That stands for "top notch."

In an Eastern metal-working plant where hand production plays an important part in carrying out artistic designs the individual output of each mechanic is constantly compared with the average results of the department in which he is employed, and his record furnishes the basis for adjustment of his wages.

A Record of Results

The manager of a small chain of candy-stores has set standards for his women clerks by the simple device of counting the cash-register slips recorded by each clerk. Exceptionally competent clerks have made as many as a thousand separate sales in one day during a very busy time like Christmas week, while half that many at another time of year may be as noteworthy a record. By comparing the work of different girls, keeping in mind the state of trade at different seasons, he has been able to set reasonable standards for his saleswomen, and they take pride in coming up to them.

This general idea is capable of infinite adaptation, and somewhere in every such scheme, when properly thought out and applied, there is a saving in labor for the employee and a saving in labor cost for the boss. But without a liberal leaven of personality a scheme may produce more trouble than economy. The martinet can make it galling instead of helpful, and so can the man who fails to look after the bottom of his class as well as his prize scholars at the top.

The superintendent of telephone traffic in a certain large city used to make up an ordinary monthly report showing the relative standing of the different branch exchanges under his charge. There were twelve exchanges at that time. Any shortcoming in service reported against a given exchange would appear against it in the monthly schedule. The exchange with the fewest black marks headed the list, the next best was put in second place, and so on. Of course, some exchange had to be at the bottom of the list each month. Now it would be one, and again another, as the service fluctuated. Yet every time the superintendent sent in this report his general manager, a somewhat slow-thinking old fellow, would call him on to the carpet and ask very gravely: "Mr. White, this is an excellent showing. But how do you account for the fact that Corktown

"Every Man His Own Barber"

This learned Judge none will begrudge
The fame his wit has won.
With speed and grace he shaves his face,
And thinks it best of fun.
But here's the reason for his joy—
GEM JUNIOR only he'll employ!

ALL judges of good safety razors have handed down their decisions in favor of GEM JUNIOR after the first trial. The conclusive evidence of ease, efficiency, quick and comfortable shaving has resulted in a flattering verdict for this razor which in every case has backed up the argument made for it. The razor that Made Self-Shaving Popular.

You will be an advocate for the GEM JUNIOR when you find out how it simplifies shaving, shortens it, safeguards it. It has all THE GOOD POINTS of the best safety razors with some EXCLUSIVELY ITS OWN.

GEM JUNIOR Set [illegible] $1.00

Extra Blades, Set of Seven, No. G 7—35 Cents

SPECIAL For Extra Heavy Beards

Gem de Luxe Outfit [illegible] Damascus steel, especially [illegible] $3.50

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[illegible] Gem Razor Strop Dressing [illegible] in a minute. 25c Postpaid

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Summer Underwear

Keep cool all day in "Porosknit." Let air reach your body and evaporate the hot perspiration.

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It is on Every Genuine Garment

"Porosknit" fits without a wrinkle because properly proportioned and elastic [illegible]

FOR MEN 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment FOR BOYS 25c

Union Suits $1.00 for Men 50c for Boys

Buy from dealers. Write us for descriptive booklet

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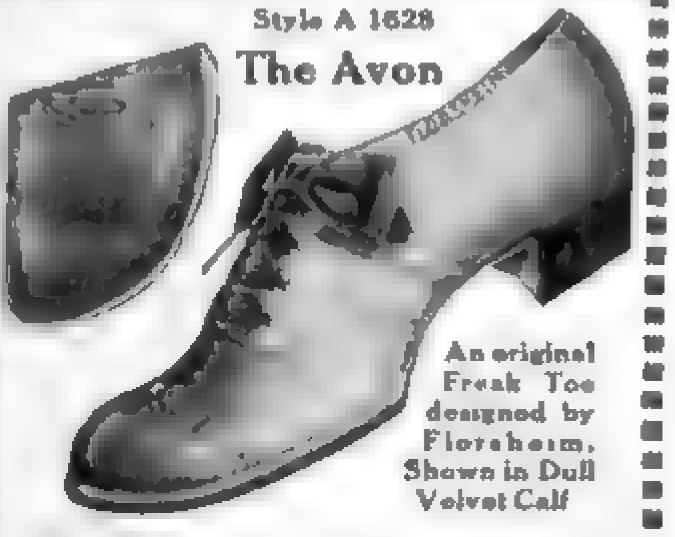

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No bruised heels or torn socks in "Hugtite" Oxfords. Just healthy, comfortable feet.

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Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Shoe or send $5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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Our New Climax Driller 1910 Model

Earned $717 in 75 Hours

This is the actual record of E. A. Price of Buffalo, Minn., with a Waterloo Well Driller. Many owners of

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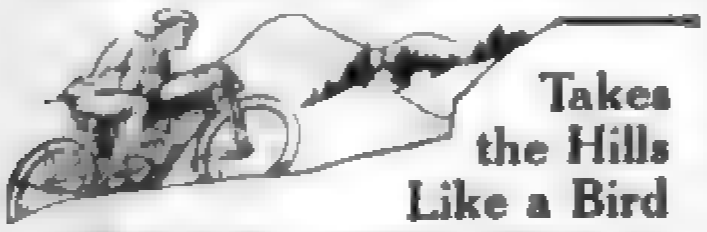
are earning $20 to $50 a day. A Waterloo Well Drilling Outfit costs you from $400 to $ [illegible] We will arrange with responsible parties [illegible] payments from earnings. There is a big demand [illegible]

We will help you start business. Show you how to get all the work you can do, how to manage your Waterloo outfit. Write today. Our big illustrated catalog free.

The Armstrong Quam Mfg. Co., 101 Chestnut Street, Waterloo, Ia.
(Successors to Kelly-Taneyhill Co.—Established 1867) 113



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Simpler in mechanism, with a lighter, cooler, more powerful engine, reasonable in cost, the 1910 R. S. is the nearest approach to motorcycle perfection that has yet been attained. Driving an R. S. is the most exhilarating sport imaginable. As safe and reliable as a bicycle.

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8 Books, $1 each, post free — Table of contents free
Vir Publishing Co. 706 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

exchange is at the bottom of the list?" And for several years this superintendent had to explain, each month, why his list had any bottom at all!

Another great field in which labor cost can be reduced in ways beneficial to both employers and employees will be found in better arrangement of working hours. Within a generation it may become a common practice to operate two shifts of workers in the average industrial plant, instead of one shift working overtime five nights a week, which is largely the present method.

The other day an impatient essayist, sighing for the good old times that probably never were, made the general assertion that every labor-saving contrivance developed by man the past century, such as the railway, reaper, web-press and typewriter, had really made man's work harder instead of lightening the load. That may be true of essayists, but it isn't true of wage-earners, for hours are steadily decreasing in skilled and unskilled trades alike.

This general trend toward shorter hours brings a problem. The modern industrial plant represents an enormous investment. If it is run only eight or ten hours a day the whole investment lies idle more than half the time. If the manufacturer could operate twenty hours a day great economies would result. The capital needed for machinery and buildings would be less. Fixed charges, such as rent, power, interest and insurance, would be a lighter item in cost of product. Great economies would be effected in the item of depreciation alone, for it is our practice in this country to replace machinery the moment something better and faster is available, and if machinery were replaced at the end of five years' service it is obvious that there would be large gains if it could be run twenty hours a day during its life, instead of eight or ten hours. There would also be direct savings in labor cost, because the average American factory, while running nominally on an eight or ten hour schedule, is often forced to work overtime through sheer pressure of demand for its goods. That means extra wages for overtime, and usually a lowered production because the work force is tired. It has been shown by a European investigator that a large proportion of the industrial accidents occur in overtime work, and it is also a curious fact that automatic machinery, such as is used in textile mills, though requiring the least amount of attention from employees, will not produce goods as fast on overtime work as it will during regular hours.

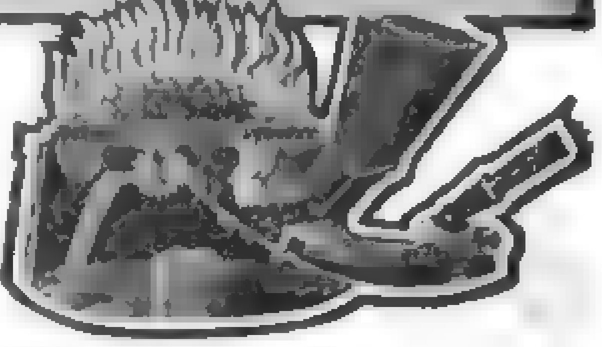
A Woman Intervenes

This same problem exists in England and Germany, and in the latter country some of the most progressive manufacturers have met it by adopting a two-shift system. The German electrical industry is one of the most highly developed in the world. It is run on an eighteen-hour day, whereby two nine-hour shifts keep the plant busy from seven in the morning till two the following morning. A larger number of men are thus kept in steady employment. Goods are delivered more quickly. Costly overtime wages are abolished, and costly overtime blunders. The output per machine is said to be greatly increased. Investment in machinery and buildings is utilized to such good purpose that German electrical houses are now at marked advantages in competing with other countries.

In an English machine-works, running on an eight-hour day, this two-shift plan was tried in a way that kept the plant busy fifteen hours without overtime. The first shift came on at 6.30 A. M., finishing at 3:30 P. M. A second shift started at 1 P. M. and worked till 10, taking an hour for supper.

So far as the factory was concerned this plan worked well, bringing about economies in fixed charges and increasing the output. But it had to be abandoned for a reason which shows how carefully such changes in routine must be calculated. The workmen's wives protested. It threw too much work upon them. With a husband, a son or two and, perhaps, a couple of boarders, all working in that factory, divided between the shifts, the wife found herself preparing five or six meals a day. In effect, she had two families on her hands instead of one. In many American plants today this difficulty could be met by sending employees to the company restaurant for those extra meals.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Collins on business economics.

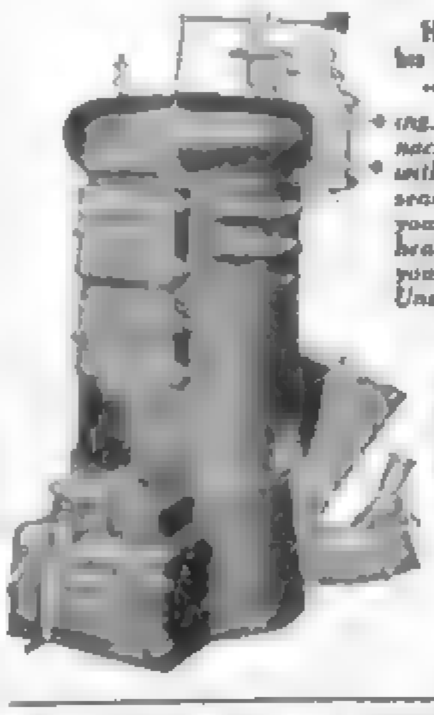


THE UNDERFEED WAY
CLEAN, EVEN HEAT—
at LEAST Possible Cost.

IMMENSE heating bills and not enough *real* heat to talk about, aptly describes past winter experiences in thousands of American homes. It *was* an old-fashioned winter. People depending on ordinary heating methods have shivered in "cold storage atmosphere" that *cost* them more than usual. The UNDERFEED banishes *all* discomforts of winter. It is *certain* the UNDERFEED provides clean, *even* heat, at *least* possible cost. So many people KNOW this that we have broken all records for the sale of modern heating plants. Thousands have money in the bank because

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS
Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

Pea sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack—which would *smother* the fire in ordinary furnaces and boilers,—yield in the UNDERFEED as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal. There's where great saving comes in. Coal is fed from *below*. All the fire is on top. Smoke and gases, wasted in other furnaces, are thus consumed and turned into heat. That's *more* saving. The Underfeed requires little attention. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.



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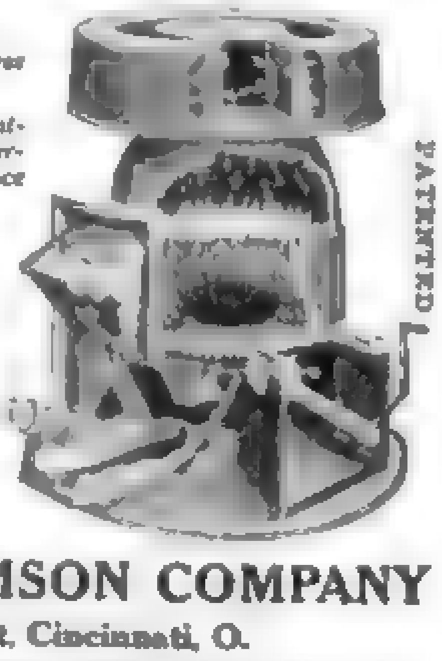
Let us send you a lot of testimonials [illegible] Warm Air Furnaces [illegible] Steam and Hot Water Boilers [illegible] Heating plans [illegible] of our Engineering Corps FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.



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Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Men are invited to write Today for our 1910 Proposition.

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LOOK LIKE LINEN — WEAR BETTER
Pat. Dec. 26, 1906 — Pat. Nov. 24, 1908

YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE between a Challenge Waterproof Collar and a linen collar—but when you wear them you'll find a Challenge Collar much more convenient—saves money for laundry bills and saves the annoyance and bother of soiled linen, saves your appearance in bad weather.

Challenge Collars have a dull finish and linen texture so perfect that even a close observer would not know them from linen. They fit like linen too and are made in the latest up-to-date models. Challenge Collars are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow—can be cleaned with a rub.

Sold by dealers everywhere, Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts. Our new "Slip Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book free.

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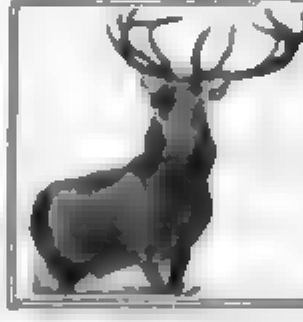
BOSTON, 65 Bedford St. PHILADELPHIA, 908 Chestnut St. CHICAGO, 161 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO, 718 Mission St.
ST. LOUIS [illegible] DETROIT 117 Jefferson Ave. TORONTO, 58-64 Fraser Ave.



The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
pays losses promptly and equitably. Next time you insure against fire, ask any agent or broker to get you a policy in the HARTFORD.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The antiseptic powder to Shake into your Shoes, for Tired, Aching Feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25 cents. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature Allen S. Olmsted on every box.

Learn by yourself why over [illegible] people use [illegible] of Allen's FOOT-EASE. FREE Trial Package, address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED,
Le Roy, N. Y.

"HAMILTON-MADE"
Garden Hose

What garden hose ought to be.

GARDEN HOSE ought to be *tight*, so as not to leak; it ought to be *strong*, so that it will stand pressure; it ought to be *stiff and springy*, so that it will not "kink"; it ought to be *tough*, so as to stand wear. And it ought to be *tested*, so that the maker may know before it leaves his factory that it is ALL it ought to be.

In garden hose, *quality* is the vital point. You can't tell the quality of rubber by sight or feeling. Your best security is the NAME OF THE MAKER.

Garden hose has been for many years a SPECIALTY of this company. Every method and process has been thoroughly tested, and every REAL improvement adopted. HAMILTON-MADE HOSE is made by our OLD, SLOW PROCESS, which produces such *tough*, springy, lasting hose. An inner tube of pure, "live" rubber is wrapped with layer after layer of close-woven duck, all vulcanized tight together. Over this is put a strong, tough outer cover, like the sole of a shoe, to take the wear.

And then, after being well seasoned, every foot of it is TESTED under tremendous hydraulic pressure,—500, 600, even 700 pounds to the square inch. (Even in steam boilers the pressure is rarely as much as 200 pounds.) If any defect shows, that length is rejected.

This old-fashioned, slow method makes hose that no quick, made-by-the-mile process can equal for strength, toughness, and durability. It has given HAMILTON-MADE HOSE the highest reputation for quality and real economy.

Which is cheaper,—to buy low-priced hose and pay for a new lot every year, or to pay a little more at first and get HAMILTON-MADE HOSE?

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

If your dealer has not HAMILTON-MADE HOSE on hand, we will deliver to you anywhere in the United States, FREIGHT PREPAID, 50-foot lengths of our highest-grade hose, complete with standard brass couplings, for the regular price, $12.50 EACH LENGTH.

This splendid hose stands a pressure of 750 POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH, and while it is our highest-priced garden hose, it lasts so long that it is in reality probably the CHEAPEST hose made.

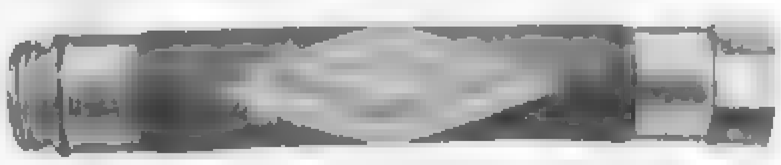
If you want hose of a different grade, write us for samples, and the names of dealers near you.

Hamilton Rubber Manufacturing Co., Trenton, New Jersey

ALWAYS ASK FOR

"Hamilton-Made" Garden Hose

And Look for that Mark on the Hose



THERE'S a Hamilton-Made Hose FOR EVERY USE and every pressure, at 10 to 25 cents a foot, each kind made BETTER THAN IS NECESSARY to meet the requirements for that use. Whatever kind or grade of hose you need, ask the dealer for Hamilton-Made, and you will be sure of getting the BEST HOSE OF THAT GRADE that can be bought.

Below are shown the marks on some of the leading grades of Hamilton-Made Hose. The names, "Kenmore," "Progress," etc., designate the different *grades*, but you will note that EVERY grade bears the mark

"HAMILTON-MADE."

HAMILTON
PROGRESS
KENMURE
STERLINGWORTH

Crossett Shoe

ONE glance shows the snappy, distinctive Crossett style. But the Crossett comfort—that's a pleasure known only to those who *wear* them. Complete Spring line now on sale at all dealers.

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

THE DANGERS OF AVIATION

(Continued from Page 13)

Thus far the many ascents of the Wright brothers, aeroplane pioneers in this country, seem to have established a percentage of safety about as great as that of racing automobiles, at least. Yet even these self-contained drivers of aerial craft have had their misfortunes. A little over a year ago Wilbur Wright was in Rome, and had as one of his military pupils there Lieutenant Mario Calderara, of the Italian Army, an eager and brave young officer who was anxious for distinction and who was confident that he had learned the hang of flying. Calderara attempted to make an ascension by himself after Wilbur Wright had left Rome. His attempt was at first successful, but he was caught in a gust of wind which dashed his machine to the earth. That was in the early spring, and in June, at which time the writer heard of this accident in Rome, Calderara was still in the military hospital, although in a fair way to recover from his injuries.

When Wilbur Wright was abroad even royalty itself joined in throwing fits of ecstasy over the art of aviation. King Alfonso wished very much to make an ascension and frankly stated that the only thing that kept him from it was the promise he had made to the loved ones at home. What he wanted to do, he said, was to get himself a perfectly good aeroplane and cut loose right there. King Edward and one or two English dukes also took interest in flying, but the enthusiasm of none of these reached quite the pressure-point of that of the young Spanish king.

A seventy-foot fall of Glenn H. Curtiss, one of his worst, or best, was at Forest Park, in St. Louis, on October 7, 1909. Curtiss had gone up just about dusk and had ascended some three hundred feet when something went wrong and his airship dived suddenly, striking the ground with great violence and smashing one propeller. Mr. Curtiss is not yet smashed.

In March, a year ago, at Pau, Wilbur Wright met with yet another form of accident. Just as he was leaving the end of the rail to take flight the machine rebounded on the springy turf, a bit of wood flew up somehow, and in an instant the propeller was smashed and the machine wrecked. Wright had aboard a passenger, Colonel Vivez, of the Spanish Army, and according to all accounts the latter was pretty badly scared. Mr. Wright thought the accident was "very stupid."

The News of the Air

The list of minor accidents of the most famous of aeronauts is something not often published. All the world went wild over Blériot, the first to cross the Channel in an aeroplane. It looked very simple and easy. Yet Blériot previous to that time had built fourteen aeroplanes and smashed twelve of them, and his whole career has been full of accidents of minor sort. As for Latham, Blériot's rival, who kept Paris on the qui vive all last summer telling how he was going to fly across the Channel, while he hung around Calais being photographed and talking to the ladies, he had simply a chapter of accidents at Calais while he was trying to get a start. Once he came down in a cornfield, and again, in a more ambitious effort, he landed in the sea and was brought home in a tug.

In some ways the aeroplane is not unlike the automobile. Some aeroplanes, at least, have what is known as a chassis under them, the wheels of which have tires. A while ago Mr. Moore Brabazon, while giving an exhibition at Châlons, had the misfortune to alight with too much vehemence on one corner of his chassis. A tire blew up with a loud report. Mr. Brabazon kept his seat with great bravery. Etiquette requires an aviator who has escaped injury to light a cigarette to show his coolness. Mr. Latham smoked a cigarette at sea while waiting for the tug. It relieved his ennui. It is inferred that Mr. Brabazon smoked a cigarette the while his running gear plowed through the ground in its forward progress.

The aviator who gets off thus easily buys his safety cheap. Last spring M. de Salvert was out one morning taking a spin with his nice new aeroplane. He fell only eleven feet, yet they had to take him and his aeroplane home in an automobile—which latter happily arrived without accident. Mr. Zipfel, while doing a stunt on the Tempelhof parade-grounds in Berlin last year, got caught in a gust of wind and fell from a height which with German accuracy is reported to have been only four and two-thirds meters. It was enough to put the aeroplane out of business, although Mr. Zipfel survived the fall. Even Santos-Dumont, with his new favorite aeroplane, Demoiselle, lost a wheel while skimming too close to the surface of a field. Luckily, the wheel was on the Demoiselle and not on Santos-Dumont

Aviation is regularly covered on the sporting page of every Paris newspaper. Here are notes published on one day last summer:

"VICHY, Thursday.—For the first time in the history of aviation two aeroplanes crossed each other in midair today when MM. Paul Tissandier and Paulhan were both making trials on the aerodrome here. M. Tissandier came down first, with the intention of taking up M. René Gasnier with him, but he made a false start and damaged his machine slightly. He was, therefore, obliged to abandon his experiments for the day."

"M. Zipfel was the first to fly this afternoon. Four times he went round the aerodrome at a height of 100 mètres, but his apparatus seemed too weak, and he came to earth so quickly that his motor was damaged, as well as the body and the right wing of the apparatus."

"A large and fashionable throng witnessed the day's flights, which were favored by very fine weather."

"A balloon accident took place on Wednesday afternoon in the Parc du Cinquantenaire at Brussels. A French balloon piloted by M. Vernauchet was one of forty to be sent up, but it caught on a high stone column. The envelope split and collapsed, the three passengers falling with the car some ninety feet on to another balloon which was being inflated. This, says the Temps, also burst, and the men were almost asphyxiated by the gas and had to be taken to hospital in a serious condition."

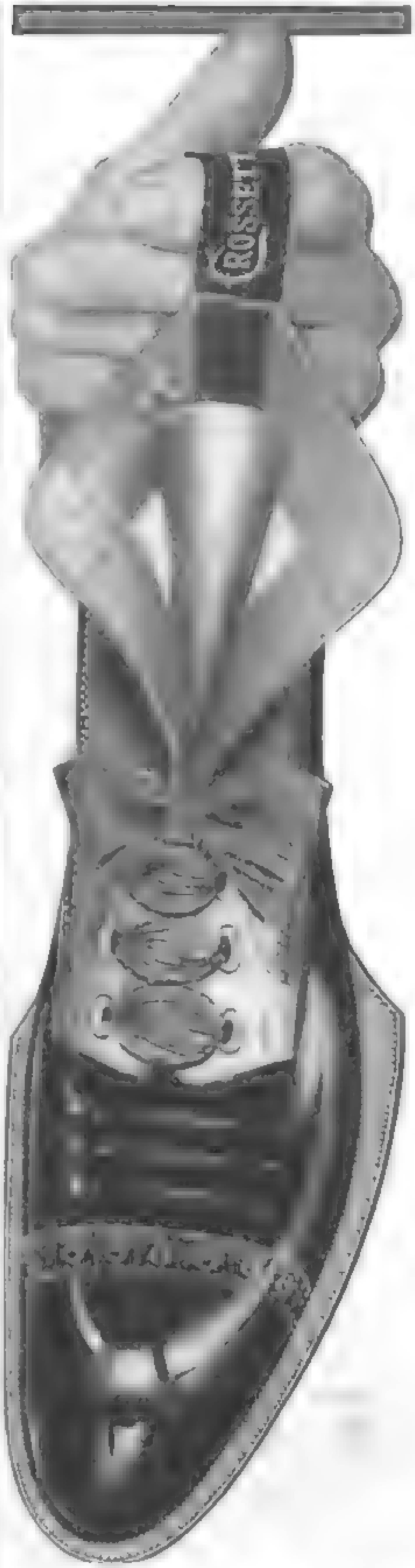
"While Colonel Renard was testing the motor of the French military airship at Meaux, on Wednesday, the machine took fire after having been run for some time. The flames threatened to reach the gasbag containing about 4000 cubic mètres of hydrogen. Soldiers of the Engineer Corps, says the Journal des Débats, managed to extinguish the fire in time to prevent what would have been a terrible explosion."

"Senhor Alfredo Figuiroda, a Portuguese aeronaut, says the Temps, went up in a balloon from Rio de Janeiro on Monday, and was promptly carried out to sea. He tried to come down on the water, but his balloon rose again with him and disappeared on the horizon. Several steamers have been sent to look for him, and it is thought he may have landed on the rocks at Pontal Island."

Via the Air Route

One of the fatal accidents of Paris happened to an inventor by the name of Bradsky, four or five years ago. Bradsky was experimenting with a dirigible and was up some distance in the air when the gasbag caught fire. The dirigible fell in the southern part of Paris, both the inventor and his mechanic being killed outright. Then there was Percy Pilcher, killed near Market Harborough, in England, September 30, 1899, while experimenting with a flyer; and Lilienthal, the more famous man, who was killed August 9, 1896

If there is warrant to expect a somewhat steady per cent of disaster to the small airships of the monoplane and biplane type, what manner of boastful prophecy may be made regarding such great passenger ships as the Zeppelin IV, capable of carrying twenty-four passengers or more at one time? Something by way of wonderful accomplishment must be accorded to the dirigible which can take some such load and fly a thousand miles—as the Zeppelin ship has done. Yet it is only rarely that this best of all the big vessels makes the port for which it starts, and, as earlier mentioned, the Zeppelin IV was destroyed last year in a disaster which



Crossett Shoe

ILLUSTRATION shows our high toe "Marathon" last which has taken the well-dressed public by storm. Ask your dealer to show you this and the other new Crossett models.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., Makers
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

Keepkool
UNDERWEAR

THE porous principle is the right idea in summer underwear. It has *practical* expression in **Keepkool**—

the only elastic ribbed, porous underwear

If you will remember—you will not *regret*, that porous underwear must be *elastic ribbed* to be comfortable

[illegible] dealer for **Keepkool** [illegible] Made in knee length and ankle length [illegible], short or long sleeves and athletic shirts

FOR MEN 50c { Shirts and Drawers per garment } **FOR BOYS 25c**

Union Suits for Men, $1 00—for Boys 50c

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NEWTON'S
SHEATHING
INCHES WIDE
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NEWTONS
PLASTER
500 SQ. FEET

AVOID cheap, flimsy sheathing papers that tear easily, absorb moisture and soon rot. [illegible] Sheathing keeps out dust, drafts, cold and dampness. It lasts as long as the house.

WE are pioneer makers of Rosin Sized Sheathing, our products having been sold by the leading dealers for over 30 years. Bear in mind that our papers are made from rag stock, which gives them great strength and wearing qualities.

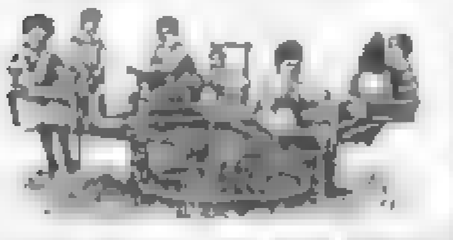
Manufacturers of Sheathing Papers, Deadening Felts, Plaster Boards

Send for samples prices and booklet On the Inside

NEWTON PAPER CO.
10 Canal St., Holyoke, Mass.

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND

MAKES HAPPY, HEALTHY CHILDREN



[illegible] outdoor exercise; keeps lungs inflated [illegible] strong arms, straight [illegible] Not a toy [illegible] Merry Go Round [illegible]

HEALTH MERRY-GO-ROUND CO., Dept. H, QUINCY, ILL.

only by good fortune evaded loss of life. A lesser adventure of this kind was made by a Mr. Sinclair, who, with two companions, started from the English side and tried to cross the Channel, but who accounted himself fortunate with having escaped without loss of life by throwing out all possible ballast. And who does not remember the history of the Walter Wellman balloon which was intended to discover the North Pole; or the yet more sad and tragic history of Major Andree, who sailed for the North Pole and perished somewhere in the unknown? Mr. Wilbur Wright is credited with saying that airships will soon cross the Atlantic. It may be so. Passengers will not lack. Personally, one prefers one's swimming not quite so wide. Suppose one should run out of cigarettes? Such an ennui, then.

In spite of the risk of all this the deeds of the Wright brothers, Curtiss, Paulhan, Latham, Blériot and others make capital news, and the aviation week is now an accepted form of popular entertainment—although to a simple mind the Colosseum was a better show. In France the schoolboys have organized themselves into aviation societies. At the great meet at Rheims last summer a new wine was invented by the name of Champagne d'Aviation—no doubt, something similar to our American squirrel whisky. Special costumes are advertised for flyers in many Paris shops. Aerial passenger lines offer to book passages from Paris to Fontainebleau, Rouen, Lyons, Pau and elsewhere. There is an "airship dock" in Paris already established. A speed of thirty miles an hour is considered safe for passenger cruises in the air. A regular German service is offered between Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Cologne, Bremen, Munich, and other cities, all to be served by Zeppelin dirigibles, and a company advertises journeys above the Alps. At Pau the Municipal Council has accepted a proposal to establish a balloon station, and a subsidy has been granted of two thousand pounds, the intention being to establish service between Pau, Tarbes, Lourdes, Bayonne and Biarritz. There are several Parseval ships in Germany, two Gross military airships, and five or six different patterns by other inventors which are accepted as successes. Great Britain, for military purposes, has spent in air navigation in one year as much as five thousand pounds, Austria as much, France ten times as much. In the same year Germany spent of public money for the same purpose £133,731, and of private money £265,000. Most of this is military experiment money; and at least there is comfort in the reflection that these military experiments will be conducted with as much care as possible.

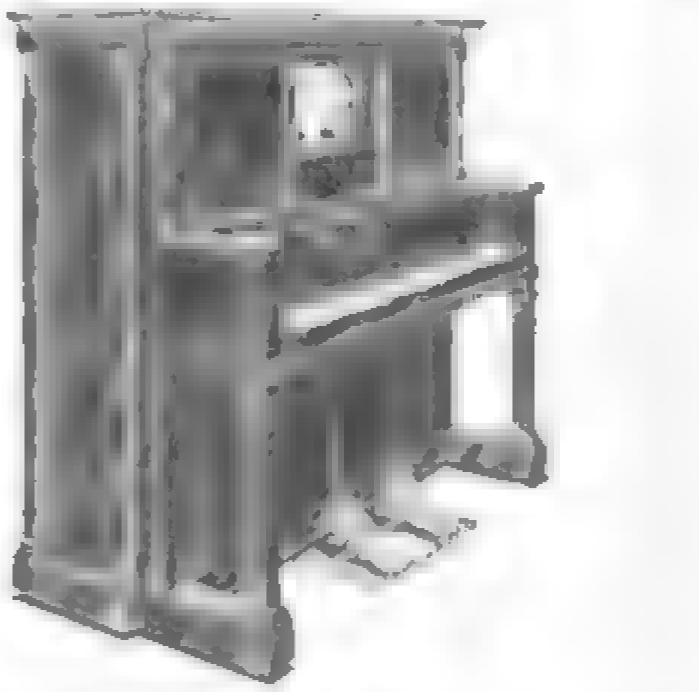
A Feminine Aero Club

In the spring of 1909 the French Parliament voted $20,000 for the encouragement of aviation, and in June of the same year M. Henri Deutsch gave $100,000 and an annual allowance of $3000 for the establishment of a technical aeronautic institute. This was increased by M. Zaharoff, who contributed $140,000 for the foundation of a professorship of aviation in the University of Paris. Many other private individuals have given sums of $200 to $500 in the way of prizes for flights, and so forth. In twelve months last year France offered $400,000 in aviation prizes, quite outside the above contributions in the way of scientific development.

Aviation is a sort of craze, semi-desperate in its nature, in France. When the Juvisy aerodrome was erected, fourteen miles southeast of Paris, the grounds were thronged on the first public Sunday. The crowd broiled all day in the sun and was sullen and discontented by the time the favorite twilight hour for aviation had come. Delagrange, still a popular idol at that time, brought out his machine and made a short flight simply to appease the crowd. No one was hurt. Next Sunday the crowd did not come.

It was at the Juvisy grounds that Captain Ferber met one of his first serious accidents, not yet the fatal one. He accidentally touched the wrong lever, with the result that his machine charged into the refreshment-room, to the general alarm of the public. The machine was badly damaged, and so were some dishes. This did not daunt a wealthy Russian who saw Delagrange make his flights at Juvisy. He paid Delagrange $1200 down for his aeroplane, then and there. Delagrange

MELVILLE CLARK



-The MAN
and
His WORK,

The APOLLO-PIANO

THE ORIGINAL 88-NOTE PLAYER

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS made a better violin because he knew the violin. Melville Clark knows the player piano. In the music trades his personal supremacy in the field of pneumatics is unquestioned. Recently the entire player piano industry paid a remarkable tribute to his genius in adopting the 88-note (complete keyboard) principle, which for eight years was exclusively an Apollo feature.

Other Apollo features (invented and patented by Melville Clark) are:

Apollo Human Touch—The pneumatic fingers of the Apollo 88-Note Player Piano strike DOWN on TOP of the keys, just as the human fingers do in manual playing. The human expression can be imparted to the score in no other way. This method of striking the key is exclusively the Apollo method, and is protected by basic patents. It secures the delicate nuances exactly as the great piano players do.

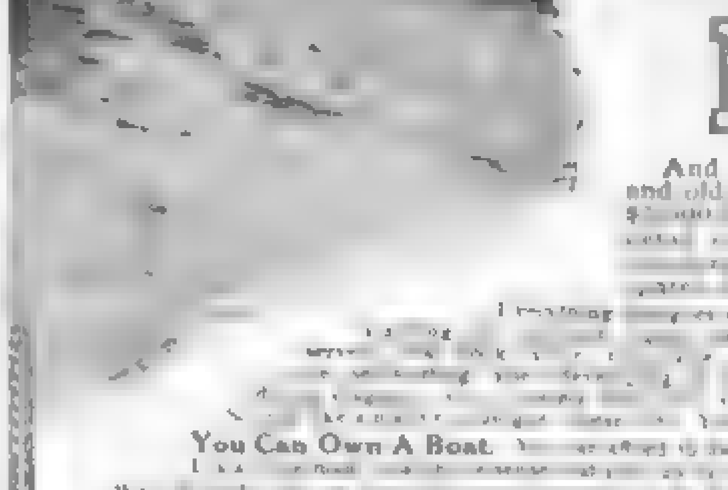
Apollo Self-acting Motor—A patented motor that runs the music roll and rewinds it without pumping or electricity. This motor absolutely prevents the inartistic effect caused by over-pedalling. The Apollo's self-acting motor costs five times as much to manufacture as the old style leather-and-wood air motor.

Solo-Apollo Accenting Device—The latest triumph of Melville Clark and the climax in the development of the Apollo Player Piano toward an ideal. The Solo-Apollo actually emphasizes the melody as a virile idea of the composer, and as he intended it to be emphasized.

More Apollos In Use—Notwithstanding the Apollo costs $25 to $50 more than ordinary player pianos, there are more 88-note Apollo Player Pianos and Piano Players in use than all other similar instruments combined.

There are only three player pianos made that can even lay claim to being artistic. Write for descriptive literature and a simple, sure method by which you can decide the player piano question

Melville Clark Piano Co., 403 Steinway Hall, **Chicago**



Save $2,300 on this CRUISER

Only 50 of these Boats can be Built this Season

HERE at last, is the boat you have waited for [illegible] at a price you can afford to pay—the new 36 ft. raised deck Racine Cruiser. Just step aboard this sea going beauty and look her over—36 feet over all [illegible] there is two feet six inches of water, and you can take your friends on this boat with [illegible] accommodations for eight; toilet room, owner's [illegible] room, and cockpit [illegible] fresh water tanks for [illegible] surplus storage and all [illegible] a real [illegible] independent of all the hotels on earth.

RACINE
MUSKEGON

And the price—other builders with [illegible] and old fashioned [illegible] $2,300 [illegible]

You Can Own A Boat. [illegible] our 36-foot cruiser at $1 [illegible] "The Cruise of the Boats," which [illegible]

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Dept. J, Muskegon, Mich.

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6%
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Denomination $500
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By this municipal improvement 125,000 acres are added to the famous Greeley District, Colorado. The bonds are a direct municipal obligation, payable by means of taxes levied by the County Assessor and collected by the County Treasurer with all other county taxes. Price on application.

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Containing samples of newest fabrics and fashion plates showing tailored styles in vogue this spring and summer

I will make a suit or overcoat tailored to your measure—exactly as you want it—satisfaction guaranteed, for less than a ready made

I make men's clothes for $[illegible] to $[illegible] and I personally superintend the making of each garment from the time the cloth goes to the cutting table until it comes from the presser's hands ready to be shipped to you. [illegible] middlemen's profits—just one small profit added to the actual cost. I even prepay the express direct to you.

Here is my proposition:

I will tailor a suit or overcoat to your measure for less than you can buy ordinary ready made clothes—a third to a half less than you would pay your local tailor. If you are not satisfied in every respect you need not accept the goods. [illegible]

The Wisconsin National Bank, of Milwaukee, [illegible]

Write for my book of styles and samples FREE

King Tailoring Company
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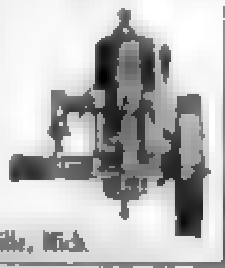
Boat and Engine Book MAILED FREE
Just like a 30-Footer only smaller
Do not think of Buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book
WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS



Only $121 for this complete 16 ft. Launch 3 H. P. guaranteed self-starting Engine, weedless Wheel and Rudder. Result of 30 years' experience. Money back if not as represented. Write for free catalog today.

Special Bargains in Wenz reversible, self starting engines to those building or buying their own Hulls. Engine controlled by one lever

Special proposition to agents for a limited time only

C. T. Wright Engine Co., 204 Canal St., Greenville, Mich.

A Big $1 Offer—"KEITH'S"

No. 37 $2000 One of the 100

[illegible] 100 PLANS Bungalows Cottages $400 to $3000 [illegible]

My other books for home builders are [illegible]

Any one of these books and Keith's one year 2.00
All 5 of these books and Keith's one year 4.00

M. L. KEITH, 533 Lumber Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

showed him how to work the machine, and at once the new owner started out on his first flight. It lasted thirty seconds, or one-half of a minute. Aeroplane ruined. Russian only slightly damaged. You can't kill a Russian; but you can show him much in a total experience of fourteen minutes and $1200.

At Juvisy there was one woman aviator, Madame Thérèse Peltier, who last summer was said to be the only woman aviator who could actually run a flyer all by herself. When it is added that this lady is an accomplished sculptor and has exhibited busts of Henri Deutsch and other aviation benefactors it may be seen that she holds a high place in Parisian regard. French women, not to be daunted, have founded a feminine Aero Club called the Stella. The ladies of this association, however, limit their ambition to balloons, and have not yet wrestled largely with aeroplanes.

When it was announced that instruction in flying would be given at Juvisy there was a rush of would-be aviators and over one hundred young men put down their names. The school started with one aeroplane, but the course of instruction was cut short by one unlucky pupil who damaged the machine every time he came down and finally smashed it up altogether. The delay that followed weeded out most of the pupils, but the few that are left on the books occasionally make short flights—just sufficient for heroism. July 13, M. Godard, pupil of Captain Ferber, made a first flight of five hundred yards at a height of twenty feet on a Voisin aeroplane.

Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe, giver of funds for the technical institute, was the first private individual after Santos-Dumont to own an airship. He had a shed built for it close to the Aero Club's park at St. Cloud, but it was never put to any practical use, the problems of stability and resistance being then little understood. The only other private owner of an airship was M. Clèment. It was lucky that he had sold it to the Russian Government before it blew up!

At Billancourt is the factory of Charles and Gabriel Voisin, where thirty carpenters and several draftsmen make aeroplanes now, and presently will make history or, at least, news. There are at least fifteen factories in the Paris district where one can have an aeroplane built according to his own notion. These factories actually are booking many orders—many, naturally, for airships whose owners never intend to fly. A strong bluff and plenty of cigarettes go a long way toward heroism.

The Problem of the Plain Man

Now, obviously, all the world is going to fly, and, equally obviously, somebody is going to get hurt, in the future course of events, with which will be connected these military airships, passenger airships, dirigibles, biplanes, monoplanes, and so on. Most of all in the future is to be dreaded the presence of the rash individual, perhaps full of champagne d'aviation, who, like the pupil of Delagrange, will want to buy an aeroplane right on the spot and to try it right away. Perhaps it is very noble to show one's courage in this way. No doubt it makes a great hit with Irene. Who can blame Humpty Dumpty for climbing up on the wall and posing for Irene? But——

In this happy-go-lucky country of America we don't much care what anybody does. Our streets are full of automobiles which destroy human life almost without reproof from any authority. We encourage speed. We have developed the automobile and the automobile mania. Without doubt we also will develop the aeroplane and the aviation mania. As a nation we will encourage Humpty Dumpty to climb up on the wall, and so long as he does not fall in our flower garden or on our tea-table it will be all right. In a country which stoically can show such a list of railway horrors as we annually produce it is not likely that we shall ever have any laws regulating the building or regulating of airships, or that, if we ever have the laws, we will attempt to enforce them. The only restraints we have in this country are the self-established restraints of a cautious commerce. Perhaps the life-insurance companies can do something in the way of regulation. They have been regulated themselves, and will, perhaps, welcome the opportunity to get even. By that time it will have become yet more obvious that, however feverish he may feel about it, there is no place for a plain man—not even off the earth.

Imported Designs at Domestic Prices

Design and coloring are what make an imported material more to be desired than the product of American looms—*nothing else*. The weavers in France and England excel in the creation of color and pattern harmonies.

But in softness of texture, perfection in weave and durability of material, American fabrics have no equal in the world. Wools of all grades and of all countries are at the disposal of all weavers.

Here is how we secure foreign designs at the more reasonable domestic price.

Through our resident foreign connections we continually receive samples of the newest designs and colorings from the noted foreign mills.

The choicest are turned over to mills with whom we are under contract, to be reproduced shade for shade, grade for grade, fibre for fibre.

When brought from the looms we really have at our disposal imported goods. So our customers secure choice imported designs at a big saving when they insist on

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

And in addition reap all the benefits from the style sustaining, shape holding qualities which our exclusive "Pre-Shrinking" Process alone can give.

This process, so vitally important to those who take pride in their personal appearance, has become too well known to require lengthy description.

Briefly, we have perfected a unique process of "Pre-Shrinking" which removes all the shrink tendency from woolen fabrics *before* the cloth is cut. Which means that every Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment will retain its style, shapeliness and wondrously pleasing lines indefinitely. Neither rain nor dampness can cause it to pull, twist, warp or pucker.

The style, fit and finish of Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments will speak for themselves. Your own eyes and the judgment of well posted friends will convince you that they are at least the equal and often the superior of any garments you can buy, in these respects, no matter what label they carry or what you are asked to pay for them.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments are shown by the best dealers everywhere. Ask for Spring and Summer Style Book and become posted on what recognized style dictators have decreed for 1910.

(26)

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago

"Built for Business"

This shows how the Grocer makes money with the "Rapid"

"Rapid" One-Ton Wagon

The Rapid For Cheaper and Quicker Delivery

More business—smaller delivery expense—larger profits—better satisfied customers—are the results of "**Rapid**" Power Wagon delivery.

We have the facts based on the experience of hundreds of users of the "**Rapid**" in 52 lines of business. We can show you that you will save money and increase your business with a "**Rapid**" Delivery.

A "**Rapid**" one-ton capacity will cover between 40 and 50 miles a day compared with 20 miles that a team will travel. A "**Rapid**" will do the work of two to four horse delivery wagons. One man operates a "**Rapid**"—any intelligent man can learn to do it very quickly.

A "**Rapid**" costs to maintain but half the expense of three horse teams. The "**Rapid**" will work 24 hours a day if necessary. As an advertisement of up-to-date methods, one of these handsome cars has no equal. Following are some of the lines of business for which "**Rapid**" one-ton trucks are particularly adapted:

Baggage Transfer Companies
Baking Companies
Carting Companies
Commission Merchants
Confectioners
Vacuum Cleaning Companies
Ice Cream Companies
Dairies
Department Stores
Express Companies
Florists
Flour Mills
Furniture Dealers
Grocers
Hardware Dealers
Laundries
Meat Markets
Piano Dealers

"We have used our **Rapid** truck 3 years and it has done the work that 3 two-horse teams formerly did, could do more if we had the work for it. Our saving over cost of horses fully $90 a month. Our **Rapid** has made over 40,000 miles and is good for as many more."—A. Goyert, Greensburg, Ind.

Let us submit facts based on your own conditions and show you how others in your line of business are using the "Rapid" with satisfaction, less expense and greater delivery facilities. Write us how many horses, wagons and men you employ; we will advise you, without cost or obligation on your part, what a "Rapid" will do for you.

Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., 422 Rapid St., Pontiac, Mich.

Amatite ROOFING

AMERICAN COLUMN & LUMBER CO.

Amatite By The Acre

AMATITE is making good.

Here is a typical letter about it. We get many such letters. They all tell the same story of satisfied customers.

Read This Letter Carefully

"May 12, 1909.

Gentlemen: We have in use about an acre and a half of Amatite Roofing on our plant located in St. Albans, W. Va.

We are thoroughly satisfied in every way with the roofing. It makes a good, tight, waterproof covering. We found that it was easily applied and presents a nice, bright appearance. It was only after careful consideration that we decided to use Amatite, as it is very important that our roofs be tight, owing to the large quantities of expensive lumber and turned mill work that we carry in stock at all times.

Yours very truly,
American Column & Lumber Co.
W. W. Stark, President."

No Painting Needed

Notice the size of the roofs—*an acre and a half.* Imagine the work and the cost of painting that big area if an ordinary ready roofing had been used.

Amatite has a mineral surface which *needs no painting whatever.* Year after year in all weather that roof will give perfect service without any care or attention.

Figure It Out

An ordinary ready roofing would have required painting *at least four times* during the next ten years; and it costs something to paint an acre and a half of roofing four times. Figuring over a period of 10 years, the Amatite roof probably will cost this Company from ½ to ⅔ less than ordinary roofing which requires regular painting.

Fire Resisting

The *real mineral surface* of Amatite makes it fire resisting. This is a most important point. Without the mineral surface a ready roofing is really a menace to the building it covers. A burning brand or ember on the roof is apt to set fire to the entire structure and destroy it. Why take such chances when you can buy Amatite?

Amatite Saves Money

The no-paint feature of Amatite we cannot emphasize too much. It is just as important for a man who uses 10 rolls as for the man who uses 10,000. The *proportion of saving* is the same. It stands to reason that if you have to climb up every year or two to paint your roof, at the end of 10 years the cost of paint, labor, and the roof itself, will make it a pretty expensive proposition. With Amatite the *first* cost is the *only* cost.

Free Sample

If we could place a piece of Amatite in the hand of every reader of The Saturday Evening Post who needed roofing, we would increase our business ten-fold or more.

When a practical man sees how Amatite is made—with two layers of coal tar pitch, *the greatest waterproofing material known;* two layers of tarred felt, and a *real mineral surface*—he knows that is the roofing that should cover his building, providing the price is right.

The Price is Right

Amatite costs no more than the ordinary run of smooth surfaced roofings that need painting, that are not fire retardant, and do not weigh nearly as much as Amatite. In fact, one of the best evidences of their flimsy character is the fact that Amatite weighs almost *twice as much* as most of them. In other words, we put enough materials into Amatite to insure a lasting roof.

You cannot keep the rain out with a piece of wrapping paper. Neither can you keep it out very long with a piece of felt saturated in asphalt or some other mysterious composition. You have got to have *real waterproofing materials and enough of them.*

Don't Forget to Write

We cannot tell you all about Amatite in this advertisement; so that we will confine ourselves by urging you to send for sample and free booklet. This tells our story in full, and if you once become acquainted with Amatite, we know you will buy it when your buildings need roofing.

A postal card to our nearest office is all that is necessary to bring sample and booklet by return mail.

Barrett Manufacturing Co.
New York Chicago Philadelphia
Boston Cincinnati Minneapolis
Cleveland Pittsburg New Orleans
Kansas City St. Louis London, [illegible]

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

(Prepared) S W P

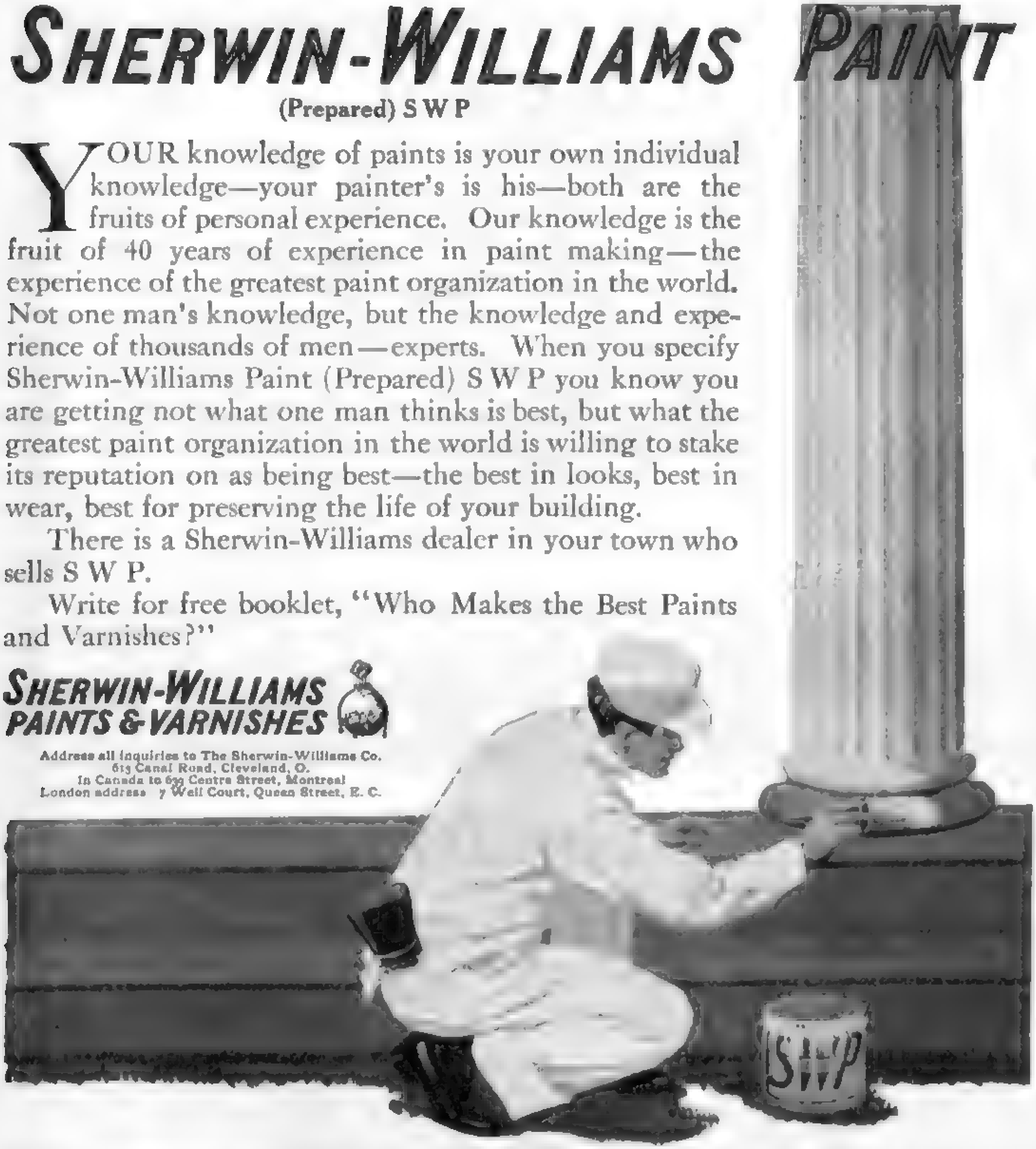
YOUR knowledge of paints is your own individual knowledge—your painter's is his—both are the fruits of personal experience. Our knowledge is the fruit of 40 years of experience in paint making—the experience of the greatest paint organization in the world. Not one man's knowledge, but the knowledge and experience of thousands of men—experts. When you specify Sherwin-Williams Paint (Prepared) S W P you know you are getting not what one man thinks is best, but what the greatest paint organization in the world is willing to stake its reputation on as being best—the best in looks, best in wear, best for preserving the life of your building.

There is a Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town who sells S W P.

Write for free booklet, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?"

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
613 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.
In Canada to 639 Centre Street, Montreal
London address 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.



Have You a Boy?

If you have a boy who wants to earn his own spending money THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will help him to do it. By delivering the magazine to friends and neighbors, your boy can earn a lot of money without associating with undesirable companions, and can get a business training that will be of inestimable value in later life. Thousands of boys are already doing it without interfering with home, school or other duties; they earn from $1.00 to $15.00 a week. Your boy can do as well as they.

¶ To any boy who wants to try it, we will send everything that is necessary, including a handsome booklet written by some of the boys themselves, telling how they made successes of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Just send a line of inquiry and you will receive all that is required to enable your boy to make money right from the start.

Sales Division
The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia

ARCADIA MIXTURE

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor, adds mellowness, prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself — nothing so rich in flavor — so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
81 Dey Street New York

Write for FREE Sample and Reasons Why Bishopric Wall Board is Cheaper and Better than Lath and Plaster

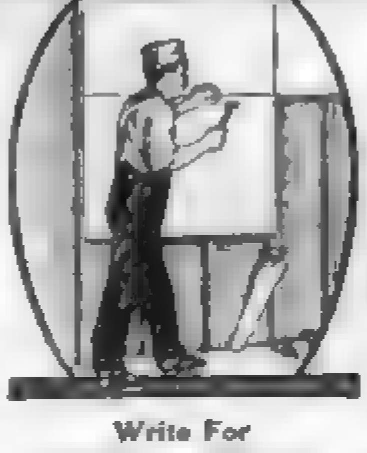
ANY weather is "good building weather" when you use Bishopric Wall Board as a substitute for lath and plaster. You yourself can nail it to studding; applied dry, all ready for decoration. Saves time and labor; is clean and sanitary; proof against cold and dampness. DEALERS WRITE FOR PROPOSITION

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

IT IS MADE of kiln-dried, dressed lath, imbedded in hot Asphalt Mastic and surfaced with sized cardboard. Is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4 x 4 ft. square and three-eighths inch thick. These sheets are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap.

Guaranteed proof against dampness, will not [illegible] [illegible] heat and cold keeps out summer heat. [illegible]

Used for dwellings, pleasure, health resorts and [illegible], new partitions [illegible] ceilings, cellars, porches, [illegible] garages. Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft., f. o. b. factories New Orleans or Cincinnati or Alma, Mich.



Write For
FREE SAMPLES
AND BOOKLET

Bishopric Sheathing is made in same way as Wall Board, but finish is not necessarily so fine and therefore costs less. Cheaper and better than lumber. Forms dead air space between lath and weather board. Ideal for CEMENT EXTERIOR or stucco work.

[illegible] poultry houses, [illegible] square of 100 sq. ft. [illegible] New Orleans, Cincinnati or Alma, Michigan.

BISHOPRIC ROOFING makes a neat, clean, artistic, durable roof which never needs paint. Is guaranteed proof against cold, heat, moisture, wind and weather, will not crack, curl or break.

Price per square: 3 ply, $2.50, 2 ply, $2.25, 1 ply, $1.75. Freight prepaid East of West line of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas.

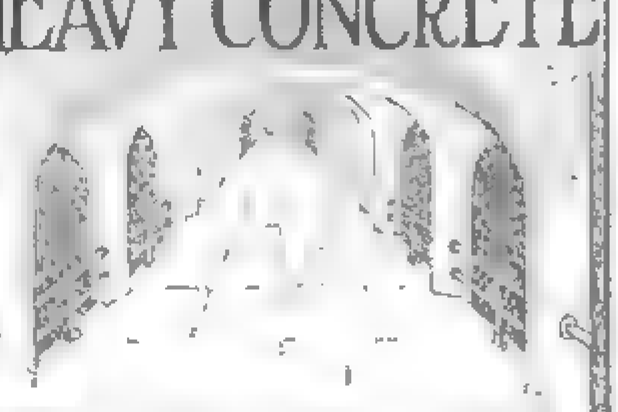
The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 22 E. Third St. **Cincinnati, O.**

STAMPS All for 10c. 50 Cuban Rev., 1 Album, 1 set [illegible] 1 set 7 Nicaragua, 1 set 3 Salvador, 1 perforation gauge. Large lists free. We pay cash for old stamps. QUAKER STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes [illegible] Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4014, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00 Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR
HEAVY CONCRETE



CONSTRUCTION IN MILLS, ARMORIES, GARAGES, BRIDGES OR RESIDENCES

BAY STATE
BRICK AND CEMENT COATING

is being recommended by leading architects and used by the best concrete engineers in all parts of the country.

It protects concrete and stucco against the ravages of dampness, gives any shade desired and does not destroy the distinctive texture of concrete. It can be applied to a damp surface, and is moisture, smoke, and acid proof. In the drying rooms of paper mills or in the dye rooms of textile mills it has proved its great advantages.

It becomes a part of the material itself and it can be used on interior decoration or on concrete as a finishing coat instead of a finishing plaster.

It has been endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters as a fire-retarder and will therefore lessen your insurance. Ask your dealer.

Address, [illegible] about this coating [illegible] cards, mentioning this magazine.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.
INCORPORATED
Paint and Varnish Makers
and Lead Corroders
82-84 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Heat
Your Home
at Lowest Cost

THE question of what is the best method of house warming is a vital one. The right decision means economy, comfort, health.

The three vital points in a warm-air furnace are the Dome, the Grates, and the Fire-pot. On these three points the famous

JEWEL
Warm Air
FURNACES

are superior and supreme. These high grade Furnaces are designed on exact scientific lines to produce the greatest volume of pure, invigorating, warm air from a given amount of fuel.

Thus they are not only economical, efficient and quick heating, but the easiest to operate and care for. **Ball-bearing Grates**,—easy, smooth and quiet; **Sectional Fire-pot** correct in form, weight and thickness. But, let us give you the information in detail. Write today. A postal will do.

Detroit Stove Works
"Largest Stove Plant in the World"
1322-1400 Jefferson Ave.
DETROIT
CHICAGO

TRADE MARK
JEWEL STOVES RANGES

6 PER CENT

We will gladly send full information regarding our Certificates of Deposit to those desirous of procuring not only a safe method of investing their money but also a satisfactory rate of interest thereon —6% per annum.

Write for booklet "S"

THE FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

Fine Baby Chicks 8 cents each—Shipped safely anywhere. Eggs for hatching $4.00 per 100. Mammoth Turkeys. Imported Pigeons. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Culver Poultry Farm, 4078 Main St., Benson, Nebr.

IMPLACABLE IOWA

(Continued from Page 9)

are determined to put men in Congress from those districts who represent and will carry out their ideas. The old-line leaders are determined that Hull and Smith shall be returned, and whether Iowa's ideas of Taft, Aldrich and Cannon can be put into the tangible form of votes, and the protest made to stick, will be settled in the primaries for these districts. Prouty and Byers are running on the direct issue that they are against Cannon and all his works. The Taft equation does not enter into it, except indirectly.

The argument of the old-line leaders is that the party should not be split. They are sticklers for organization and claim Taft, as the head of the Republican party, must be supported. They do not argue much for Cannon, but they do not share the aversion to Cannon that is found among the Progressives. Still, there is no doubt where Hull and Smith stand, so Cannonism is the main issue, and the fight will be fought on those lines. Representative Smith is held peculiarly to represent Cannon and all he stands for, because of his position on the Committee on Rules. Wherefore, Representative Smith has a battle on his hands that will keep him awake nights for some time.

From the time Senator Cummins began his campaigns in Iowa until he went to the Senate to succeed Allison, Iowa was in a turmoil of politics. This period lasted about ten or twelve years, and Iowa Republicans talked politics, thought politics, felt politics and lived politics during that entire period. Naturally, the habits of a decade are not shaken off lightly. Iowa is still intensely political. The newspapers are ably edited and they feature politics. The direct-primaries law brings the proposition nearer to the people. Iowa is a great agricultural state—one of the greatest in the Union—and the farmers who make it so are intelligent, well-read men of independent thought and action. For years the Iowa machine, dominated by the railroads, had control. Then the breaking-away process began, and now Iowa, having regulated most of her internal abuses according to those who fought for such regulation, is keen to take a hand in the regulation of national affairs.

Sounding the Slogan

The old Iowa machine was a marvel. It had skillful men at its head and it operated with neatness and dispatch. Those of the old-line leaders who are left constantly refer to the Cummins machine, which now, apparently, has the most votes to back it, but the Progressives say they have no machine. It all depends on what is considered a machine. Like as not the Progressives and the standpatters differ when it comes to defining the term. The fact is that, call it a machine or not, the Progressive forces are pretty well organized and are kept constantly in touch with what is going on.

Whenever it seems necessary some one is always found to sound a battle cry, and, usually, the boys come marching to the front and declare loyalty and get to work. There are some, high in the councils of the Progressives, who are very radical. They think the Progressives should swear allegiance every half-hour, and if a Progressive Representative at Washington takes a favor at the hands of the President—a post-office, say—they declare that Representative has sold himself to the interests. Others take a calmer view, but the spirit of revolt is pronounced, at that, and they intend to make a fight this fall that will help to put an end, if they win, to what they refer to as "the blight of Aldrichism and Cannonism."

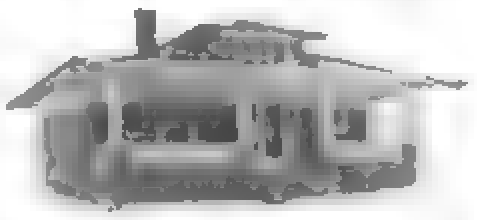
Their methods are interesting. After Cummins had gone to the Senate, and the fight on the tariff bill was over, there seemed to be a bit of laxness here and there. Crops were bumpers. All the farmers had money. Corn was at top prices and hogs selling at around ten cents a pound on the hoof. Everything was prosperous and fat. It was high time to do something to call the patriots from the contemplation of their prosperity to the contemplation of the ills that affect the body politic. Hence, something was done.

A letter was prepared, setting forth the Progressive view of the situation and calling the Progressives to arms. This letter

Complete 5-Room ALADDIN House $298

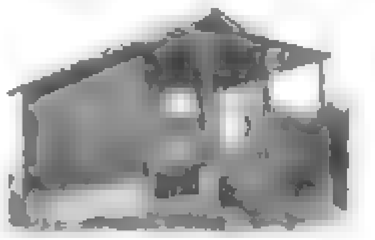
The Aladdin method enables you to buy all the material for a complete house direct from the original producer. It saves four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware **and Labor.** You keep the middlemen's profits in your own pocket.

Dwelling Houses, Summer Cottages, Barns, Garages



Aladdin knocked-down houses are not portable. They are built exactly the same as any well constructed dwelling house. They cannot be taken apart when once erected. They are strong, warm, convenient **and permanent.** Our patent plaster board is warmer than lath and plaster. Aladdin houses are the original knocked-down houses. They have been used for years in every part of the country.

You can build an ALADDIN House Yourself



Every piece of lumber in an Aladdin house is cut out in our mill by expert workmen and fitted. A saw is not required in any part of the work. Every stick is lettered and numbered to correspond with our illustrations and instructions which go with each house. No skilled labor required in any of the work.

Here's what you get with each ALADDIN House

A complete house means all lumber cut to fit accurately for the foundation timbers, the joists, studding and rafters, the siding, the flooring; the porch timbers, joists, flooring, columns, railing, steps, roof sheathing, shingles, doors half glass for outside and paneled for all inside openings, windows with glass in place; window sash, inside and outside window trim and inside and outside door trim, moulded base board for all inside rooms, weather moulding for trimming all outside doors and windows; all hardware, mortised locks for all inside doors; handsome burnished art brass locks and hinges for outside doors; nails for entire house, paint for two coats inside and outside and plaster board for lining entire house inside, taking place of lath and plaster.

The advantages in buying an ALADDIN House

You know exactly what your [illegible] Everything [illegible] exactly wh[illegible] [illegible] arrival of all mater[illegible] information on fifty [illegible] rooms and from $88 up

Send stamp today for Catalog M

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Prove this Yourself!

GUARANTEED
Kirschbaum Clothes
ALL WOOL HAND TAILORED

YOU will be better pleased if you wear Kirschbaum Clothes. We claim any man who *once* wears Kirschbaum Clothes will *always* wear them. **The Kirschbaum $18 "True Blue" Serge**

"A New Suit For Any That Fades"

A SCENE from "THE FOURTH ESTATE," a great New York dramatic success; reproduced from an original oil painting, showing the characters as they would appear in the KIRSCHBAUM "Presto" Raincoat, "Dixie" (center) and "Fifth Avenue" Sack Suits.

will convince any skeptic.

Guaranteed fadeless and unshrinkable, and tailored according to the Kirschbaum high standard. See this suit at your dealers.

Don't accept any other. If the dealer can't show you the *real* Kirschbaum $18 "True Blue" Serge, write us today. We will see that you are supplied, and will also forward the Kirschbaum **"Book of Fashions,"** showing our complete Spring and Summer Styles for Men and the Student Line for Young Men.

Look for the Kirschbaum label—the identification mark of the best clothes made at the price.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.
Makers of All Wool Clothes only
PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

$10.83 Buys This Bellas Hess Blue Serge Suit

Delivered to You All Express Charges Paid By Us

Read every word in the description, study the illustration carefully

WE positively guarantee this suit [illegible]

No. 7S510
$10.83
Write today for our Free Catalog for 1910

COAT is three button single breasted style, lined with fine [illegible]

VEST [illegible]

PANTS are cut [illegible]

SIZES [illegible]

REGARDING SAMPLES [illegible]

[illegible] NUMBER of this suit 7S510. PRICE, $10.83

We have no Branch Houses, No Agents

BELLAS HESS & CO
BROADWAY PRINCE & CROSBY STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Write to-day for our FREE Catalogue

No more holes in your stockings

You can wear stockings of the thinnest and most delicate fabrics without having the toes poke through.

Togards prevent it by protecting the toes of the stockings. They are worn over the forepart of the bare feet underneath the stocking and make darning a thing of the past.

They give longer life to the stockings and insure foot-comfort at all times. They absorb perspiration, protect tender feet and make walking easier.

Soft, light, snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, and are sanitary and washable. Natural color—not dyed—in sizes for men, women and children.

Lisle 10c a pair, 12 pairs $1
Silk 25c a pair, 12 pairs $2.75

Every pair in a sealed wax envelope bearing the Togard trademark.

Sold by over 3000 dealers. [illegible] Togards [illegible]

H. L. NELKE & CO. Nelke Building Philadelphia

Togards

Buy "Kalamazoo Komfort" Now

Enjoy that luxurious rest and relaxation which [illegible] cool and delightful [illegible] comfortable [illegible] Reclining Chair automatically [illegible] other designs of summer furniture. Ask your dealer for Superior Quality [illegible] and make your home comfortable, attractive and distinctive.

Each Piece Trade-Marked and Guaranteed

Kalamazoo Sled Co., 580 3rd St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

recited the making of the Republican platform and the pledges therein, and told how under the "iron rule of Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich the pledges of the Chicago platform have in many and vital instances been violated and repudiated; the Roosevelt policies have suffered and withered in a cold atmosphere among hostile leaders."

Then, with the kindness and toleration toward President Taft I have noted, and not desiring to attack him in any way, notwithstanding their disappointment, the letter continued: "Although the messages and other utterances of President Taft have repeatedly urged that the party keep faith with the people in carrying out both the letter and the spirit of the Chicago platform, it has been impossible to hold the Cannon reactionaries in check. Part of the promises of the Chicago platform they have evaded and others they have repudiated with arrogant disdain for the voters who supported the ticket in 1908."

Then comes a word of commendation for the two Iowa Senators and the majority of the delegation for working to keep faith with the party and the platform, and then this claim: "Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich, as the leaders of the old faction that fought so hard against many of the policies of President Roosevelt, are now using every means, fair and unfair, to crush and destroy the men who fearlessly stand true to the Chicago platform. The Cannon and Aldrich forces are fighting these men because of their faithfulness to the platform and the people."

That shows the temper of the Progressives toward Aldrich and Cannon.

Working for the Primaries

The letter was sent to seven thousand men throughout the state. When I was in Iowa, although the letter had been out but a short time, three thousand replies had been received, all showing hearty indorsement of the sentiments in the letter, which was a long one, and all promising to get into the fight and do everything possible to defeat the men who stand for Cannon and Aldrich. The list selected for the letter was a representative one. It went to farmers, business men, bankers and lawyers. It went to men who had been with Cummins and who were supposed to be still of the same mind politically. The answers were all enthusiastic. The question was asked: "Do the voters of your locality realize it is necessary to support as well as admire our Progressive Congressmen if we are to continue in the enjoyment of the rights we have?" Most of the replies said the voters were right on the job and could be depended on for results in the primaries.

Now, that represents the feeling in Iowa among the Progressives, who are in the majority in the Republican party. They look on Taft as a kind, amiable person who has been misled, and they are sorry. They look on Aldrich as a smart man, but a representative of the interests and, thus, very dangerous and to be condemned. They look on Cannon as the real enemy of the people, the stifler of popular government in the House, the type of all they are fighting against, and they consider any Representative from Iowa who is for Cannon to be against all the Progressives represent. They claim they can defeat any man who will not promise to be against Cannon in the next Congress. They intend to make a fight in the primaries that will show the country where they stand.

This feeling extends throughout the state. It seems to be growing. The Iowa Progressives intend to swat Cannon and Aldrich. They do not want to swat Taft, but if they have to they will swat him, too, doing it more in sorrow than in anger, but swatting him just the same.

Editor's Note—This is the second article of Mr. Blythe's series of articles reviewing present political conditions in certain states. The next will be printed in an early issue.

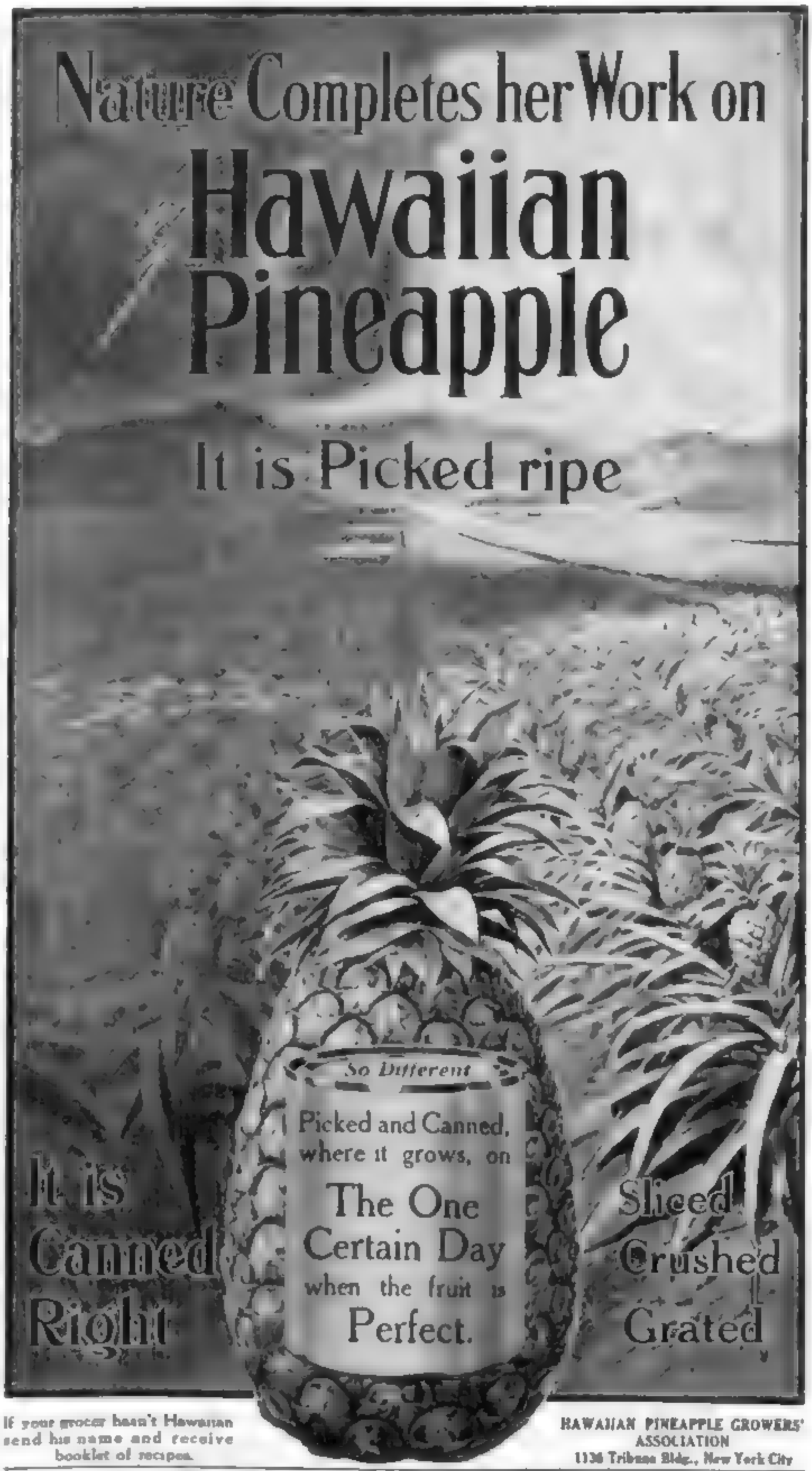
Thrifty Harry

THE thrift of Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, is a constant joy to the theatrical profession.

"Did you hear Harry Lauder's latest scheme for saving money?" asked Walker Kelly.

"What is it?"

"Why, when he is riding on the trains he puts on his kilts, sits on his manager's lap and gets through for half fare."


Nature Completes her Work on
Hawaiian Pineapple
It is Picked ripe
It is Canned Right
So Different
Picked and Canned, where it grows, on The One Certain Day when the fruit is Perfect.
Sliced Crushed Grated

If your grocer hasn't Hawaiian send his name and receive booklet of recipes.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION
1136 Tribune Bldg., New York City

Why City Collectors Use the YALE

In the fact that city collectors have great stretches of territory to cover each day, you find that one reason why many of them use the Yale in their work. The other reason is the Yale's unparalleled low cost of upkeep, its absolute reliability, simplicity and ease of control, silence and comfortable riding qualities.

6½ H. P. Twin cylinder $300 F. O. B. Toledo

YALE

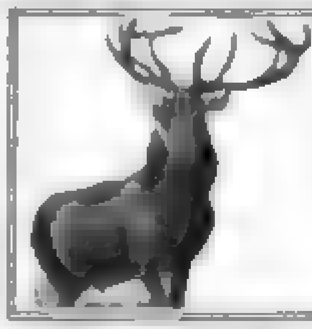
3½ H. P. Single cylinder $200 F. O. B. Toledo

Ride a Yale—They Never Fail

The long stroke motor; grinding the cylinder to the limit of one-thousandth of an inch [illegible] Yale motor [illegible] continuously, for 132 hours, [illegible]

[illegible] Yale literature before you consider buying any other machine. Write for it today.

THE CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1702 Fernwood Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO



The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

does the largest fire insurance business in America. Popularity comes from strength and fair treatment. For fire protection

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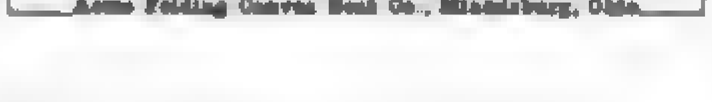

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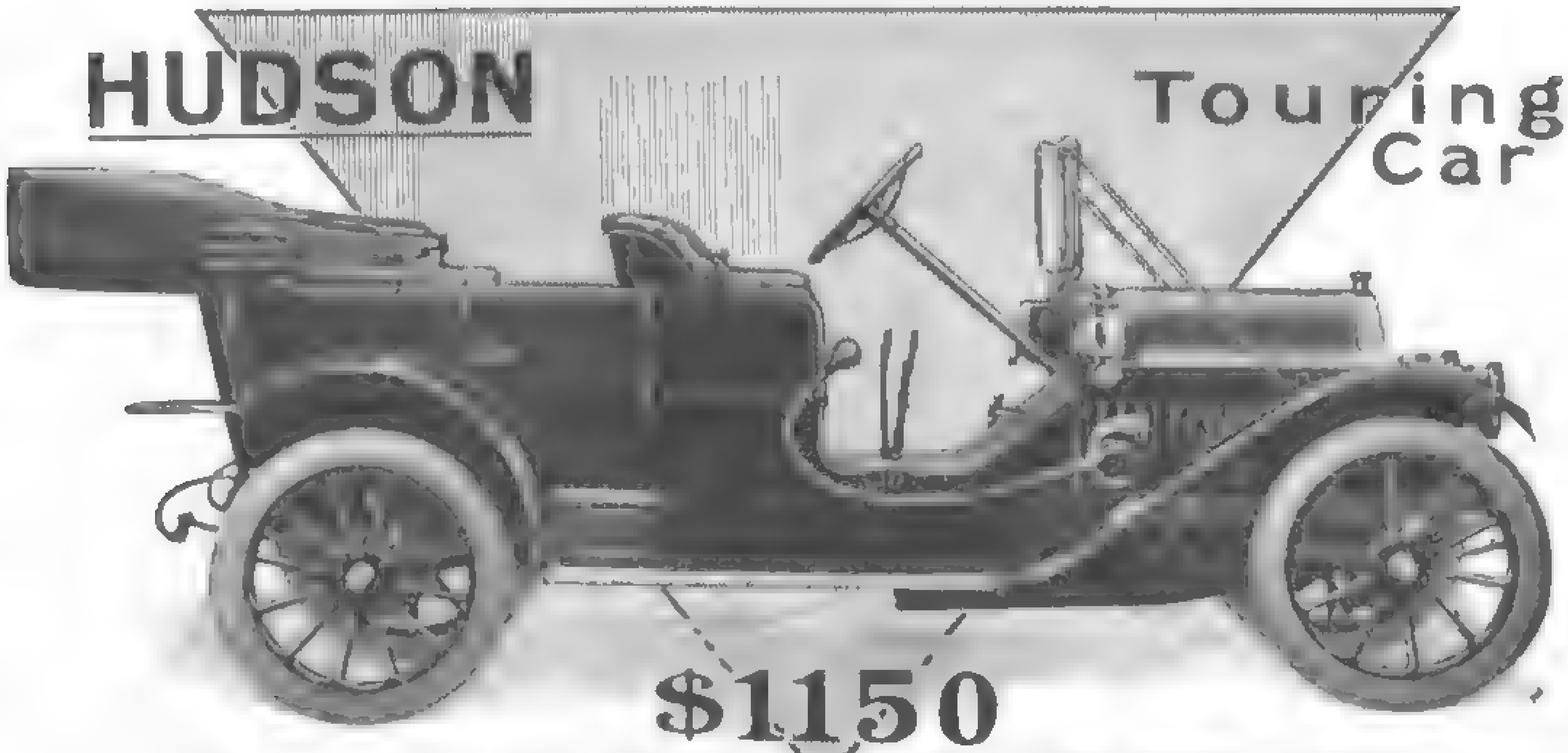

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This price includes three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, horn, tire repair outfit, tools and jack.

Material—Design—Overhead Charges
Manufacturing Cost and Profit—Agents' Commission

When you buy any motor car, you pay in some proportion for these six factors. Now then, let us see how much of each you get for your money in the Hudson Touring Car at $1150.

What You Get In Material

There are 123 fine steel forgings in the Hudson. No car selling for less than $1500 has as many. The Crank Shaft is a one-piece, heat-treated drop forging, tested to a tensile strength of 100,000 lbs. The Crank Case and Transmission Case are of the finest aluminum, unlike the cheap cast iron used in many low-priced cars. The Driving Gears of the rear axle are of the finest nickel steel. A special grade of gray iron is furnished in the pistons and piston rings, insuring unusual wear. The Running Board, Steps and front Foot Boards are of beautifully polished aluminum. They will never wear out or need attention. Our paint and finish specifications are particularly rigid. And so on throughout the entire car—the utmost care is exercised in the selection of materials

Fine material involves the best of judgment in buying. Mr. H. E. Coffin, our Vice President and head of our Engineering Department, personally oversees the specifications for every ounce of Hudson material. Mr Coffin has designed three of America's foremost cars. His yearly trips abroad keep him in touch with the best of European methods and ideas. His reputation as a motor car engineer is International, and any expert will tell you that his O. K. on material is sufficient proof of its quality, and proof of its particular adaptability to the purpose

So much for Hudson material

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It should cost no more to build a good looking automobile than another kind. It is simply a question of engineering and designing ability. The Hudson Touring Car at $1150 is not only the best looking in its class, but we believe one of the most beautiful automobiles built, regardless of cost

Note the straight line body—the sweep of the fenders—the big, clean cut hood—the wide side door—the tilt of the steering post—the unusual length of foot room in the front seat. These points are hard to match even in much higher priced cars

Sit at the wheel of any car you know. Then do the same in the Hudson. You will appreciate the Hudson comfort. The main features of high-class design in the Hudson are the powerful, 4-cylinder, long stroke Renault type motor (Renault motors are the pride of Europe)—a selective sliding gear transmission, instead of a common, cheap, planetary type—a semi-floating rear axle like the best European cars—big, expensive, three-quarter elliptic rear springs—and a length of over 9 feet between front and rear axle. The two latter features make the Hudson as easy riding as the highest priced car.

Hudson Manufacturing Cost

"That Hudson car is the simplest, most clean cut of any on exhibition." That remark was heard innumerable times at all the big, recent automobile shows. The very simplicity of the Hudson means low manufacturing cost. In the Hudson, you find no superfluous rods, bolts or wires. Nowhere are two or more parts used where one will do. You do not have to be a manufacturer to know that the absence of complications and the use of few parts saves time and labor and cost

Simplicity is the very key-note of good engineering practice. No car is so simple mechanically as the Hudson. That's why Hudson manufacturing cost is low in proportion to the quality. And there are no freakish ideas in the Hudson either. You cannot afford them. Neither can we. **Hudson features and Hudson refinement are new in a car at the Hudson price,** but they are not new or sensational in the sense of never having been used before. They have been tried, tested and proven out on the highest priced cars, both in America and in Europe

Hudson Overhead Charges

Overhead charges include all salaries and expenses incurred in marketing the product. Every officer of the Hudson Co. is a producer. They are all active in the business. We carry no dead weight, no highly paid but inactive and inefficient figure-heads. Every officer has been in the manufacturing end of the automobile business since automobiles were first built in this country. They have built good cars and know by actual experience how to keep Hudson overhead expense at a minimum. You can find out who they are and what they have done from the Hudson Catalog

In the Hudson price, there is included no item charged up to distribution—for the getting of agents. We did not have to spend money to get them. The agents of the country knew us and the best among them came to Detroit to get the agency for Hudson cars. The distributing end of our business will cost us neither worry nor money, because we will continue to give so much for the money that the Hudson agency in any city will always be eagerly sought

A Word About Profit

We do not claim we are the largest automobile manufacturers, but we do claim to be among the largest producers of high class cars. We are determined to build a car of the highest quality, at a most moderate profit. ***An examination of the car itself will verify this statement.*** The men who own the Hudson Company have faith in their product and are willing to wait for their returns. Hudson cars are being built to justify your confidence. Every Hudson sold to date has sold others. Owners have found unusual value **in** the car.

In the Hudson the value is all there before your eyes in good, sound, automobile design, material and finish. You do not have to go into the books of the Company to find your "value received."

Neither do you have to accept the reputation of the men in the Hudson Company as part of your value received. But because of their reputation and their ability, you can rely on their continuing to give you in the Hudson cars, the most possible for the money.

Agents' Commission

The basis is practically the same on all makes of cars. However, Hudson dealers are carefully selected, and if you buy a car you secure their cooperation, advice and prompt service. We wish to say that every Hudson dealer invites you to make the most careful examination of the Hudson car. The dealers know from their own broad experience that in the Hudson you get more for your money than in any other car. Remember the six factors which enter into the selling price when you are examining the Hudson. You will see for yourself that you are asked to pay for the right proportion of each of them

You owe it to yourself to examine the Hudson—as soon as you can conveniently do so. In the meantime, the Hudson catalog will give you further evidence in support of our claims. We invite you to send for it today, the coupon being for your convenience.

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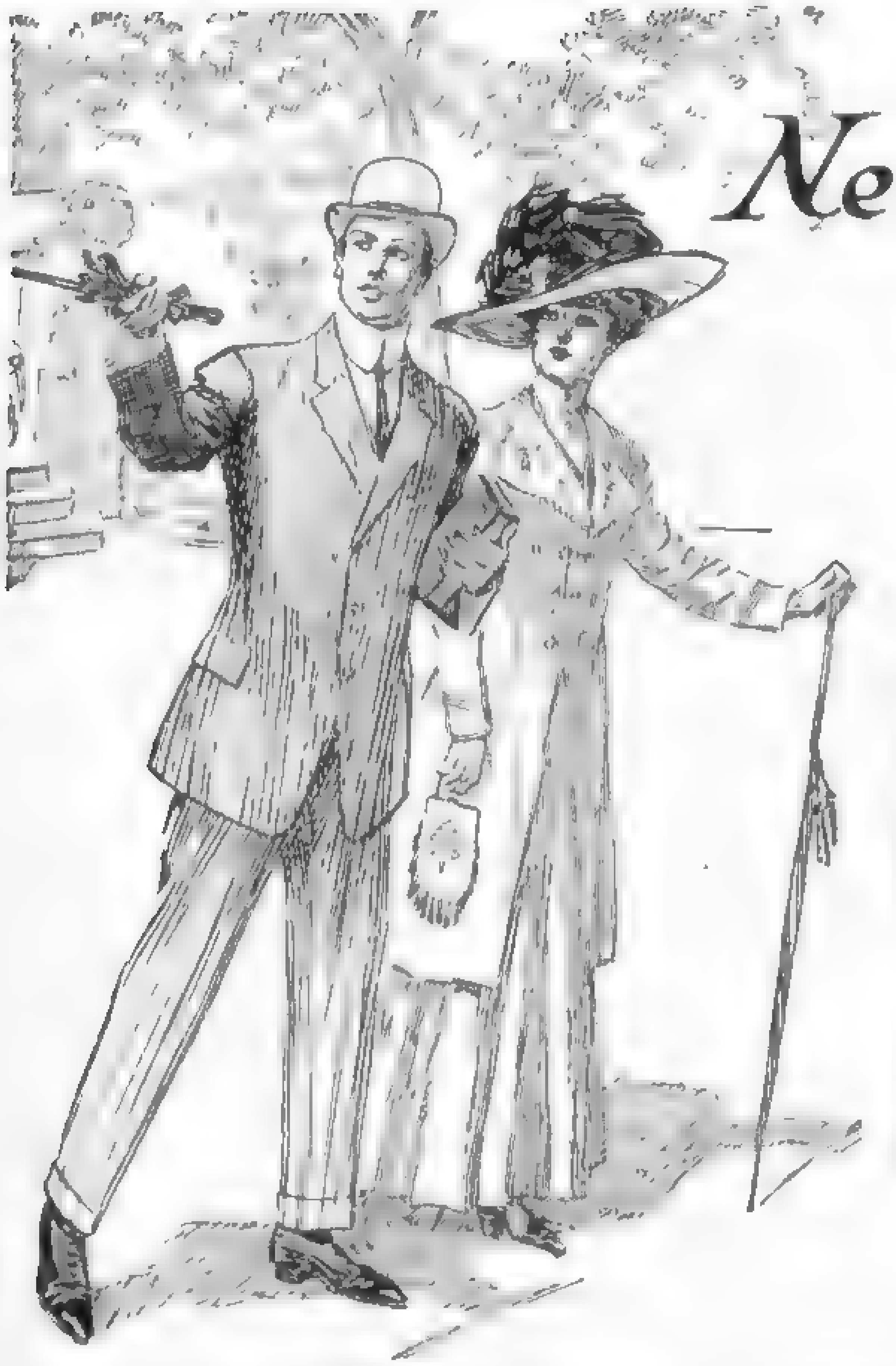

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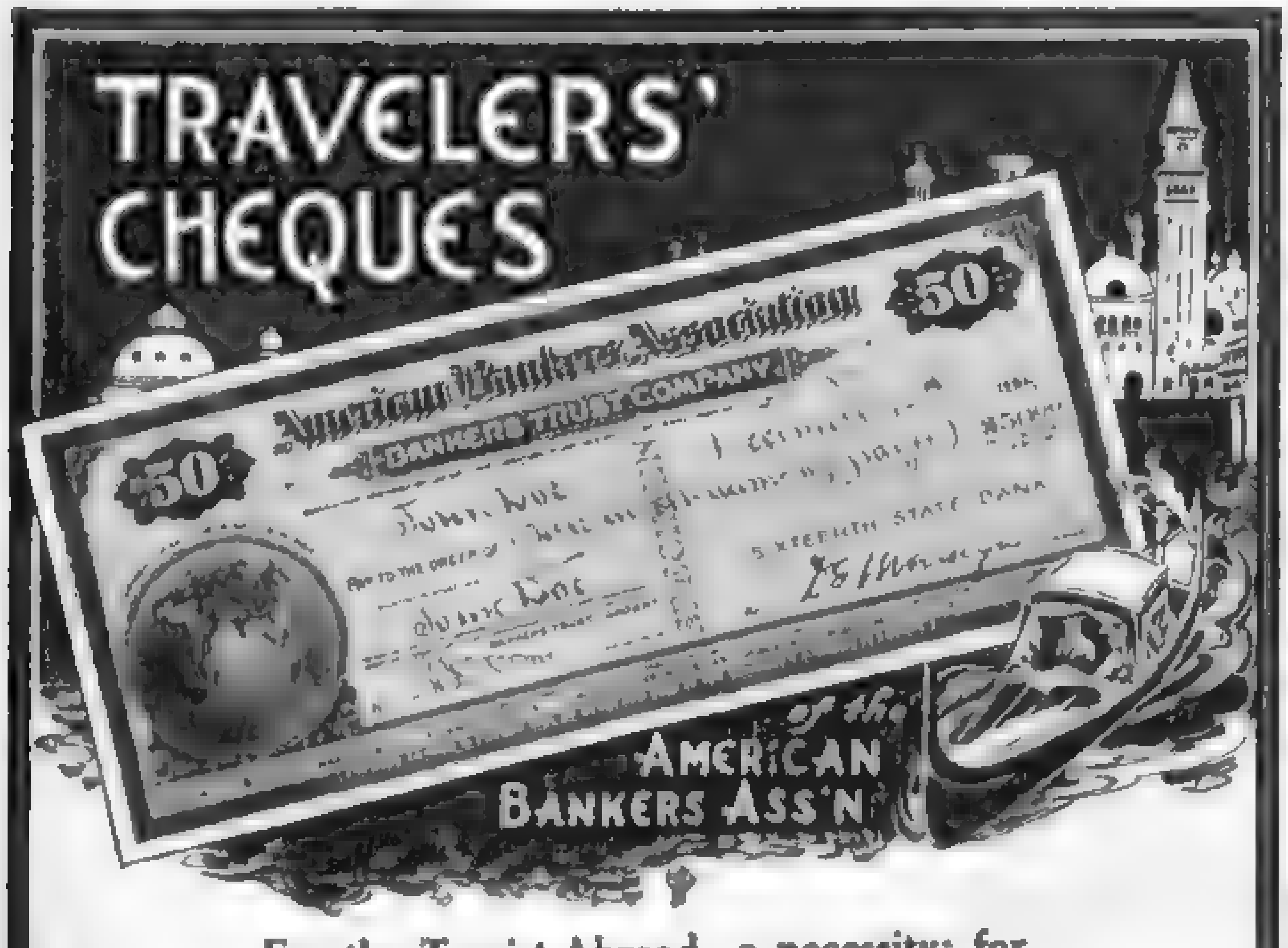

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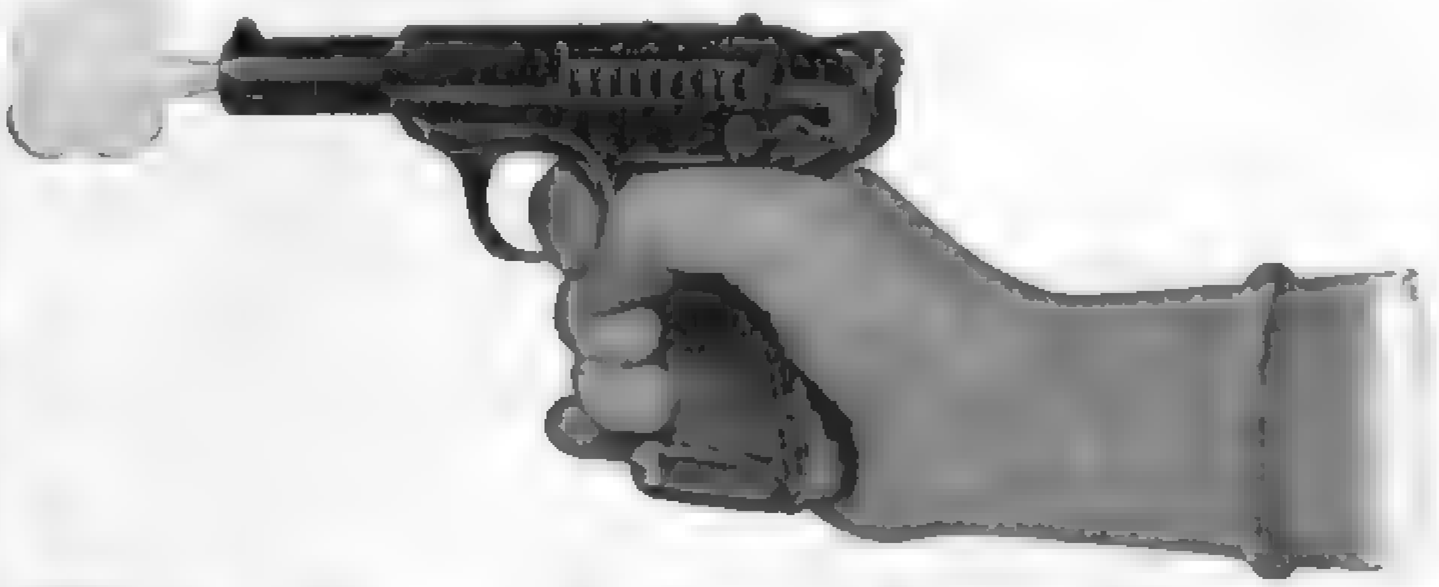

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THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

SAM TURNER

(Continued from Page 19)

"For nothing but the building of Lake Jo," he agreed. "Right now it is worthless, but the minute anybody found out I wanted it it would become extremely valuable. The only way to do would be to see everybody at once and close the options before they could get to talking it over among themselves."

"What time is it?" she demanded

He looked at his watch.

"Ten-thirty," he said.

"Then let's go and see all these people right away," she urged, jumping up.

He smiled at her enthusiasm, but he was nothing loath to accept her suggestion.

"All right," he agreed. "I wish they had telephones here in the woods. We'll simply have to walk over to Meadow Brook and get an auto"

"Come on," she said energetically, and they started out upon the road. They had not gone far, however, when young Tilloughby, with Miss Westlake, overtook them in a trap. He reined up, and Miss Westlake greeted the pedestrians with frigid courtesy. Jack Turner had accidentally dropped her a hint. She wondered what she had ever seen in Sam Turner and she never had liked Josephine Stevens!

"Glorious day, isn't it?" observed Tilloughby.

"Fine," agreed Sam with enthusiasm. "There never was a more glorious day in all the world. You've just come along in time to save our lives, Tilloughby. Which way are you bound?"

"We had intended to go by Bald Hill."

"Well, postpone that for a few minutes, won't you, like a good fellow? Trot back to Meadow Brook and send an auto out here for us. Get Henry, by all means, to drive it."

"With pleasure," replied Tilloughby, wondering at this strange whim, but restraining his curiosity on account of his stuttering diffidence. "I'll have Henry back here for you in a jiffy," and he drove off in a cloud of dust.

Miss Stevens surveyed the retiring trap in satisfaction.

"Good," she said. "I already feel as if we were going to save Lake Jo."

They walked back quite contentedly to the valley and surveyed it anew, there resting now upon both of them a sense almost of prideful possession.

Henry, returning with the automobile, found them far up in the valley, discussing a floating band pavilion; but they came down quickly enough when they saw him, and they scrambled into the tonneau with the haste of small children. Henry watched them take their places with smiling affection. He had not only had good tips, but pleasant words, from Sam, and Miss Stevens was her own incitive to good wishes and good will.

"Henry," said Sam, "we want to drive around to see the people who own this land"

"Oh, shucks," said Henry, disappointed. "I can't drive you there. The man that owns all this land lives in New York."

"In New York!" repeated Sam in dismay. "What would anybody in New York want with this?"

"The fellow that bought it got it about ten years ago," Henry informed them. "He was going to build a big country house back up there in the hills, I understand, and raise deer to shoot at, and things like that; got an architect to make him plans for house and stables and all, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars; but before he could break ground on it him and his wife had a spat and got a divorce. He tried to sell the land back again to the people he bought it from, but they wouldn't take it at any price. They was glad to be shut of it, and none of his rich friends wanted to buy it after that because, they said, there were so many of these cheap summer resorts around here."

"I see," said Sam musingly. "You don't happen to know the man's name, do you?"

"Dickson, I think it was. Henry Dickson. I remember his first name because it was the same as mine."

"Great!" exclaimed Sam, overjoyed. "Why, I know Henry Dickson like a book. I've engineered several deals for him. He's a mighty good friend of mine, too. That simplifies matters. Drive us right over to Hollis Creek."

"To Hollis Creek!" she objected. "I should think you'd drive to Meadow Brook instead, and dress for the trip. Aren't you going to catch that afternoon train and go right up there?"

"By no means. This is Saturday, and by the time I'd get to New York he could not be found anywhere; and, anyhow, I shouldn't have time to deliver you at Hollis Creek and make this next train."

"Don't mind about me," she urged "I could go to the train with you, and Henry could take me back to Hollis Creek."

"That's fine of you," returned Sam gratefully; "but it isn't the program at all. I happen to know that Dickson stays in his office until one o'clock on Saturdays I'll get him by long-distance."

They were quite silent in calculation on the way to Hollis Creek, and Miss Josephine found herself pushing forward to help make the machine go faster. Breathlessly she followed Sam into the house, and he obligingly left the door of the telephone booth ajar so that she could hear his conversation with Dickson.

"Hello, Dickson," said Sam when he got his connection. "This is Sam Turner . . . Oh, yes, fine. Never better in my life. . . . Up here in Hamster County, taking a little vacation. Say, Dickson, I understand you own a thousand acres up here. Do you want to sell it? . . . How much?" As he received the answer to that question he turned to Miss Josephine and winked, while an expression of profound joy, albeit expressed with a grin, overspread his features. "I won't dicker with you on that price," he said into the 'phone. "But will you take my mortgage note for it at six per cent?"

He laughed aloud at the next reply.

"No, I don't want it to run that long. The interest in a hundred years would amount to too much; but I will make it five years. . . . All right, Dickson; instruct your lawyer chap to make out the papers and I'll be up Monday to close with you."

He hung up the receiver and turned to meet her eyes fixed upon him in ecstasy

"It's better than all right," he said.

He was more enthusiastic about this than he had ever been about any business deal in his life—that is, more openly enthusiastic—for Miss Josephine's enthusiasm was contagion itself. He took her arm with a swing, and they hurried into the writing-room, which was deserted for the time being on account of the mail having just come in. Sam placed a chair for her and they sat down at the table

"I want to figure a minute," said he, "to see if I can't finance the entire project myself. I'm quite sure I can get Dickson to give me a clear deed to that land without mortgage, taking only my unsupported note. If I can do that I can erect all the buildings on credit. Roadways and engineering work, of course, I'll have to pay for, and then I can finance a subsidiary operating company to rent the plant from the original company, and can retain stock in both of them. I'll figure that out both ways."

It was all Greek to her, this talk, but she knit her brows in an earnest effort to understand, and crowded close to him to look over the figures he was putting down. The touch of her arm against his own threw out his calculations entirely. He could not add a row of figures to save his life.

"I'll go over the financial end of this later on," he said, but he did not put away the paper. He kept it there for them both to look at, touching arms.

"All right," she agreed, "but you must let me see you do it. Of course, I can't understand; but I do want to feel as if I were helping when it is done."

"I won't take a step in it without consulting you or having you along," he promised

At that moment the bugle sounded the first call for luncheon.

"You'll stay for luncheon," she invited.

"Certainly," he assured her. "You couldn't drive me away."

"Very well, right after luncheon let's go out and look at the place again. It will look different now that it is ——" She caught herself. She had almost said "now that it is ours." "Now that it is secured," she finished

After luncheon they drove back to the site of Lake Jo and spent a delirious while planning the things that were to be done to make that spot an earthly Paradise.

During the afternoon not one word passed between them that might be construed to

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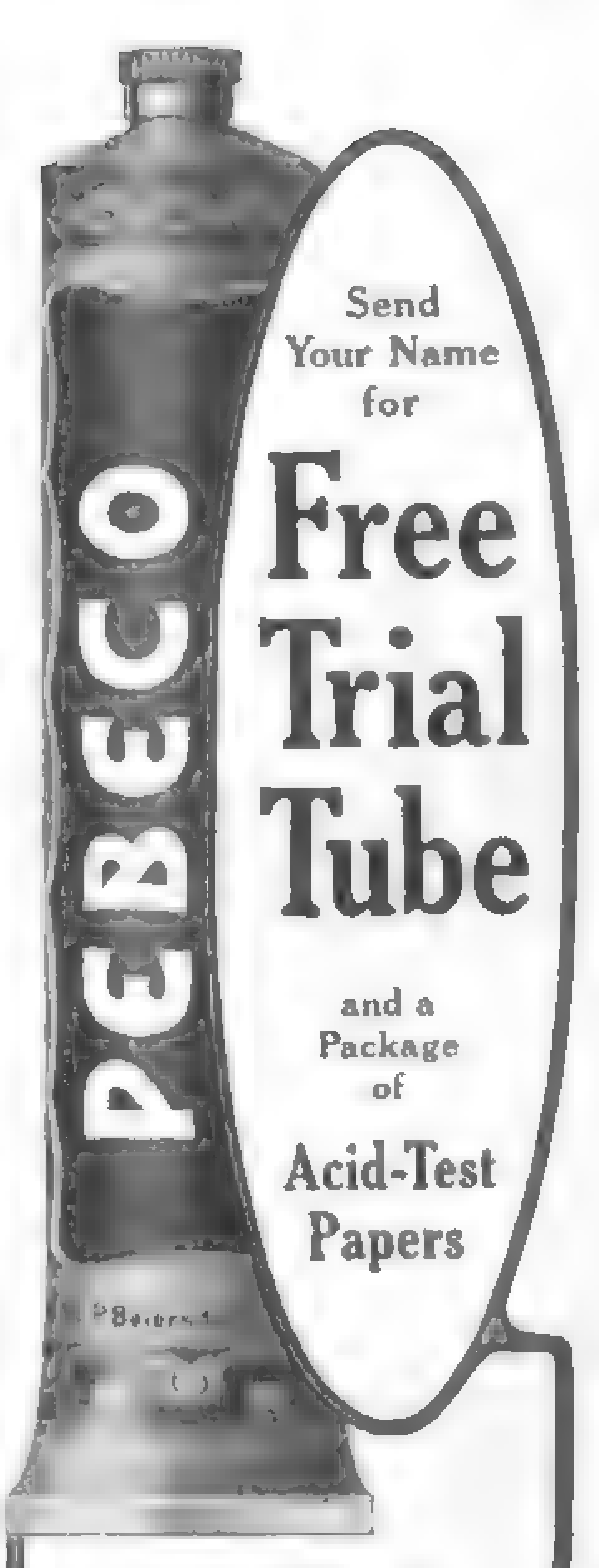

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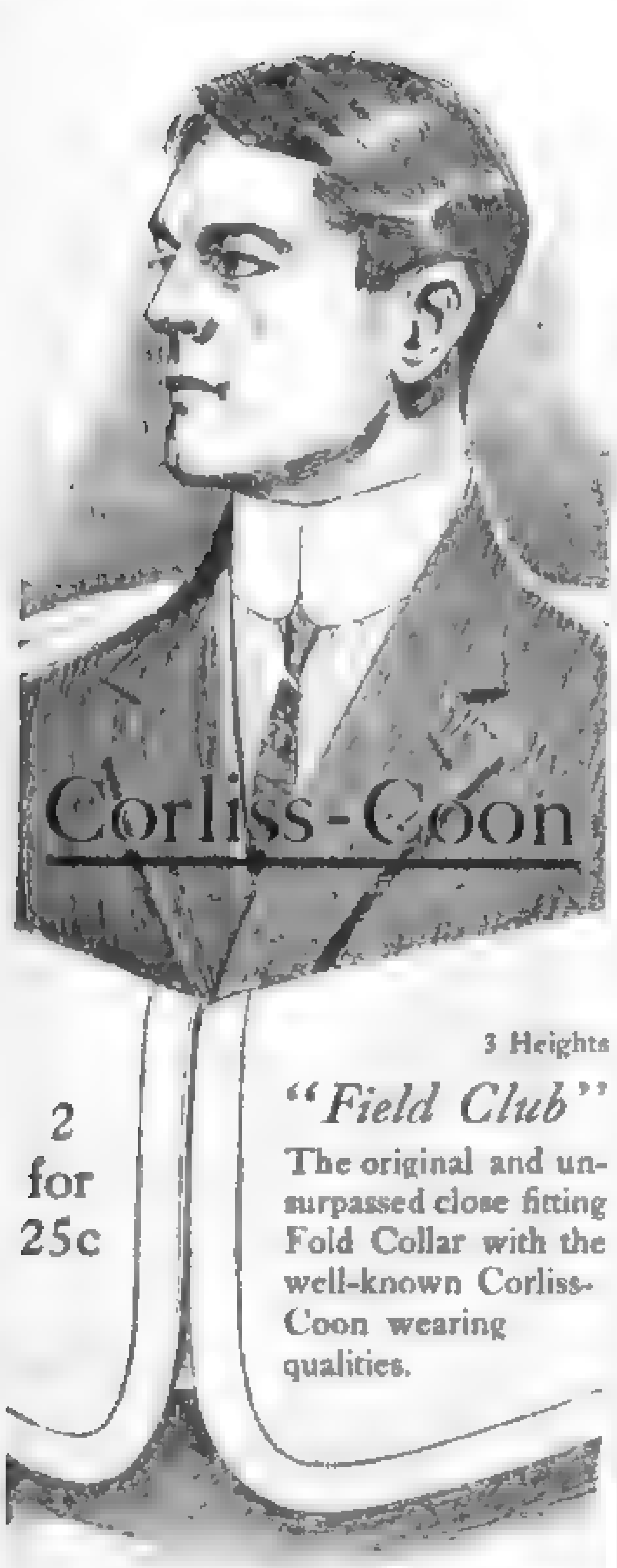

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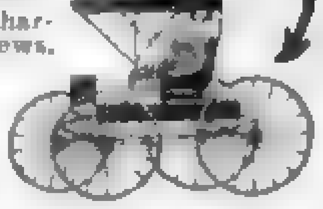

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The Michigan Buggy Co., 174 Office Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

be of an intimately personal nature; but as they drove to Hollis Creek, tired but happy, Sam, somehow or other, felt that he had made quite a bit of progress, and was correspondingly elated. Leaving Miss Stevens upon the porch he hurried home to dress for dinner, for it was growing late; but immediately after dinner he drove over again. When he arrived Miss Josephine was in the seldom-used parlor with her father.

"I haven't seen you since breakfast!" Mr. Stevens had said, pinching her cheek. "Hollis and Billy Westlake have been looking for you everywhere."

"Oh, they!" she returned with kindly contempt. "I'm glad I didn't see them. They're nice boys enough, but, Father, I don't believe that either one of them will ever become a clever business man!"

"No?" he replied, highly amused. "Well, I don't think they will, either. Business is a shade too big a game for them. But where have you been?"

"Out on business with S-s-s-s—with Mr. Turner," she replied demurely. "I came in late for lunch, and you had already finished and gone. Then we went right back out again. Father, we have found the dearest, the most delightful, the most charming business opportunity you ever saw. You must go out with us tomorrow and look at it. Sam's going to build a lake and call it Lake Jo. You know where that little stream is between here and Meadow Brook? Well, that's the place. We found out this morning what a delightful spot it would make for a lake and big summer-resort hotel, and at noon Sam bought the property, and we have been planning it all afternoon. He's bought it outright and he's going to capitalize it for a quarter of a million dollars. How much stock are you going to take in it?"

"How much what?"

"How many shares of stock are you going to take in it? You must speak up quickly, because it's going to be a favor to you for us to let you in."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Stevens, resisting a sudden desire to guffaw. "I'd have to look it over first before I decide to invest. Sounds like a sort of wild-eyed scheme at first. Besides that, I already have a good big block of stock in one of Sam Turner's enterprises."

"Oh, yes," she said, puckering her brows. "Are you going to vote your stock with his?"

Mr. Stevens' eyes twinkled, but his tone was conservative gravity itself.

"Well, since it's a purely business deal it would not be a very wise thing to do; and though Sam Turner is a very fine boy, I don't think I shall."

"But you will!" she vigorously protested. "Why, Father, you wouldn't for a minute vote against your own son-in-law!"

"No, I wouldn't!" declared Mr. Stevens emphatically, and suddenly drew her to him and kissed her; and she clung about his neck, half laughing and half crying.

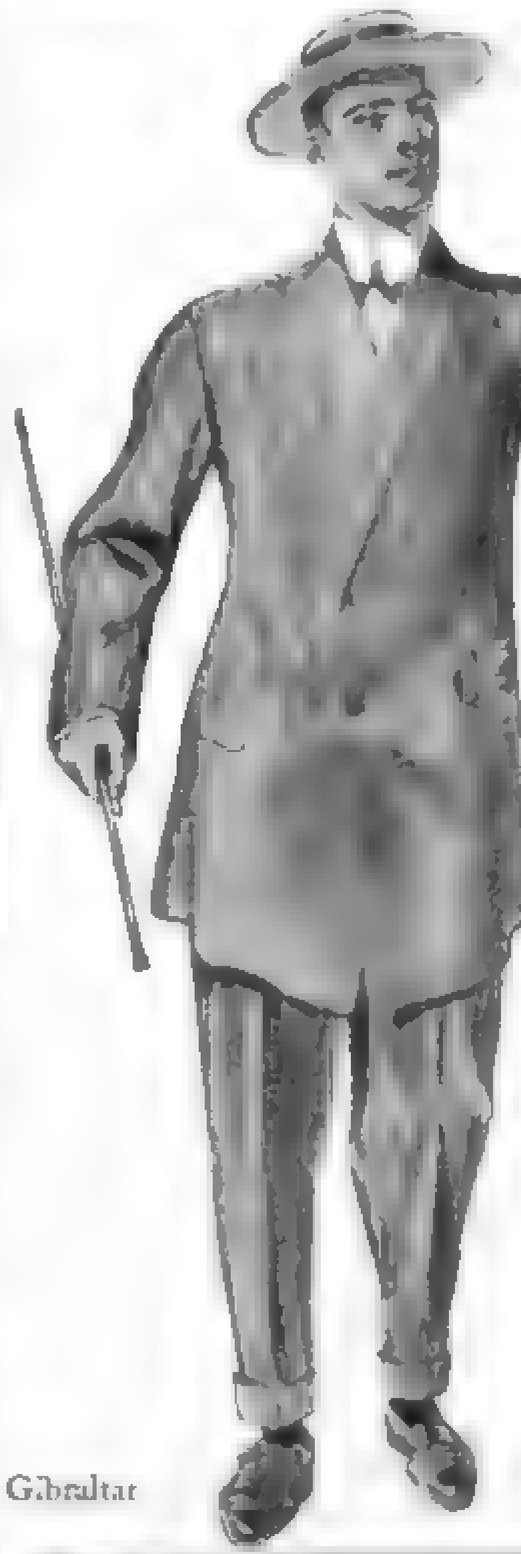
Do you suppose there is anything in telepathy? It would seem so, for it was at this moment that Sam stepped upon the porch. They in the parlor heard his voice, and Mr. Stevens immediately slipped out the back way in order not to be *de trop* a second time. Now Sam could not possibly have known what had been said in the parlor, and yet, when he found his way in there he and Miss Josephine, without any palaver about it, without exchanging a solitary word or scarcely even a look, just naturally fell into each other's arms. Neither one of them made the first move. It just somehow happened, and they stood there and held that embrace; and whatever foolishness they said and did in the next hour is none of your business nor of mine; but later in the evening, when they were sitting quietly in the darkest corner of the porch, and Sam had his hand on the arm of her chair, with her elbow resting upon his fingers, she turned to him with thoughtful earnestness in her voice.

"Sam," she said, and this time she used his first name quite consciously and was glad it was dark so that he could not see her trace of shyness. "I wish you would explain to me just what you mean by control in a stock company."

Sam Turner moved his fingers from under her elbow and sought her hand, which he firmly clasped before he began.

"Well, Jo, it's just this way," he said, and then, quite comfortably, he explained to her all about it.

(THE END)



Gibraltar

Come look at these "better style" garments. Some real good merchant in your town will gladly show you

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Men.

You'll find them surely what you want—better looking and fitting than any you knew about before.

Send 2c for the "Style Magazine" or 24c for set of 4 new college Posters in colors

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
Style Originators
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Are you good friends with your underwear? Do you get along comfortably with it? Or does it sag here, wrinkle there, require constant adjustment, cause constant annoyance?

Many men, from force of habit, wear two-piece underwear with all its discomforts; but no man ever gets real underwear comfort out of two-piece garments. He "grins and bears it," that is all.

Thousands of men have found the perfect underwear in the Superior Union Suit—made for men only, in a mill making nothing else. Thousands more are finding it every year. It is worn by more men than any other union suit made.

The Superior is "automatic"—it adjusts itself to every movement of the body. It fits all the body all the time.

The Superior is "ventilated"—it allows free play to the pores of the skin.

The Superior is strengthened in every possible trouble point—the back-lap, the crotch, the shoulders, the buttonholes.

If you have never worn union suits, try a Superior for real underwear comfort. If you have worn other union suits, try a Superior for real union-suit comfort.

They're to be had at all good dealers, at prices and in styles to suit.

We issue a handsome booklet, containing samples of fabrics, which we should like to send you free.

The Superior Underwear Company
111 River Street, Piqua, Ohio

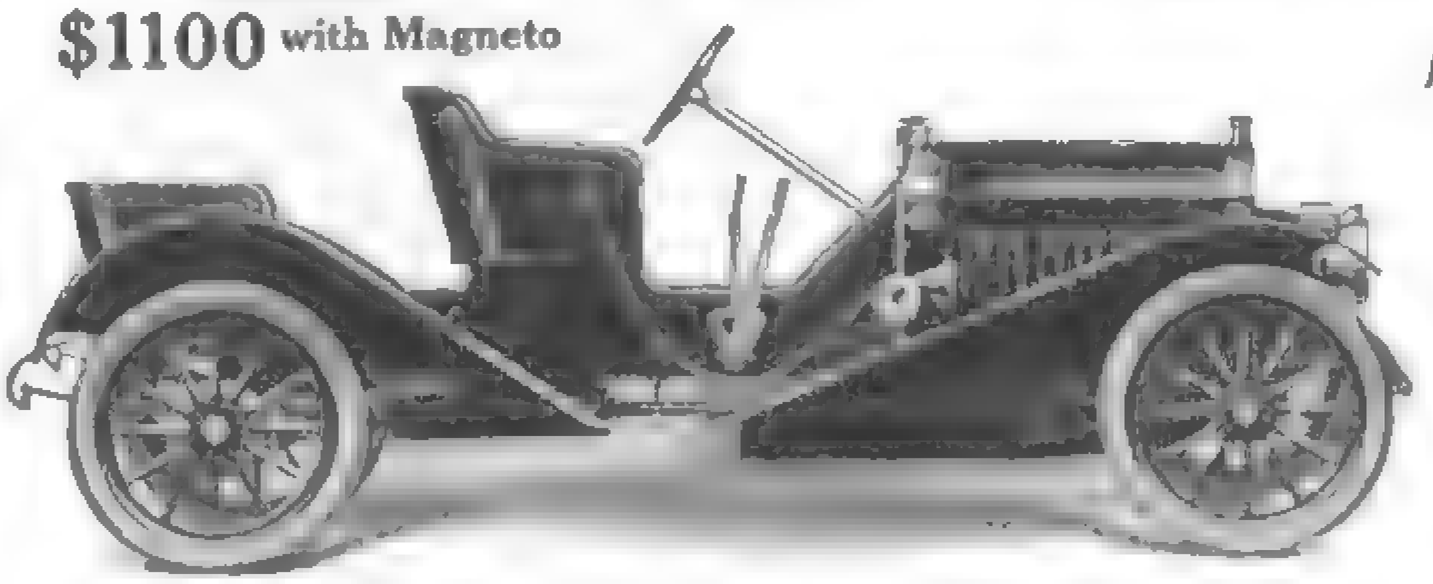
(7)

At last a "Thirty" for $1100

—a big, powerful, hardy car

"Standard from Tires to Spark Plug"

Roadster
$1100 with Magneto



THE Warren-Detroit "30" is the most highly standardized car ever offered as an initial product. Every feature has been tested and proven. Not a single part of the Warren-Detroit is radical or experimental. It is standard from tires to spark plug.

The lines of the *Warren-Detroit* are dashing, racy, beautiful — expressing the last word in automobile style. It looks like a solidly built car — it *is* a solidly built car; hardy — strong — speedy — invincible.

The motor is of the standard four-cylinder type, with cylinders cast en bloc. In every detail we have adhered to the most approved and successful automobile engineering practice. The cylinders are four-inch bore by four and one-half inch stroke. Every one knows that a long stroke motor develops the most power from a given bore — gives the most speed on the level, the most *pulling* power up hills or through heavy, sandy roads.

Valves are all on one side and are mechanically operated by a single cam shaft. This means fewer parts — less weight — less wear. Fifty-five miles an hour is easy for the *Warren-Detroit* "30." That's as fast as you would care to go.

We use a sliding gear transmission, selective type — THREE speeds forward and one reverse. You will find this same standard feature in the highest priced cars.

We use the *cone* clutch. *Over sixty per cent* of the cars shown at the recent New York and Chicago shows were equipped with cone clutches, but only a few were equipped with clutches equal in quality and efficiency to that in the *Warren-Detroit* "30," and those were in cars selling at almost twice our price. We use an *Aluminum* cone, faced with the finest grade of leather, fitted with adjustable springs to take up wear.

Axles are standard. Rear axle is of the semi-floating type; front axle is a drop forged "I" beam. Both axles are about thirty per cent stronger than is really necessary. This great reserve strength is extra assurance of *absolute safety*.

Warren-Detroit "30"

Frame is pressed steel with sub-frame for motor and transmission. Front springs are semi-elliptic; rear springs are three-quarter elliptic. This is a standard feature of the best cars.

Steering gear is of the irreversible type; worm and gear; polished brass column; 16-inch Mahogany rim. Control of carburetor and ignition is at the top of wheel by levers and ratchet quadrant — same as on the very highest priced machines.

And remember that the price includes Bosch High Tension Magneto, double system with dry cells; highest grade kick switch; all wires with spring snap terminals.

Note the fascinating, racy lines and the long wheel base — 110 inches. Note the long, shapely hood and the square Mahogany dash with polished brass bead; the wide, flaring fenders and the big, strong wheels.

You have only to compare to realize that the *Warren-Detroit* is standard — that it represents the most for the money in quality, size, power and endurance.

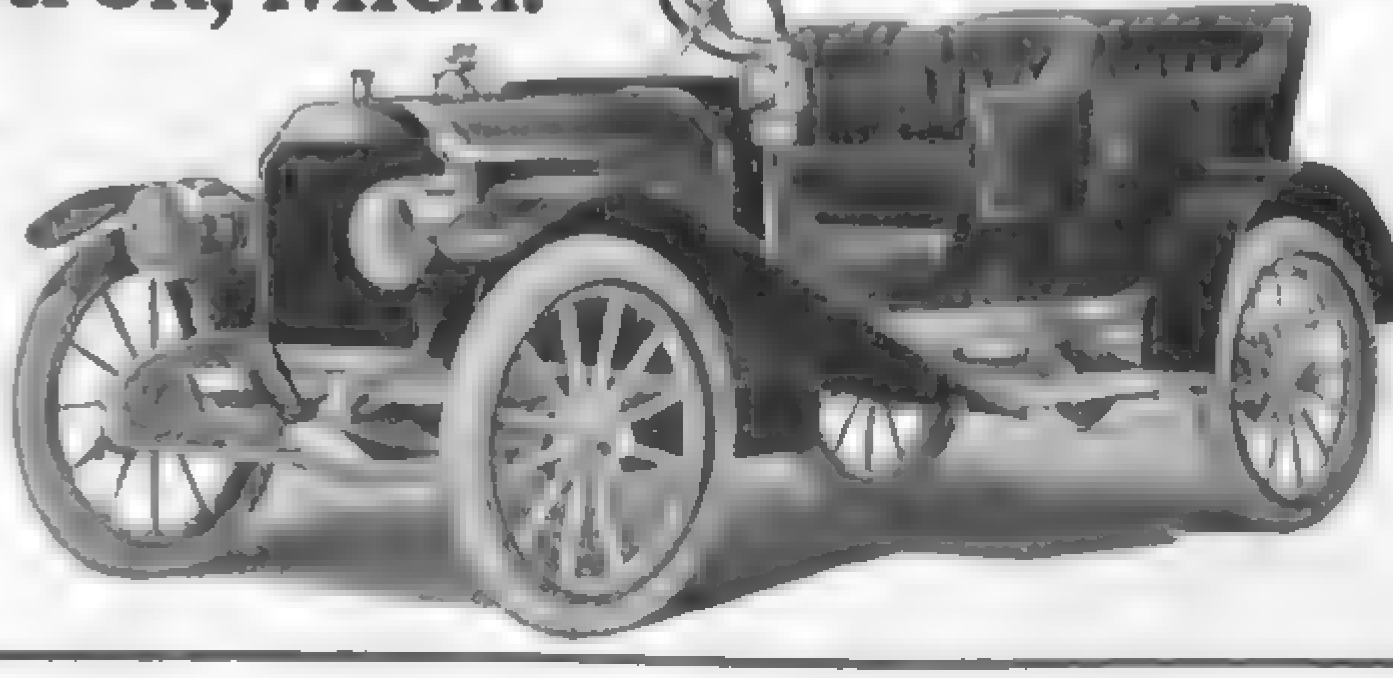
Thirty-two by three-and-a-half inch tires are standard equipment for the Roadster at $1100. Thirty-four by three-and-a-half inch tires will be furnished for $50 extra. The Demi-Tonneau, 110-inch wheel base, seating capacity for five passengers, is *regularly equipped* with thirty-four by three-and-one-half inch tires for $1250.

Prices include full equipment consisting of eight-inch gas lamps with generator; square oil lamps on dash; tail lamp; deep toned horn; complete set of tools; tire repair kit; pump and jack; — the car complete and ready for the road.

But see the *Warren-Detroit dealer.* Get a demonstration and prove to yourself that the *Warren-Detroit* is the car you want. If there is no dealer near you, write and we will tell you how you can arrange for a demonstration.

Warren Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

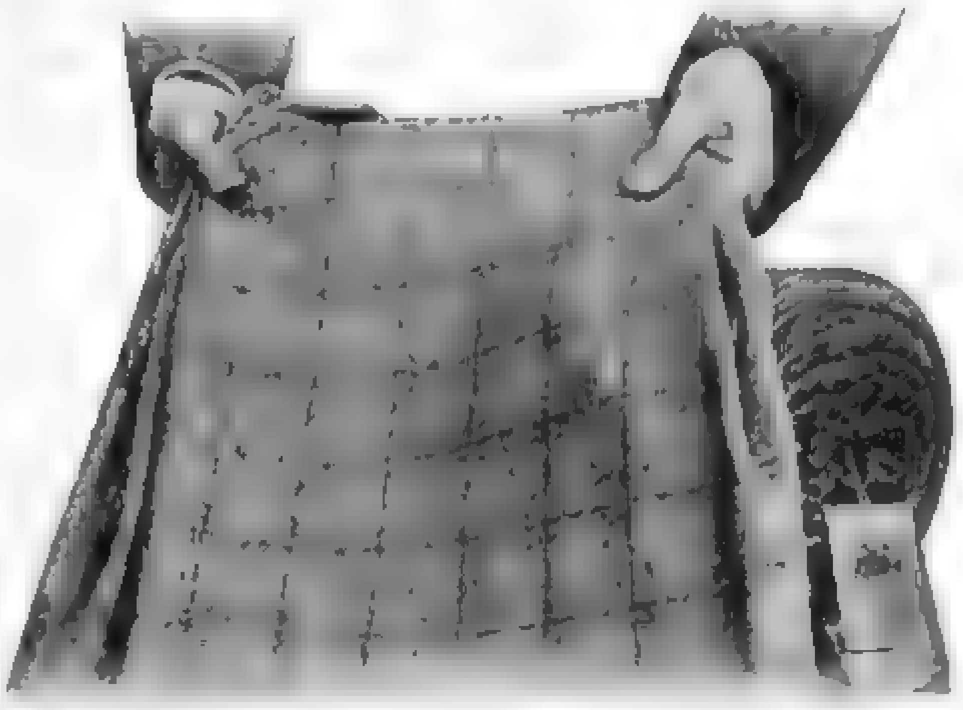
Demi-tonneau with 34 x 3½ inch tires **$1250**



These dealers will supply you:

ATLANTA, GA., Carmichael-Whitney Motor Car Co.
BRISTOL, CT., C. V. Mason & Company.
[illegible] O., [illegible] Motor Company, 6010 [illegible] Ave.
[illegible], Ross & Browne, 6127 Cottage [illegible] Ave.
[illegible] O., Early Motor Car Co., 176 So. [illegible]
[illegible] O., Chas. Schlear Motor Car Co., [illegible] Montgomery Ave.
[illegible], Detroit Motor Sales Co., 473 [illegible] Ave.
[illegible], Monroe Motor Car Co., 1040 [illegible]
[illegible] Ia., Brown Williams Auto Co.
[illegible], Nebraska Auto Company.
[illegible]
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., [illegible], 420 N. Delaware St.
KANSAS CITY, MO., Inter State Motor Company, 2408 Grand Ave.
LOS ANGELES, CAL., California Automobile Co., Cor. 10th and Main St.
LEXINGTON, KY., Smith, W[illegible] & Company.
[illegible], Mass., Essex Auto Company.
[illegible], MINN., Warren-Detroit Auto Co., [illegible] 10th St., South.
MILWAUKEE, WIS., J. L. Kunz Machinery Co., 2001 Vliet St.
[illegible], Aschaffenburg [illegible]
[illegible], Taylor Motor [illegible], [illegible] Real Estate Trust Bldg.
[illegible]
[illegible], Piper A[illegible] Company, 4[illegible] Delmar St.
[illegible] O., Norris-Toledo Motor Sales Co., 823 [illegible]
[illegible] Carriage & Auto Company.
[illegible] D. C., Geo. W. Wells, 1606 14th [illegible]

Merchant-Tailor Clothes Look Better



—They Always Have—They Always Will

That elusive something called *Style* cannot be made in a factory.

Good tailoring—the draping and cutting and modeling of cloth—is an *Art*, nothing less.

Every good merchant tailor believes this with all his soul. He *knows* it from his own years of experience and patience and toil as a craftsman.

He knows that merely to *fit* is but a small part of a good tailor's art.

The *right* sort of clothes—the clothes *you* want—appeal as much through *fitness* as through *fit*.

Through an air of distinction and elegance, a good tailor can express the best there is in you. He can make your clothes bespeak *class*. He can preserve *individuality*. He can give *personality* a chance.

You want such clothes and they can be had in only one way. They must be cut and made *expressly for you*, from faultless fabrics, by that artist of merchants—a merchant tailor.

These are tailoring *facts*. In neglecting them you wrong Opportunity.

S. Stein & Co.
WOOLENS

Now As to Fabrics—

For 46 years S. Stein & Co. have been recognized leaders as authorities on woolens.

To the man who respects the importance of correct and pleasing attire, it is worth a great deal to be able to know these peerless S. Stein & Co. Woolens by name. And they are worth taking pains to ask for.

These fabrics are, of course, all pure wool and are guaranteed absolutely fast in color.

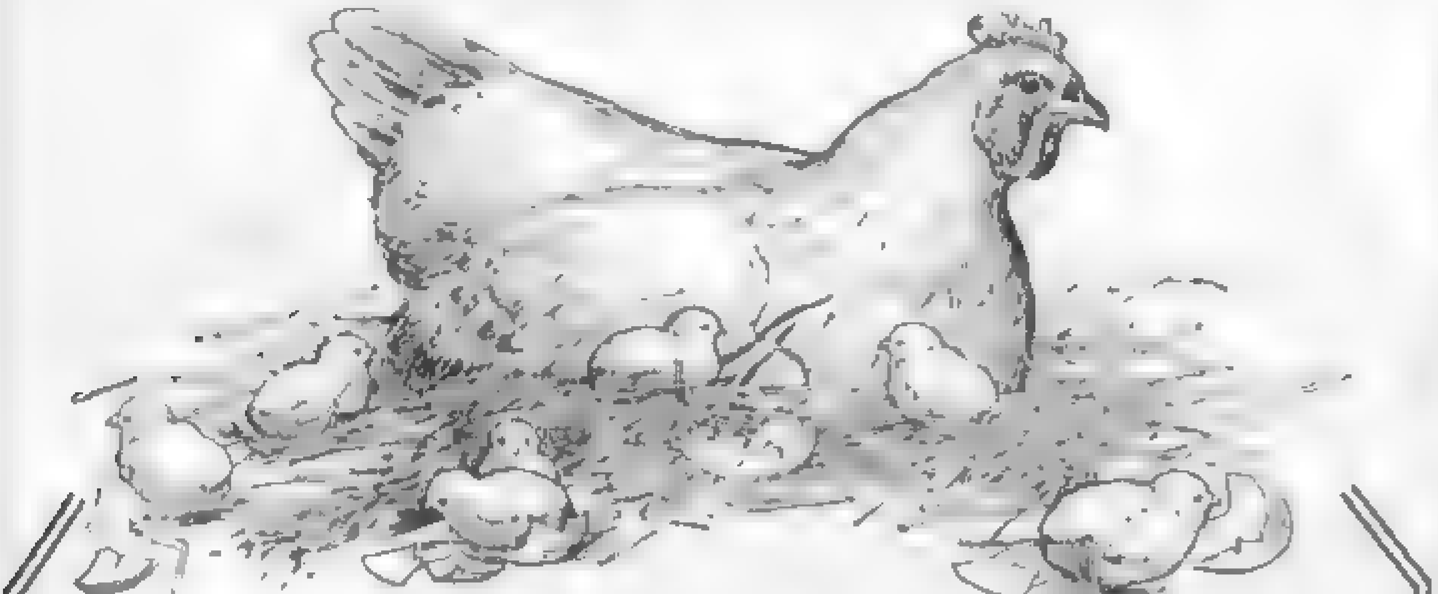
Our woolens are from the best and most reliable mills of America, England, Scotland and Ireland. Our designers and buyers visit these mills in person many times during each year.

Most of our patterns and styles are originated by our own New York staff of designers, especially to meet American fashions.

Thus the tailors who look to S. Stein & Co. can depend on being right up to the minute in the latest fabrics and styles.

Your tailor—if you ask him—will always be proud to show you our monogram "SS&CO" on the coat of arms on our tag. On our own exclusive patterns the tag carries the word, "Special."

S. STEIN & CO.
Fifth Avenue and 18th Street, New York



POULTRY RAISING
that Pays From the Start

Whether you live in the city, suburbs or country, you can make money *from the very start* raising poultry for market. The Poultry Raising *home* Course of the International Correspondence Schools, prepared by the foremost poultry-raising experts in the country, has made this possible.

Some people fail in poultry-raising because it takes too long and costs too much to get experience. The I. C. S. Course *gives you the experience first*—at home—*starts* you off right—*keeps* you right—gives you information and advice *at the very outset*—information and advice which represent the lifetime experience of men who have "made good" raising poultry.

The course includes every feature that enters into successful poultry raising:

How to select most profitable breeds; feeding; marketing eggs and poultry for profit; natural and artificial brooding; natural and artificial incubation, laying hens; combination plant, poultry appliances; enemies of poultry; diseases of poultry; poultry houses and management; turkeys; water fowls, squabs, etc., etc. To learn all about the course, fill in and mail the attached coupon.

To increase the efficiency and *practicality* of this course *which enables you to learn at home and to start and make money on small capital*, the I. C. S. is associated with one of the largest poultry farms in the world—the Rancocas Farm at Brown's Mills-in-the-Pines, N. J. This farm contains 10,000 layers; hatches [illegible] chickens a day; markets 30,000 eggs every week. Farm is always open for inspection and experts are on the ground to explain every feature of successful poultry-raising.

Write for circular describing this great *home* Course in Poultry-Raising. The opportunities in poultry-raising are unlimited. This is *your* opportunity to start *right*. The attached coupon *brings* you information [illegible] describing the Course. Fill it in and mail it NOW.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 996, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me free, and without further obligation on my part, [illegible] describing the Poultry Raising Course.

Name

Street and No. ....

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NATIONAL

At no time can knowledge of true value mean more than when a burial casket is to be selected.

National Caskets are most staunchly constructed of the finest materials. Whatever the circumstances, the best possible selection is assured by the wide variety of designs in every grade—all of the highest memorial character.

Furnished by leading Funeral Directors everywhere.

Write for booklet "THE NATIONAL BRONZE"—description of the indestructible National Bronze Casket, with an interesting history of the Eternal Metal. Address to 7 West 29th Street, New York.

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Complete Show Rooms in following Cities:

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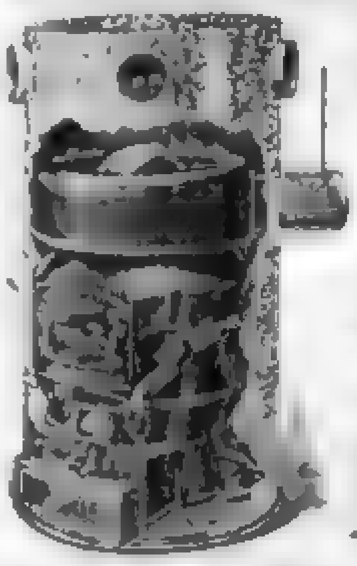


Buy Direct—Save Money—We Pay Freight

Our monthly installment plan of selling direct saves you all the dealer's profit and his excessive charges for installation and repairs. You can save at least ⅓ the cost of your furnace. We have been building Jahant Furnaces for over thirty years and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Let us tell you why the

JAHANT DOWN DRAFT FURNACE

Is the best Heating System made for residences, schools, hotels, churches, etc. [illegible] Down Draft System [illegible] heating system. [illegible] which you pay

Only $10 Down and $10 a Month

makes it easy for anyone to have the best heating system made.

We send [illegible] with special plans, full directions and [illegible] the aid of a tinner.

Write To-day for Catalog which explains the Jahant Down Draft System and tells why it gives more heat at less cost than any other system of hot air, steam or hot water heating.

THE JAHANT HEATING CO., 212 Howard Street, Akron, O.

Fence Signs That Pull Business

Cut advertising bills, boom trade, make more money [illegible] Statesman WEATHERproof Signs [illegible] The only [illegible] patent clasp

Statesman WEATHERproof Fence Signs

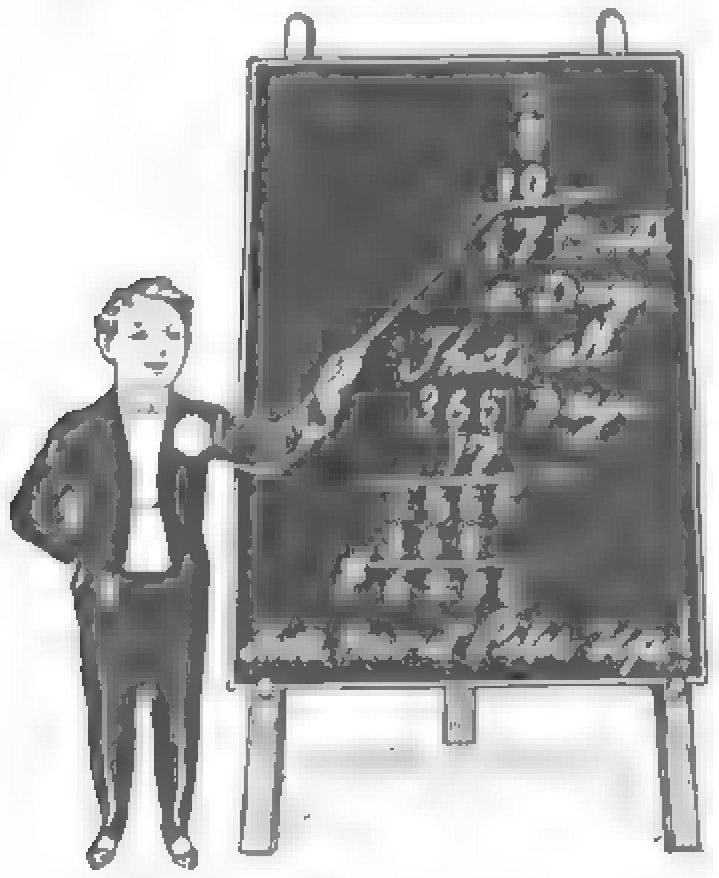
Come all sizes, in any combination of fast colors, printed on heavy board, and [illegible]

We Prepay Freight and Furnish Catch Phrases [illegible]

THE STATESMAN COMPANY, 70 Jefferson Avenue, MARSHALL, MICHIGAN

Magic of 17 cts. Explained!

How 17 Cents a Day Buys the $100 Oliver Typewriter



This, ladies and gentlemen, is the correct solution of the Typewriter Problem, which has puzzled hundreds who were anxious to own the Oliver but didn't happen to have in their pockets its price—$100.

The Key to the Problem is *seventeen*, the magic number.

The *first thing* is to *forget* all about the $100. Concentrate your mind on the question, "Can I save 17 cents a day?"

The answer, of course, is YES! It's *easy* for *everybody!*

Now watch the blackboard, while we do a little rapid calculation

Add two cents, a nickel and a dime, and you get *17 cents*. That's what you pay *per day*.

The OLIVER Typewriter

"The Standard Visible Writer"

We multiply the 365 days in a year by the magic number and—behold! the surprising total of $62.05

In a little *over* a year, at 17 cents a day, you have paid for the world's best $100 machine.

Please understand that you get the machine before you *begin* to save 17 cents a day.

A small first payment, to show good faith, puts the Oliver in your possession.

Then, if you wish, you can make the machine *earn* the money to pay the rest of the $100

The Oliver is so easy to operate that you can master it in *seventeen minutes' practice*.

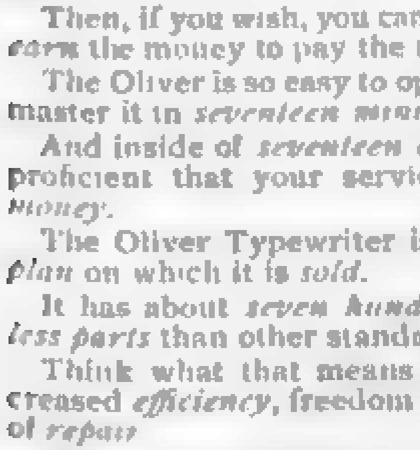
And inside of *seventeen days* you can be so proficient that your services will be worth *money*.

The Oliver Typewriter is as simple as the *plan* on which it is *sold*.

It has about *seven hundred and seventeen less parts* than other standard typewriters

Think what that means in added *life*, increased *efficiency*, freedom from *wear* or need of *repair*

The basic principle of the Oliver Typewriter, *the U-shaped Type Bar*, puts it *seventeen years* in advance of its nearest competitors.



Upon this fundamental advantage, covered by world-wide patents, has been reared the towering supremacy of this greatest of writing machines

Write for full particulars of the "17 Cents-a-Day" Plan and Catalog telling the fascinating facts about the Oliver Typewriter.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 5)

He'll be waiting for you. After lunch I'll take you up to the village and fit you out."

"I say, that's awfully good of you."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Say, I didn't mean to be fresh."

"Well, you were."

White, having carefully noted the ravages of the razor, turned from the looking-glass and surveyed the penitent Stover.

"Well, what did they fire you for?" he said point-blank.

"They fired me——" began Stover slowly, and stopped.

"Out with it," said Butsey militantly.

But at that moment the voice of Mr. Jenkins summoned Stover below, and left the great question unanswered.

III

THE interview with the house master was not trying. Mr. Jenkins was a short, fuzzy little man, who looked him over with nervous concern, calculating what new strain on his temper had arrived; introduced him to Mrs. Jenkins, and seized the occasion of the luncheon-bell to cut short the conversation.

At lunch Stover committed an unpardonable error which only those who have suffered can understand—he sent his plate up for a second helping of prunes.

"What in the name of peanuts did you do that for?" said Butsey in a whisper, while the Coffee-colored Angel jabbed him with his elbow and trod on his toes. "Now you *have* put your foot in it!"

Stover looked up to behold every countenance grim and outraged

"What's wrong?" he said in a whisper

"Wrong? Didn't you ever have prunes and skimmed milk before, thousands and thousands of times?"

"Yes, but —"

"You don't like 'em, do you?"

"Why, I don't know."

"Do you want to have them five times a week—in springtime?"

The plate, bountifully helped, returned from hand to hand down the table, laden with prunes and maledictions

"I didn't know," Stover said apologetically

"Well, now you know," said the Coffee-colored Angel vindictively, "don't you so much as stir 'em up with your spoon. Don't you dare!"

Stover, being thus forbidden, calmly, wickedly, chuckling inwardly, emptied his plate, smacked his lips and exclaimed:

"My! those are delicious. Pass my plate up for some more, will you, Mr. White?"

"Now, why did you do that?" said Butsey White when they were alone in their room.

"I couldn't help it. I just couldn't help it," said Stover ruthfully. "It was such a joke!"

"Not from you," said Butsey White with Roman dignity. "You've got the whole darn house down on you already, and the Coffee-colored Angel will never forgive you."

"Just for that?"

Butsey White disdained an answer. Instead, he scanned Stover's clothes with critical disfavor.

"Say, if I'm going to lead you around by the hand you've got to come down on that color scheme of yours, or it's no go."

Stover, surprised, surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Why, I thought that pretty fine."

"Say, have you got a pair of trousers that's related to a coat?"

Stover dove into the trunk and produced a blue suit that passed the censor, who had in the mean while confiscated the razor-tipped patent-leathers and the red-visored cap, saying:

"Now you'll sink into the landscape and won't frighten the cows. Stick on this cap of mine and hoof it; you're due at the Doctor's in half an hour, and I promised old Fuzzy-Wuzzy to show you the lay of the land and give you some pointers."

Outside, Cheyenne Baxter, who was pitching curves to Tough McCarty, stopped them:

"Hello, there, Rinky Dink: turn up here sharp at four o'clock."

"What for—sir?" said Stover, surprised.

"We've got a game on with the Cleve. Play baseball?"

"I—I'm a little out of practice," said Stover, who loathed the game.

"Can't help it; you're it. You play in the field. Four o'clock sharp."

"You're the ninth man in the house," Butsey explained as they started for the school. "Every one has to play. Are you any good?"

Stover was tempted to let his imagination run, but the thought of the afternoon curbed it.

"Oh, I used to be pretty fair," he said half-heartedly, plunging into the distant past.

But Stover had no desire to talk; he felt the thrill of strange sensations. Scarcely did he heed the chatter of his guide that rattled on.

The road lay straight and cool under the mingled foliage of the trees. Ahead, groups of boys crossed and recrossed in lazy saunterings.

"There's the village," said Butsey, extending his hand to the left. "First bungalow is Mister Laloo's, buggies and hot dogs. There's Bill Appleby's—say, he's a character, rolling in money—we'll drop in to see him. Firmin's store's next and the Jigger Shop's at the end."

"The Jigger Shop!" said Stover mystified. "What's that?"

"Where they make Jiggers, of course."

"Jiggers?"

"Oh, my beautiful stars, think of eating your first Jigger!" said Butsey White, the man of the world. "What wouldn't I give to be in your shoes! I say, though, you've got some tin?"

"Sure," said Stover, sounding the coins in his change pocket.

Butsey's face brightened.

"You see, Al has no confidence in me just at present. It's a case of the regular table d'hôte for me until the first of the month. Say, we'll have a regular gorge. It'll be fresh strawberry Jiggers, too."

They began to pass other fellows in flannels and jerseys, who exchanged greetings.

"Hello, you, Butsey!"

"Why, Egghead, howdy-do?"

"Ah, there, Butsey White!"

"Ta-ta, Saphead."

"See you later, old Sport."

"Four o'clock sharp, Texas."

Under the trees, curled in the grass, a group of three were languidly working out a Greek translation.

"Skin your eyes, Dink," said Butsey White, waving a greeting as they passed. "See the fellow this side? That's Flash Condit."

"The fellow who scored on the Princeton 'Varsity?"

"Oh, you knew, did you?"

"Sure," said Stover with pride. "Gee, what a peach of a build!"

"Turn to your left," said Butsey suddenly. "Here's Foundation House, where the Doctor lives. Just look at that doorway. Wouldn't it give you the chills?"

They were in front of a red-brick house, hidden under dark trees and overgrown with vines that congregated darkly over the porte-cochère and gave the entrance a mysterious gloom that still lives in the memory of the generations.

"It swallows you up, doesn't it?" said Dink, awed.

"You bet it does, and it's worse inside," said Butsey comfortingly. "Come on; now I'll show you the real thing"

They passed the surrounding trees and suddenly halted. Before them the campus burst upon them.

"Well, Dink, what do you think of that?" said Butsey proudly

Stover plunged his hands in his trousers pockets and gazed awed. Before him extended an immense circle of greensward, dotted on the edge with apple trees in blossom, under which groups of boys were lolling, or tumbling over one another in joyous, cublike romping. To the left, across the circle, half a dozen red-coated, slate-topped, portly houses, overgrown with ivy, were noisy with urchins hanging out of myriad windows, grouped on steps, chasing one another in twisting spirals over the lawns. Ahead, a massive brownstone chapel with pointed tower rose up, and to its right, in mathematical bulk, was the abode of Greek and Latin roots, syntax and dates, of blackboards, hard seats and the despotism of the Faculty. To the right, close at hand, was a large three-storied building with wonderful dormer windows tucked under the slanted slate roof, and

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

You may dent the wood, but you can't crack the varnish

"61" is easy to apply and hard to wear out. It merges with the flooring, and won't chip nor flake.

Send for Free Sample Panel and make this Heel Test Yourself

You may drag a chair across a "61" floor, move heavy furniture over it—it shows only the reflection.

It's Waterproof too

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Spill water over "61," it will never turn white—it is both waterproof and wear-proof. "61" is made from the finest imported gums and oils, aged for months and perfectly blended. With the same kind of care, and from the same class of materials, are made the other

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For Every Purpose

For all exterior or exposed work, there is no varnish equal to Pratt & Lambert Spar Finishing Varnish, suitable for all work subject to moisture.

For highest class interior work, excepting on floors, use "38" Preservative Varnish to obtain the most beautiful effects, and most durable finish—if first cost must be considered, use "110" Cabinet Varnish.

For White Enamel Work, Vitralite, "The Long Life Enamel," is supremely satisfactory. It retains its whiteness permanently, and will not crack under the severest conditions indoor or out.

Send for Descriptive Price List

It will tell you all about the 300 Pratt & Lambert Varnishes for every purpose—and get the "61" Panel for your test and the Booklet on Floor Finishing. Address

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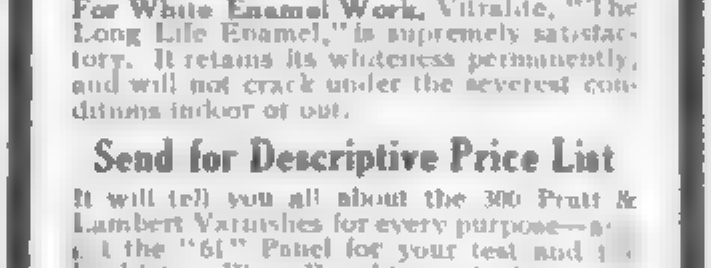
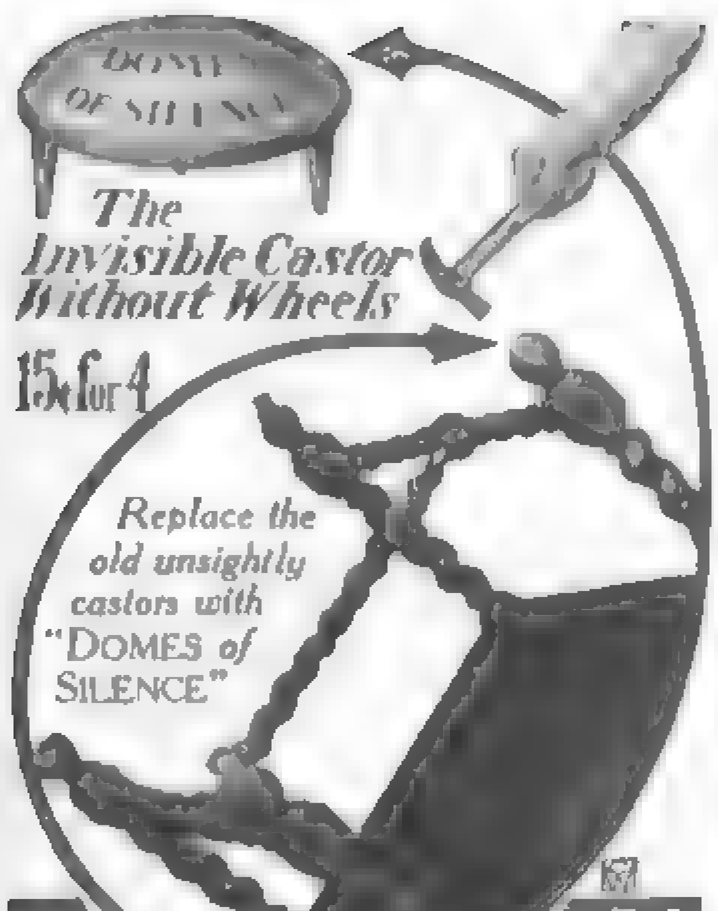
[illegible] **Established 61 Years** [illegible]



"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Test it with a Hammer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The Invisible Castor Without Wheels
15c for 4
Replace the old unsightly castors with "DOMES of SILENCE"

The Castor That
—Slides silently, softly and smoothly.
—Makes it easy to move *any* furniture.
—Cannot scratch or mar hardwood, marble or tiled floors.
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—Slips easily over the edge of a rug.
—Cannot get out of order or squeak.

JUST place over centre of furniture leg and hammer them in—no nails or screws are needed and they fit right over old castor holes. Suitable for every size and kind of furniture in the house, office or store.

Try one set on your favorite arm-chair and you will want them on everything.

Made in four sizes of guaranteed indestructible Nickel Steel. 15 cents a set of 4.

Sold by hardware, housefurnishing, furniture and department stores.

If your dealer does not have them in stock yet,

Send Fifteen Cents For a Set of Four

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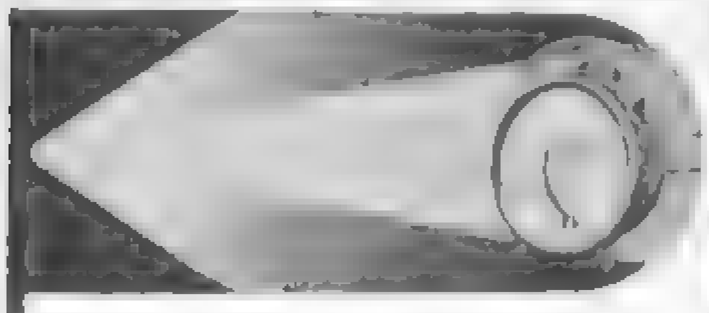

The Two Fields of Light You Need

To drive your car in safety in the country you must have a searchlight beam, as well as an area of near by illumination that will enable you to "see 'round the corner" when approaching curves.

In the city the searchlight beam is a nuisance, and only the other light is necessary.

These two fields of light are combined in but one lamp—

SOLARCLIPSE
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below was a long stone esplanade, black with the grouped figures of giants. At the windows, propped on sofa cushions, chin in hand, some few conned the approaching lesson, softening the task by moments of dreamy contemplation of the scuffle below or stopping to catch a tennis ball that traveled from the esplanade to the window. Meanwhile, a constant buzz of inquiry and exclamation continued:

"Say, Bill, how far's the advance?"

"Middle page ninety-two."

"Gee, what a lesson!"

"You bet—it's tough!"

"Hi, there, give me a catch."

"Look out! Biff!"

"Oh, you Jack Rabbit, come up and give me the advance!"

"Can't. I'm taking my chances. Get hold of Skinny."

"What time's practice?"

"That's the Upper House, House of Lords, Abode of the Blessed," said Butsey with envious eyes. "That's where we'll land when we're fifth-formers—govern yourself, no lights, go to the village any time, and all that sort of thing. Say!" He swept the circle comprehensively with his arm. "What do you think of it? Pretty fine, eh—what?"

"Gee!" said Stover with difficulty; then after a moment he blurted out: "It's—it's terrific!"

"Oh, that's not all; there's the Hammil House in the village and the Davis and Rouse up the street. The baseball fields are past the chapel."

"Why, it's like a small college," said Stover, whose gaze returned to the giants on the esplanade.

"Huh!" said Butsey in sovereign contempt. "We'll wipe up anything in the shape of a small college that comes around here! Do you want to toddle around the circle?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" said Stover, cold at the thought of running the inspection of hundreds of eyes. "Besides, I've got to see the Doctor."

"All right. Stand right up to him, now. Don't get scared," said Butsey, choosing the sure method to arouse all latent fears.

"What's he like?" said Stover, biting his nails.

"There's nothing like him," said Butsey reminiscently. "He's got an eye that gives you the creeps. He knows everything that goes on—everything."

Stover began to whistle, keeping an eye on the windows as they approached.

"Well, ta-ta! I'll hang out at Laloo's for you," said Butsey, loping off. "Say, by-the-way, look out!—he's a crackerjack boxer."

Stover, like Æneas at the gates of Avernus, stood under the awful portals, ruminating uneasily on Butsey's last remark. There certainly was something dark and terrifying about the place that cast cold shadows over the cheery April day. Then the door opened, he gave his name in blundering accents to the butler, and found himself in the parlor, sitting bolt-upright on the edge of a gilded chair. The butler returned, picking up his steps and, after whispering that the Doctor would see him presently, departed, stealing noiselessly away. Abandoned to the classic stillness, nothing in the room reassured him. The carpets were soft, drowning out the sounds of human feet; the walls and corridors seemed horribly stilled, as if through them no human cry might reach the outer air. All about were photographs of broken columns—cold, rigid, ruined columns—faintly discerned in the curtained light of the room. The Doctor's study was beyond, through the door by which the butler had passed. Stover's glance was riveted on it, trying to remember whether the American Constitution prohibited head masters from the brutal English practice of caning and birching; and, listening to the lagging tick of the mantel clock, he solemnly vowed to lead that upright, impeccable life that would keep him from such another soul-racking visit.

The door opened and the Doctor appeared, holding out his hand.

Stover hastily sprang up, found himself actually shaking hands and mumbling something futile and idiotic. Then he was drawn to the horror of horrors, and the door shut out all retreat.

"Well, John, how do you like the school?"

Stover, more terrified by this mild beginning than if the Doctor had produced a bludgeon from behind his back, stammered out that he thought the buildings were handsome, very handsome.

"It's a pretty big place," said the Doctor, throwing his nervous little body back in an easy chair and studying the four-hundred-and-second problem of the year. "You'll find a good deal in it—a great many interests."

"He certainly has a wicked eye," thought Stover, watching with fascination the glance that confronted him like a brace of pistols suddenly extended from under shaggy bushes. "Now he's sizing me up—wonder if he knows all?"

"Well, John, what was the trouble?" said the Doctor from his easy, reclining position.

"The trouble, sir? Oh," said Stover, sitting bolt-upright with every sinew stiffened. "You mean why they fired—why they expelled me, sir?"

"Yes, why did they fire you?" said the Doctor, trying to descend.

"For getting caught, sir."

The Doctor gazed at him sharply, seeking to determine whether the answer was from impertinence or fright or a precocious judgment on the morals of the nation. Then he smiled and said:

"Well, what was it?"

"Please, sir, I put asafetida in the furnace," said Stover in frightened tones.

"You put asafetida down the furnace?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a very brilliant idea, wasn't it?"

"No, sir," said Stover, drawing a long breath and wondering if he could possibly stay after such a confession.

"Why did you do it?"

Stover hesitated, and suddenly, yielding to an unaccountable impulse toward the truth that occasionally surprised him, blurted out:

"I did it to make trouble, sir."

"You didn't like the school?"

"I hated it! There were girls around."

"Well, John," said the Doctor with heroic seriousness, "it may be that you didn't have enough to do. You have evidently an active brain—perhaps imagination would be a fitter word. As I said, you'll find this a pretty big place, just the sort of opening an ambitious boy should delight in. You'll find here all sorts of boys—boys that count, boys you respect and want to respect you, and then there are other boys who will put asafetida in the furnace if you choose to teach them chemistry."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Stover, all in a gasp.

"Your parents think you are hard to manage," said the Doctor with the wisp of a smile. "I don't. Go out; make some organization; represent us; make us proud of you; count for something! And remember one thing: if you want to set fire to Memorial Hall or to dynamite this study do it because you want to, and not because some other fellow puts it into your head. Stand on your own legs." The Doctor rose and extended his hand cordially. "Of course, I shall have my eye on you."

Stover, dumfounded, rose as though on springs. The Doctor, noticing his amazement, said:

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, sir—is that all?"

"That's all," said the Doctor seriously.

Stover drew a long breath, shook hands precipitately and escaped.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Fight That Fizzled

MARTIN W. LITTLETON, the New York lawyer, who was born in Tennessee and came to New York via Texas, tells of two old neighbors of his, when he lived in Tennessee, who had a dispute over a line fence that became a feud that nothing but bloodshed would settle.

They agreed to take their squirrel rifles, go out in the woods, stand thirty paces apart, and fire at the count of three until one or the other, or both, were killed.

They went out to the woods. Presently one of the combatants came back, dragging his gun and very indignant.

"That there man is a coward," he shouted. "He's a coward and he don't fight fair. When we stood up thar and the count began, he jumped behind a tree at the word two. He don't fight fair. Think of his gittin' behind a tree."

"Well," asked a listener, "what did you do?"

"Why," said the indignant one, "what could I do? You see, his gittin' behind a tree just naturally throwed me behind a tree, too."

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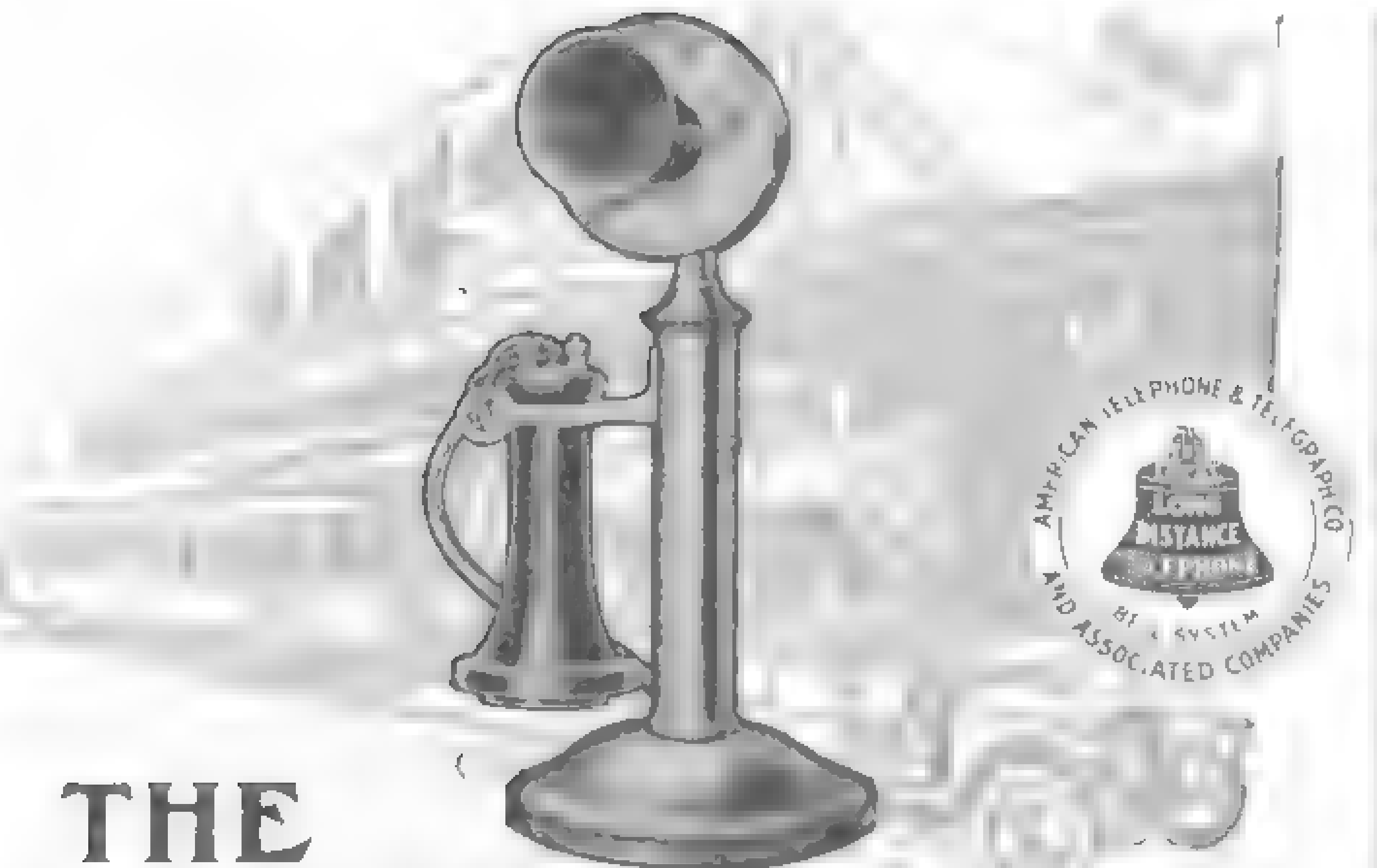

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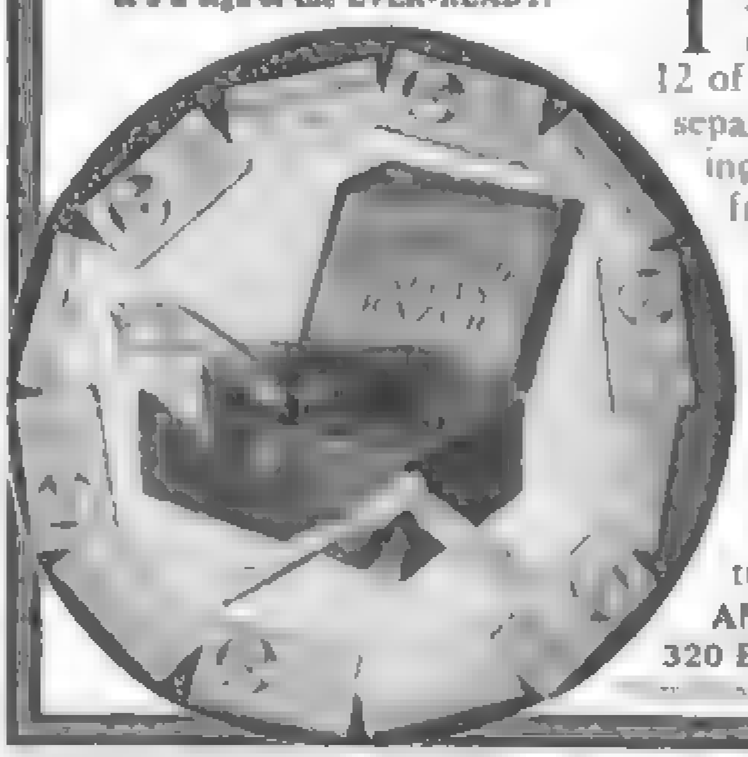

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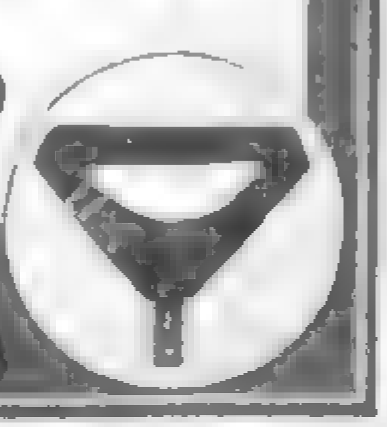

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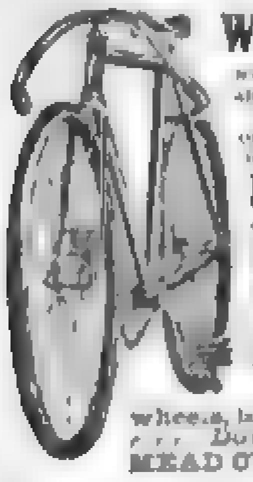

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DOES THE FARMER GET HIS SHARE?

(Continued from Page 7)

It would be cheaper to load ten cars of flour or grain at one point than to stop a freight train and pick up one car at each of ten towns.

Rates are not, in fact, based on the service rendered. Some railroad men still adhere to the claim, more or less secretly, that rates ought to be all the traffic will bear, but the states are taking a different view. Kansas has adopted maximum freight-rate laws and rulings wherein the charges are figured strictly on a mileage basis—so much pay to the railroad for so many tons and miles hauled. To adopt such a rule throughout the country might tend to destroy the power of the large distributing centers and establish thousands of small plants throughout the country. Present economic conditions might not permit such a radical change, but until it is done it is not likely that there will be relief from more or less exorbitant freight rates in certain sections

Whether or not the railroads are charging rates averaging too high and making profits too large only experts can tell. The railroads have accounting systems all their own, and it is difficult for the courts or others to learn whether or not a given tariff is excessive. From the examples given, and many others which may be found in all parts of the country, it is certain that a new adjustment is made. Possibly railroads do haul goods at a loss on some lines or branches and make up for it by higher rates on others, and this ought not to be. The railroads collect a certain toll for their services. They figure the expense of transporting a car of produce, grain or livestock and add a profit. If this is reasonable, well and good, and the indications are that the railroad profits are satisfactory to the railroad owners, as few if any important roads are losing money. The railroad agent tells the farmer what the rate is to a certain point and the farmer can either pay it or not make the shipment. He has nothing to say about whether or not the service is worth to him the price asked.

To Bring About the Millennium

The farmer never figures the cost of his products; he depends upon the agricultural colleges and the experiment stations to determine this. He hasn't the time to keep books, and many would not know how if they had time. He knows what his land cost, how much interest and taxes he has to pay, how much his stock and implements and seed and hired help come to in a year, but he cannot figure out what proportion of this cost should be charged to a given field or group of animals, add his profit and demand a justifiable return.

Numerous efforts have been made to organize the farmers and provide a way whereby they could, when needed, secure money for immediate use at reasonable cost, and thus be able to hold their crops. Except in isolated instances these efforts have not accomplished the intended purpose. Too frequently they have been, originally or later, schemes to exploit the farmers; or they have been failures because of mismanagement, or in some instances because of the farmer's constitutional objection to borrowing money when he has something to sell. Often the farmer will take what is offered him and have ready money, rather than pay interest. There is no doubt that by careful organization and intelligent coöperation the farmers could hold their crops and compel compensatory prices, but it remains a fact that they fail to avail themselves of their opportunities, and the advantages of organization are reaped by others. There are some who are able to hold their crops until the markets reach more remunerative levels, but these form only a small part of the whole

If the farmer could figure all the expenses of growing his crops and his animals and then go to the buyer and say, for example: "These cattle have cost me sixty-four dollars a head now, including freight, yardage and commissions; I want ten per cent profit for myself and you can have the cattle at a price per hundred that will give me seventy dollars a head," it would not be oppressive and the millennium in the farmer's life would be close at hand. He could then be assured of a fair profit on his

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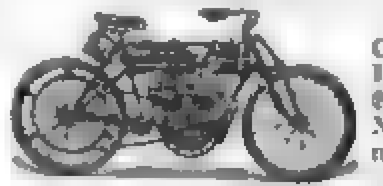

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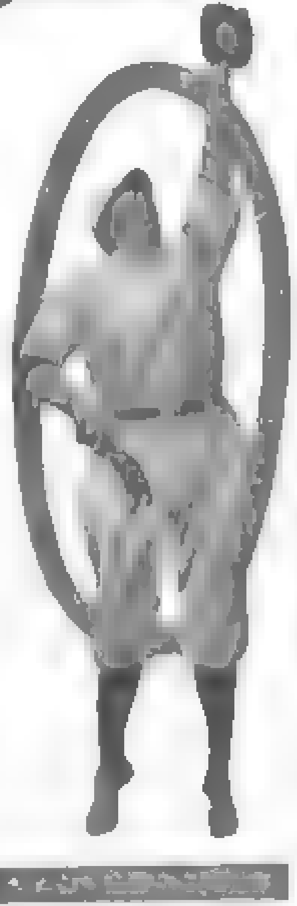

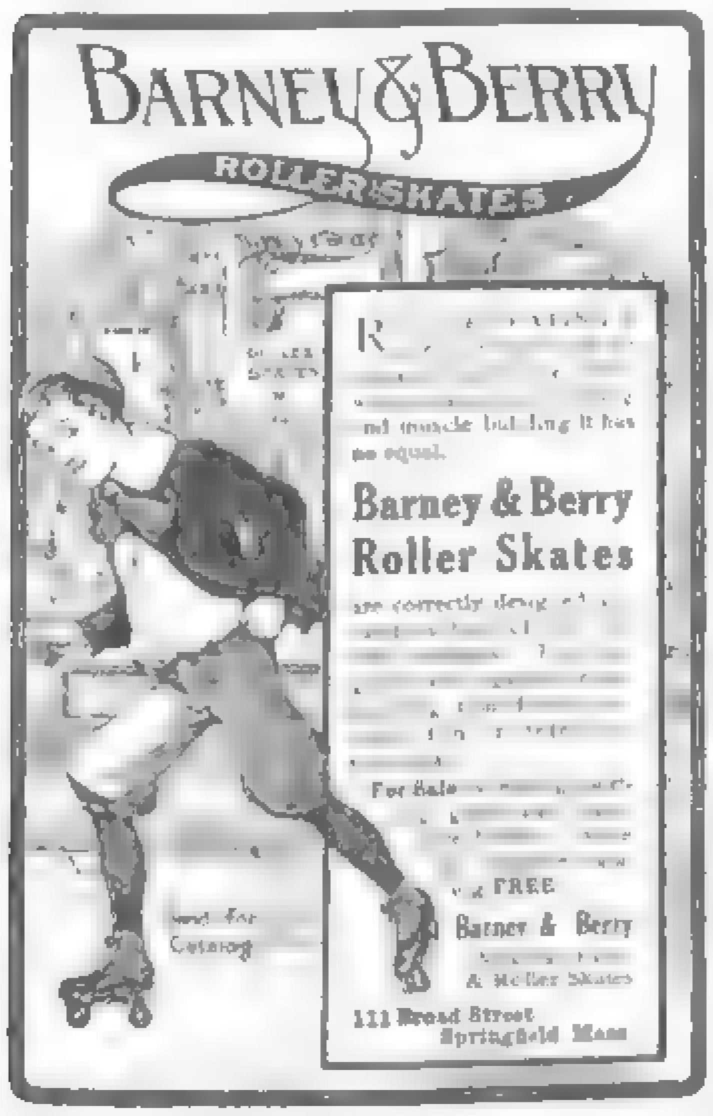

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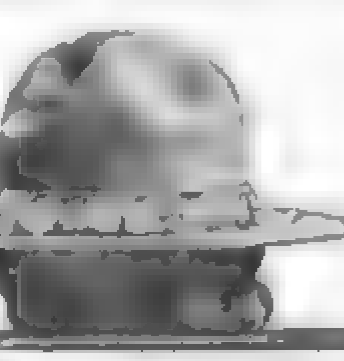

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work. Thousands make far less than this profit on their investment, not because of any fault of their own, but because the buyers, at whose mercy they are, would not permit them to have a fair margin. In some years the farmers will make a good profit and the next year all may be wiped out by the arbitrary lowering of prices

Let us follow up the same livestock or its product after they are out of the farmers' hands and reach. Who fixes the prices from then on until the consumer gets his steak, bacon, ham or leg o' mutton? The buyer turns into the packing company a notation as to the cost of the stock purchased. From then on the packer can tell just what a cut from one of his steers or hogs is going to cost him. He knows to half a pound how much of the different classes of market meats, and how much and what grade of by-products, he will realize from his animals. Knowing these things the packer fixes his profit and then figures the price at which he will sell. His profit may be large or small, but how large or how small no one knows but the packer himself

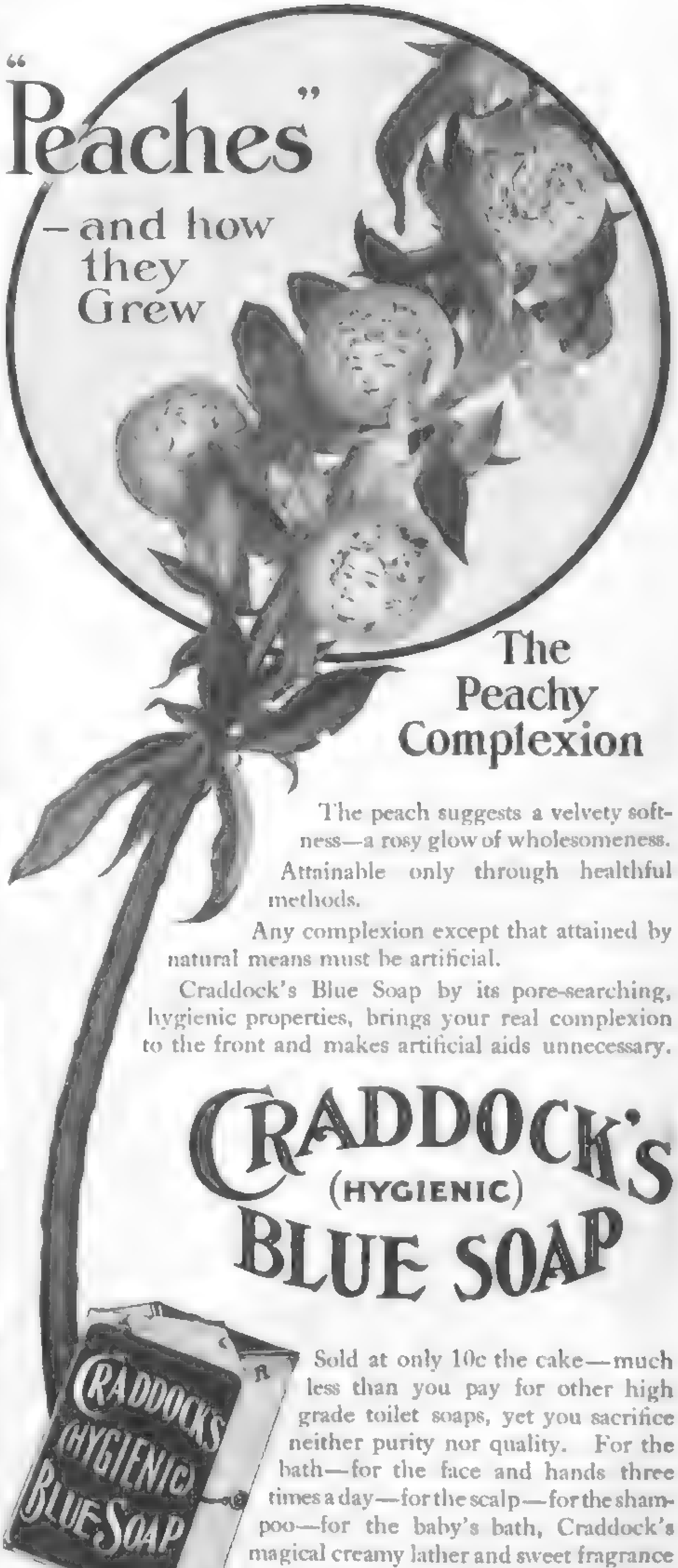
The brokerage and wholesale houses buy from the packer at the packer's price. There are brokerage houses which take their profit although their investment in the business may be only some rented office furniture, some stationery and a typewriter. They buy from the packer and sell to the retailer They have no warehouses and little expense except office rent and postage, but their profit comes just the same. The wholesale houses are often necessary, as in many towns it would not be possible to keep a fresh supply of meats, produce or groceries without them. Dealers secure these stocks in carloads or train lots, place them in cold storage, and supply the retailer in smaller quantities at the cost to the wholesaler, plus the transportation, plus storage charges, plus insurance and plus a profit.

The retailer buys, according to his line of business, at the wholesale man's price, or if possible he eliminates the middleman and where there are packing-houses or factories at hand buys direct. He adds his expenses and profits to the price he pays, fixed by the packer, manufacturer, canner or miller, and sells at his own comfortable price to the consumer, who must either pay the figure or go without. In some instances it has been shown by investigators that the manufacturer and retailer absorb the wholesaler's or broker's profits and add these to their own, instead of sharing them evenly by making higher prices to the producer and lower charges to the consumer

An Exchange for the Farmer

If the demand for meats, butter, fruits or canned goods, flour or oils is light the manufacturer simply crowds the capacity of his storage plant a little more. Soon the visible supply is shortened, selling prices are still maintained, or possibly advanced, and the manufacturer and the others who have a hand in distributing the commodities secure their usual rake-off But the farmer could not hold to his hogs or wheat or fruit to maintain prices. It is not necessary either that the packers or manufacturers should be in a combination to do this. A combination would more likely increase the profits rather than tend to maintain prices, as the packer, broker, jobber and merchant get theirs whether hogs are worth five or eight cents a pound or cattle four or six cents. As an example of a well-meant but futile protest against one of the conditions now existing, the recent attempted meat boycott may be beautiful in theory, viewed from a single angle, but as a scheme for punishing those who really make the prices of meats it is utterly fallacious — in fact, a boomerang and only affords further excuse for the packers to lower the prices of what they buy at a time when they know producers must sell and pocket their losses, even if these losses mean bankruptcy. As for the consumer, the cent or fraction of a cent that for appearance' sake is, perhaps, taken off the wholesale price, never shows on the family's passbook. No one is punished but the innocent producer.

If it were possible for the farmers to harvest their crops and then through an organization or exchange of their own determine what their crops should be sold for, they could then in a measure direct the markets and be assured of returns somewhat uniform each year. They could add more than a reasonable profit if they wished, and the consumer would have to pay it. But the



"Peaches" — and how they Grew

The Peachy Complexion

The peach suggests a velvety softness — a rosy glow of wholesomeness. Attainable only through healthful methods.

Any complexion except that attained by natural means must be artificial.

Craddock's Blue Soap by its pore-searching, hygienic properties, brings your real complexion to the front and makes artificial aids unnecessary.

CRADDOCK'S (HYGIENIC) BLUE SOAP

Sold at only 10c the cake — much less than you pay for other high grade toilet soaps, yet you sacrifice neither purity nor quality. For the bath — for the face and hands three times a day — for the scalp — for the shampoo — for the baby's bath, Craddock's magical creamy lather and sweet fragrance of cleanliness is ideal.

For every toilet purpose the Craddock quality brings new delights.
If it isn't Craddock's, it isn't blue soap
At all Druggists' and Grocers' — 10c.
Made in Cincinnati, Ohio.

For Hands and Face Three Times A Day

CALF PASTE
BOX CALF VICI KID PATENT AND ENAMEL LEATHERS
WHITTEMO ELITE POL BOX CALF

"BOOT BLACKS" who value their reputation always use

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Because they are sure of a

Better Polish Without Injury to the Leather

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety

"Elite" Combination

For gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A 1. Restores Color and Lustre to all Black Shoes

Liquid for cleaning and Paste for polishing

Large, 25 Cents

"Baby Elite" Combination

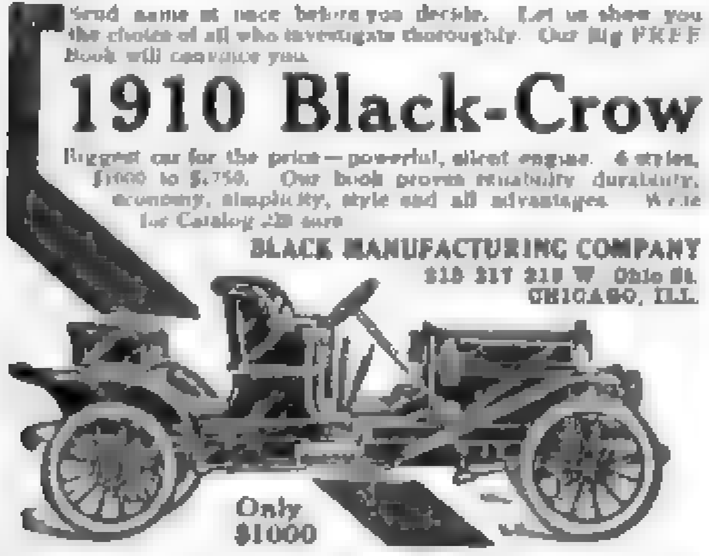
10 Cents

"Dandy" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World



Get Our $1000-Car Book

Send name at once before you decide. Let us show you the choice of all who investigate thoroughly. Our Big FREE Book will convince you.

1910 Black-Crow

Biggest car for the price—powerful, silent engine. 4 styles, $1000 to $1,750. Our book proves reliability, durability, economy, simplicity, style and all advantages. Write for Catalog [illegible]

BLACK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
315 317 319 W. Ohio St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE AMERICAN

EAGLE KITE

Flies Like a Bird

Made of cloth on a wood frame. [illegible] Measures 3 feet from tip to tip of wings. [illegible] No running necessary except in light winds. Kite with [illegible] directions $1.00, prepaid. [illegible] 85c. A special reel 35c. Kite, Reel and Twine, prepaid, $1 [illegible]

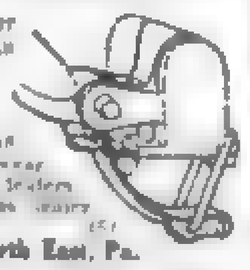
Order to-day Free Circular

The Eagle Kite & Novelty Co., 51 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES and burns its own gas. Produces 100 candle power light—brighter than electricity or acetylene—cheaper than kerosene. No dirt. No grease. No odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio



FERNALD QUICK-SHIFT

Makes change from pole to shafts or shafts to pole almost instantly. Fits any vehicle. Labor saver. Simplest device made. To connect, throw lever up; to release, pull down. No [illegible], no special shaft or pole irons [illegible] work loose. Takes up its own wear. [illegible] steel. New dealers everywhere. Ask your hardware or harness dealer. [illegible]

FERNALD MFG. COMPANY, North East, Pa.

RANCOCAS EGGS HIGHEST FERTILITY

Hatching Eggs

From the heavy laying Rancocas strain S. C. White Leghorns. 10,000 layers at work. [illegible] We breed [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SALES CO
Box 155, Brown's Mills in the Pines, N J

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA FIRST CITY IN AMERICA TO HOLD AN *AVIATION MEET.* FOR INFORMATION ABOUT LOS ANGELES ADDRESS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Department A

lack of organization and the conditions that prevent it make such a situation impossible.

A body of creamery men meet each week in Elgin, Illinois, and fix the price of butter for the entire country for the ensuing week. There is little or no deviation from the prices these men establish, the only difference being the cost of transportation. The cow-owner can see from the schedules sent out by this butter exchange every Saturday morning just what his creamery is going to pay him for his cream every morning for the next week. He has nothing to say about fixing the price; he takes what the creamery will pay him, which is so many cents per gallon, pound or per cent of butter fat, and a certain amount less than the Elgin price, the deduction meaning the cost of handling, transportation and profit to the creamery company. It may mean a loss to the cow-owner or it may mean a living. Whichever it is to be, he is not consulted.

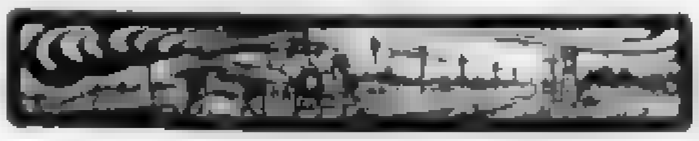
A farmer has two investments. He buys or rents the farm and buys the stock and machinery for its conduct. Then he gives his own time, which must be counted in the same way as the merchant figures his salary. The difference is that the merchant fixes his own salary and sells his goods so as to pay it. The farmer does not fix his own wages and sells his goods at whatever price, margin or profit he can. At every turn it is ground into the farmer that regardless of what it cost him to produce his surplus, of how many bushels of high-priced grain or how many tons of expensive hay his animals consumed, or how much care and risk they required, he cannot sell for more than the buyer chooses to pay. Like situations obtain as to every farm product. It matters not how hard the farmer worked plowing his fields, how many times they were cultivated, how much of his crop was destroyed by water, winds and insects, how much his machinery cost and deteriorated, or how much he paid for labor, the grain men and millers and hay merchants and packers all set the price he must take. This will never be changed until the farms through intelligent organization and coöperation assert and protect themselves, which is something that as a class they have, unaccountably, not yet shown they were capable of doing.

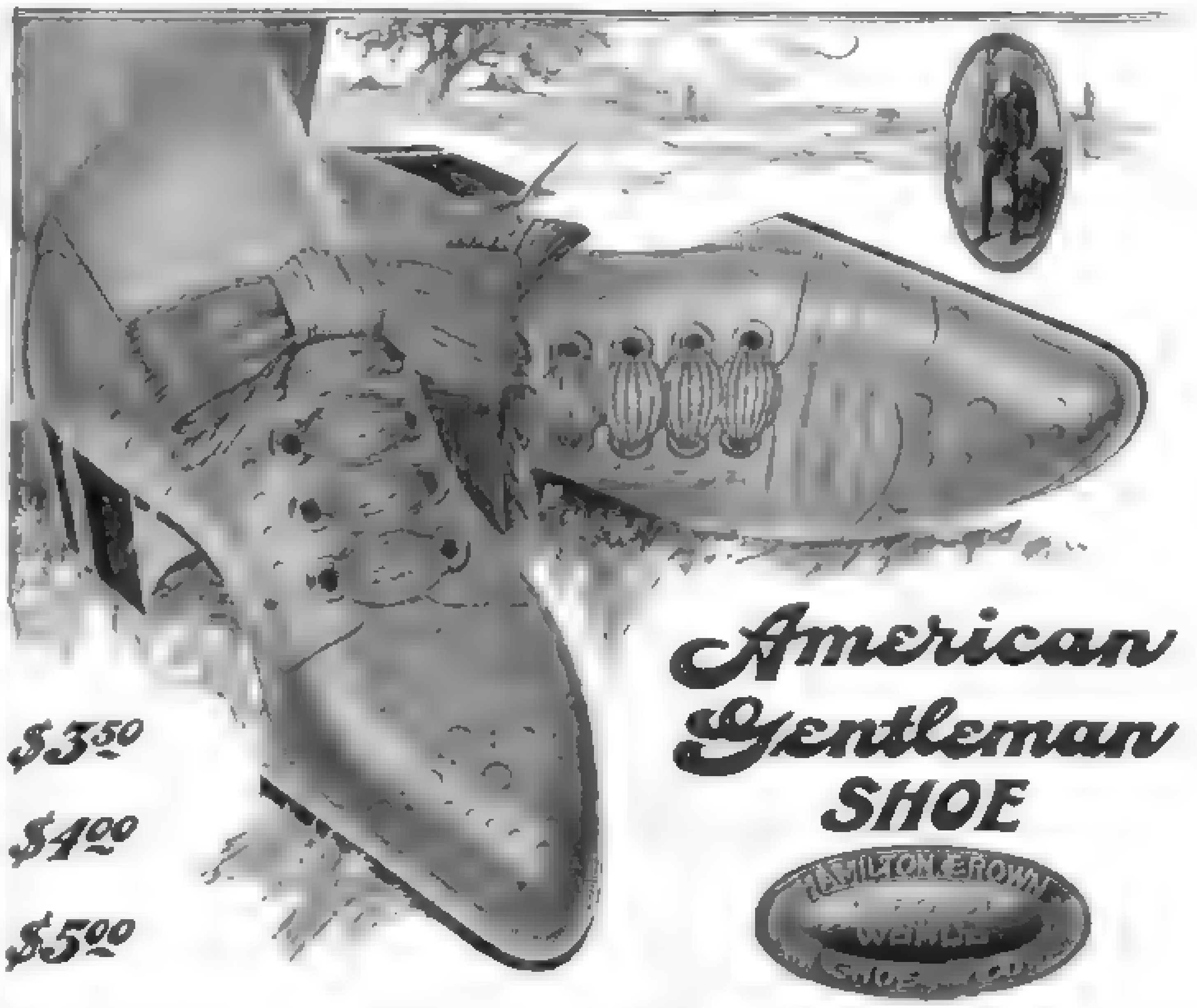
At the Mercy of the Middleman

A careful study of actual conditions leads to the single conclusion that it is the distributors and never the producers who fix prices for agricultural products. That is the business condition of the times. Demand may increase the price but not necessarily the profit of the producer, as he is consumer also, and must necessarily pay more for the things he uses, as do others. He does not know whether he will make a profit or not. All the farm work and expenses are calculated together and all the returns added together. If there is a surplus over the expenses at the end of the year it goes to pay off the mortgage and buy more comforts. The farmer likes and desires such comforts as well as does the middleman, but he is often deprived of them simply because he has to take what the distributor wants to pay him for his products, rather than what they cost.

If any one really earns a fair profit it is the farmer. His is a work that cannot be neglected or deferred for winter's cold or summer's heat. There is no cessation from this work. There is no insurance for his risks, and no reduction of expenses except by more and harder work.

To sum up, whatever the prices producers of staples receive it is not those prices that make the cost to retail buyers excessive. Fairly considering all his surroundings and the circumstances of production it is not too much to say that the grower of a staple commodity never receives for it an extravagant or extortionate price. On the other hand, it is frequently too nearly unremunerative. Prices the consumer is paying for necessities in daily use are certainly excessive, and unquestionably this excess is tacked on, in transit as it were, at the pleasure of the go-betweens—not by any means all superfluous, however—who collectively constitute a phalanx of toll-gatherers continent wide—arbitrary, dictatorial, intolerant, and grasping to the traffic's limit.





There is no excuse for an uncomfortable shoe. Whether you are walking on a hard city pavement or reclining comfortably under the shade of a tree, your feet should give you no concern. They will always be comfortable in the

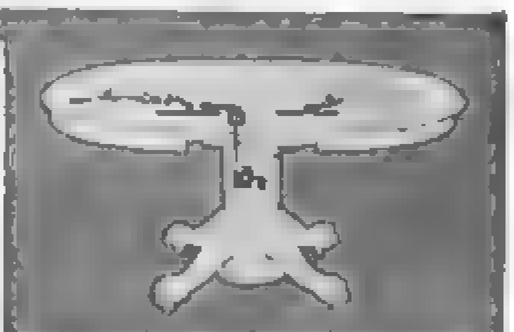
American Gentleman Shoe

because it is made on natural shape lasts that fit the foot. It is only a matter of getting your size.

This American Gentleman Shoe is a tan calf blucher oxford made on the Metropole last. It will give the greatest amount of ease and style for summer wear. Ask your dealer to show you his shoe. If it isn't what you want, he will have many other styles to suit you.

Send for a free copy of our new booklet, Shoe Fashions for Spring and Summer.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.—St. Louis—Boston



Enjoy this booklet

IT shows how to set a table for all special occasions and has handsome pictures of the table decorations.

Pedestal Dining Tables are the most fashionable and correct, they are always graceful in appearance and the most convenient and practical. When they are fitted with the

Tyden Duo-Style Lock

they will always be satisfactory. This device locks the halves of the pedestal securely together and keeps them from spreading apart.

You can lock in extra leaves without opening the base and can always be sure that base is locked under the **center** of the top. This is something new as on old style tables the top was loose and might be shoved over so far the table would tip over.

Dining tables fitted with this lock cost you no more than without it and the dealer also can buy tables fitted with it from the principal manufacturers without extra charge. All you have to do to get the lock is to select a table with it on when you buy it. Be sure the trademark—"Tyden Duo-Style Lock"—is in plain sight when the top is opened. None genuine without it. It is your guarantee from the manufacturer and the dealer.

The lock cannot be sold separately as it is a part of the table.

The booklet will be mailed FREE upon request.

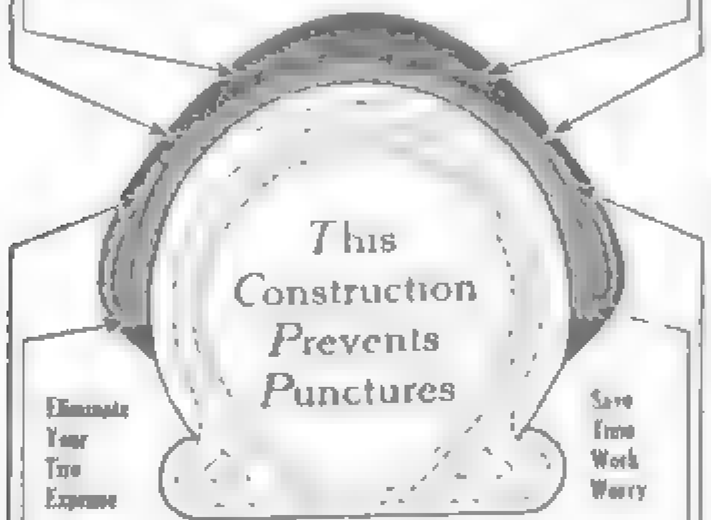
Duo-Style Lock Advertising Bureau
676 Monadnock Block Chicago, Illinois

How To Protect Your Tires

The constant dread of a sudden puncture or blowout is a fear of the past to all users of

Standard Tire Protectors

for they enable you to come and go, day in and day out, without the least bit of anxiety. Your repairing bills take a sudden drop, reducing the cost of maintaining your machine to a practical figure.

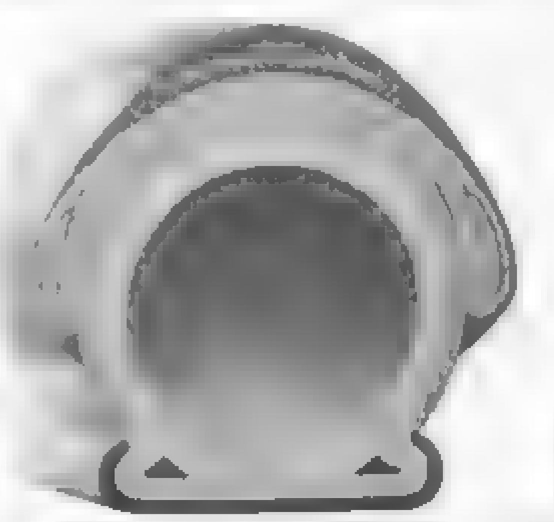

This Construction Prevents Punctures
Eliminate Your Tire Expense
Save Time Work Worry

Sharp stones, glass or nails cannot penetrate our durable *protectors*. The arrows above indicate their strong construction. The utmost care is taken in their manufacture, and the result of that care is shown by the adoption of a long staple strong weave high-grade Sea Island cotton. The carcass or body of the tire protector is composed of four or more layers of this Sea Island cotton fabric, and the rubber tread or cover of the protector is compounded from pure Para Rubber, giving the *strongest protection and best wearing qualities that is possible to produce.*

The Protectors slip over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no metal fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping takes place. Made for any size tire or wheel in both anti-skid or standard tread.

Write today for our handsome booklet and see why *"Standard Protectors do protect."* Read our many genuine testimonials.

Standard Tire Protector Co.
801 So. Water Street Saginaw, Mich.



Six Months' Wear or New Hose—FREE

Manheim MENDLESS HOSE

6 pairs for $1.00

Finer in quality, better wear and handsomer colors than most guaranteed hose. No charge for the insurance.

FOR MEN—Light weight [illegible] fast colors. Sizes 9 to 11½. Six pairs in handsome box with guarantee $1.00

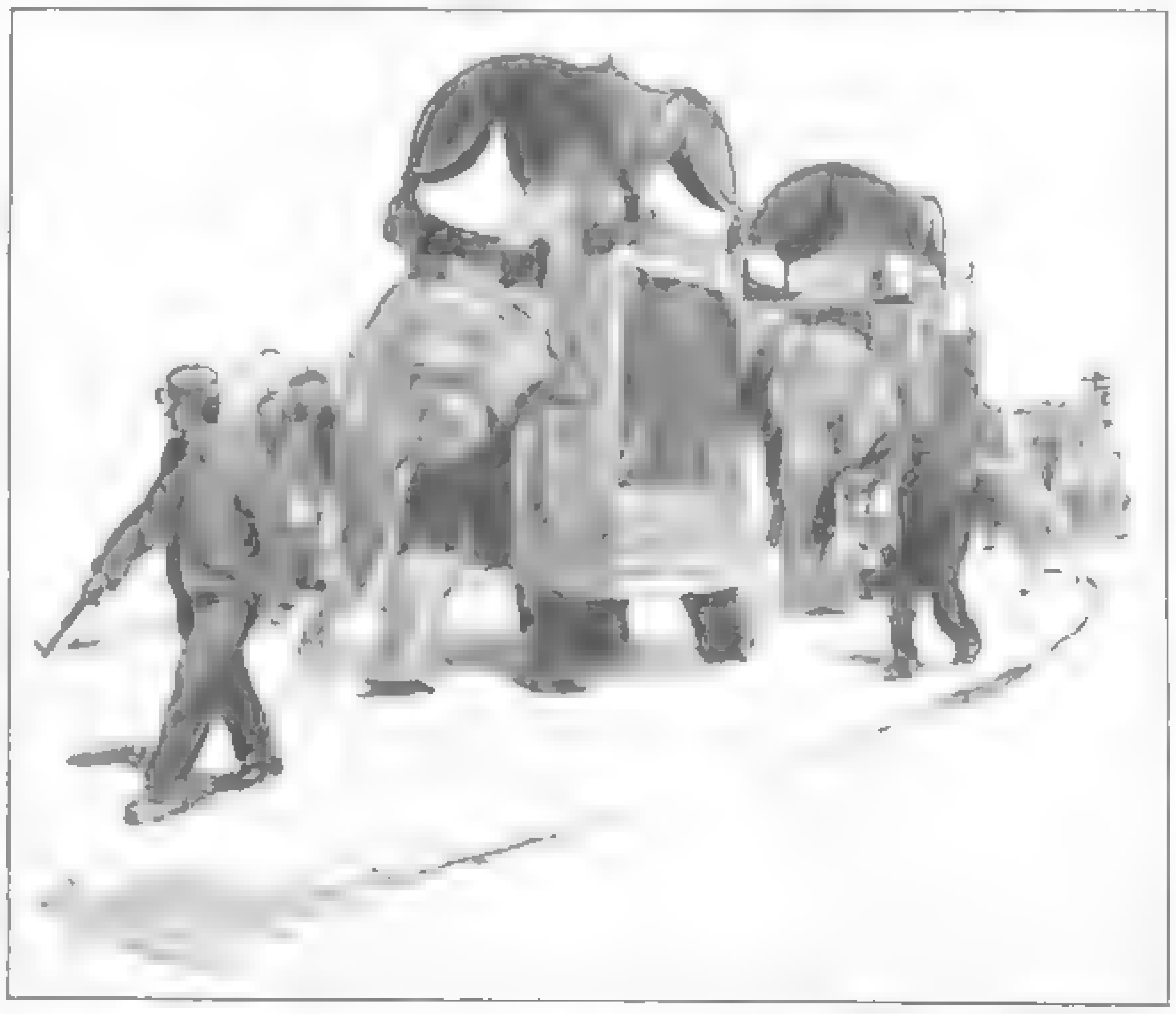
INSIST [illegible]

FOR WOMEN—Light and medium weight [illegible] 10½. Six pairs in handsome box with guarantee $1.50.

MANHEIM HOSIERY MILLS
Box 101 Manheim, Pa.
[illegible] Manheim, Pa.
SPLENDID TERMS TO DEALERS

What the Circus Costs

By Isaac F. Marcosson



BEHIND the banners, chariots and clowns of the modern circus is a serious and definite commercial proposition. Dollars underlie the spangles. The dazzling array represents a huge financial investment that must make money.

A big three-ring up-to-date circus and its many accessories means an outlay of about $3,000,000. A return of 10 per cent, which is about what the average business man expects on a stock of merchandise, would mean an income of $300,000 a year. One of the best-known American circuses cleared nearly $[illegible]00,000 last year. To offset this, however, is the risk attached to the hazard of the business, for it may suffer great loss any time from wind and storm or wreck. The wear and tear on the circus is very great, for it must be put up and torn down practically every day.

Among other things, the circus owner must keep from $300,000 to $500,000 in bank all the time subject to immediate call in case of an emergency which might wipe out a great part of his business over night. This money can only earn about two per cent while it waits in bank. The modern circus proprietor fortifies himself in every possible way against loss by sending his show through prosperous communities only.

It is interesting to note just how the cost of a big circus is distributed. The following inventory was prepared from figures furnished by Mr. Alf T. Ringling:

RAILROAD EQUIPMENT

Including 4 advertising cars with equipment for 125 bill-posters, 16 Pullmans, 2 private cars, 63 flat cars, including special elephant and camel cars, 14 coaches, extra animal cars, car shops in winter quarters, car equipment, etc. $487,400

HORSES

Including 400 baggage horses, 50 ponies, 60 bareback horses, 40 racing animals, 30 Arabian stallions, 28 trick horses, 62 special parade horses, stable equipment and stables in winter quarters, arenas for training, etc. $399,350

WAGON EQUIPMENT

Sixty-two chariots, band wagons, musical wagons and floats; 142 animal cages, lairs, tanks, baggage and property wagons, paint shops, blacksmith shops, tools, mills, machinery and wagon reserve stock $[illegible]

HARNESS AND SADDLERY EQUIPMENT

Harnesses, trappings, saddles, collars and blankets for 670 horses, harness and saddlery shops, tools, machinery and leather stock in winter quarters $104,000

WARDROBE

Including clothing, trappings, plumes, armors, banners, palanquins, floats, incidentals for street parade and grand entry and pageant; complete duplicate outfit of same kind for rainy days; uniforms of band, drivers, attendants, grooms, animal keepers, ushers and property men, and duplicate set for rainy days; buildings in winter quarters for storage of costumes $146,300

MENAGERIE

Including 18 performing elephants, 22 other elephants, 30 camels, lions, tigers and other animals, rare and curious beasts and birds; winter quarters for all; reserve stock in foreign ports $717,000

TENTS

Equipment for circus, hippodrome, menagerie, stables, side-show, commissary, kitchen, inclosures; cooking and eating outfits, seats, poles, stakes, ropes, flats, mechanical stake drivers; electric-light plants and dynamos, lamps; gasoline-lighting plant (emergency) and outfit; chandeliers, etc. $118,900

WINTER QUARTERS

Offices and equipment, farm lands for grazing, lumber mills, hotel for employees, homes of the superintendents, real estate, wood-working machinery, and other buildings not already enumerated $180,000

PERFORMANCE PROPERTIES

Including rings, trapezes, stages, mats, netting, wires, aerial riggings, bars and trained animal properties $12,000

OTHER ASSETS

Including traveling mechanical equipment, such as portable blacksmith shops, foundry, wagon shop, wardrobe repairing shops, etc.; patents on apparatus in acts; side-show and refreshment equipment, including picture shows, films, curios, automatic devices; traveling office equipment and fixtures; lithographic properties, including stones and blocks for all lithographs and printing $101,100

WORKING CAPITAL

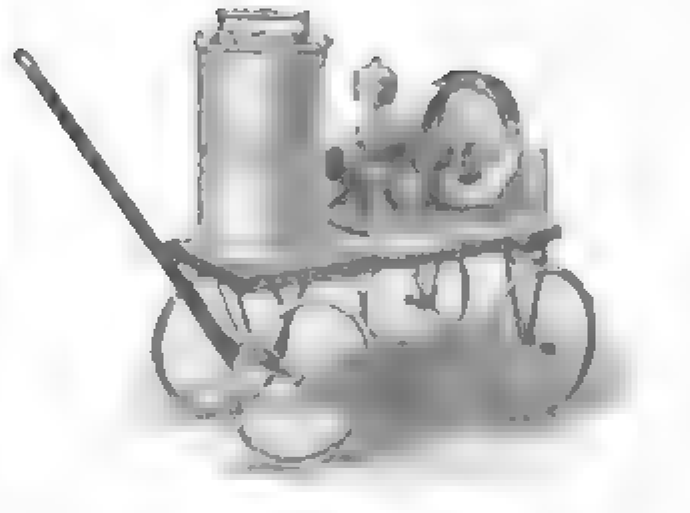
Money in banks held on call as a working capital for use in case of emergency or unusual expenditure from wrecks, fires, unfavorable weather conditions, or financial panics . . . . $ 500,000

Total . $3,125,850

DAILY EXPENSES

Interest charged per day on investment, depreciation of property, loss in animals ($1250), less interest of 2 per cent on working capital held in reserve ($57.14) or	$1192.86
Salaries and wages	2800.00
Advertising paper	800.00
Cost of running advance work of all kinds of cars, agents, etc.	600.00
Railroad transportation and food for man and beast	1400.00
Ground rent, licenses, newspaper advertising, gasoline, repairs and other items	800.00
Total daily expense	$7592.86

Yet, if you should put up all these properties at auction, everything but the livestock would bring junk prices. This means that the principal asset of a big circus, after all, is the experience of the men behind it.



This Little Money Mill
Has Earned $10 a day for others—Why not for you?

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that hundreds of operators are earning $10 a day and more with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners.

One machine earned $10 a day—five machines $50 a day. You can operate as many as you please. The big wagon outfits can't beat this.

The vacuum cleaning business is easy to learn—good to follow—has no limit—and above all, is an honest, respectable business that requires practically no capital.

What others are doing, you can do.

Read what these men say who are making small fortunes right now with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

[illegible] tion to the people for whom I have worked." — *Elmer L. Hancock, Seattle,* [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *Portland, Ore.*

A Business of Your Own

The vacuum cleaning business is new. It is a coming business—a profitable business. You can make a success in it—for experience is not necessary.

There is a harvest to be reaped with Duntley Cleaners in your town. You can reap this harvest by being first in the field.

I have started scores of men in business with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners who have made big money. I will show you how to build up a business that should make you $10 a day or more—that will enable you to employ others and make a profit on their work.

As little as $25 will start you in a vacuum cleaning business of your own.

Let Me Prove This to You

I will send you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner and give you full instructions for engaging in the vacuum cleaning business.

I will print unique and attractive advertising matter in your own name, that will get the business for you.

You can use the machine for 10 days to **prove** it will do what I claim—

To prove that you can make $10 a day.

I'll take all the risk.

You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it **now**—today.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 460 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon To-day

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 460 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Tell me how I can make $10 or more a day with a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

Name ____

Address ____

County ____

Town ____ *State* ____

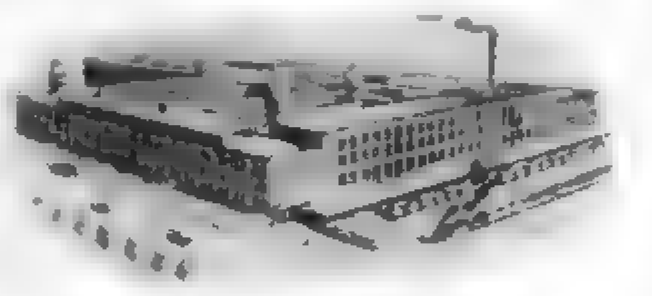
THE STORY OF THE CADILLAC

This story is published for the education and enlightenment of automobile buyers: to enable them to discriminate between a car of recognized dependability and economy and those made principally *to sell.*

THE story of the Cadillac is the story of successful motor car building in America. As the Cadillac Company was one of the first to offer to the world a thoroughly practical and dependable motor car, so was the Cadillac Company first to successfully solve the thousand and one problems which made possible the production of a motor car which was destined to establish a new standard in automobile values and to inaugurate a new criterion by which other motor cars should henceforth be judged.

So pronounced has been this accomplishment that the Cadillac "Thirty" is accorded the well merited distinction of surpassing in design, mechanical construction, materials and fineness of workmanship many of the most expensive cars in the world.

When in 1908 the Cadillac "Thirty" first made its appearance, automobile buyers were loth to concede the full measure of its worth; the car appeared too good to be possible at its price. But with a better understanding of Cadillac organization, Cadillac experience, Cadillac manufacturing methods and Cadillac facilities, there came the realization that a motor car of the highest type might be obtained at the price which theretofore would purchase only mediocrity.



CADILLAC MAIN PLANT
Detroit, Mich.

We believe that there does not exist in the world another plant possessing the organization, the experience, the manufacturing methods, the facilities and the equipment of special tools and labor saving machinery which would make possible the production of a car the equal of the Cadillac "Thirty" at an actual factory cost so low as its retail selling price, much less afford to market it at an approximate figure.

The enviable position occupied by the Cadillac "Thirty" is attributable to one thing—the thorough and complete satisfaction and service which it has afforded its users. But back of that there must be something more—the causes for and the conditions which make for that satisfaction and service. The Cadillac organization has for its foundation more than half a century's experience in the manufacture of fine machinery, tools and gas engines.

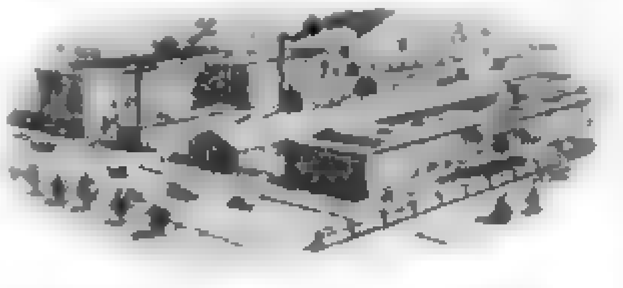
The constant performance of Cadillac cars is the wonder and admiration of the motoring world. The first year's output numbered nearly 2000 machines, all of which are still running. Each individual car is a monument to the high ideals of the organization which produced it.

In the design of the Cadillac "Thirty" there are no new and untried experiments for the purchaser to try out at his own expense. There is not an ounce of uncertainty in its magnificent makeup. Every essential part has proven its worth by from two to five years' actual service in the nearly thirty thousand Cadillacs which have preceded it.

The selection of materials for the various parts of the car is one of the most vital considerations. To select these intelligently requires a thorough knowledge of the duties they must perform. A grade or quality of material may be ideal for one purpose but totally unfit for another. Cadillac materials are determined upon only after the most careful analysis of the requirements and scientific tests of their capability both in the laboratories and on the road. Cost receives no consideration where service is at stake.

Cadillac cars are manufactured almost in their entirety in the great Cadillac plants. These plants include foundries, both iron and brass. They include pattern shops, sheet metal shops, gear cutting shops and machine shops. They include body finishing, painting, enameling and trimming departments. In these plants are manufactured the motors, the carburetors, the transmissions, the radiators, the hoods and the fenders. There are also plants for the manufacture of even the small parts—capscrews, bolts, nuts, etc.

We believe that the equipment of the Cadillac plant in the matter of fine machinery, fine tools, jigs and fixtures is not equalled in any other motor car factory in the world—a statement which has been verified by those who have had the opportunity of a personal inspection. This equipment includes more than half a thousand special automatic labor saving machines, some of which are capable of turning out from two to ten times the volume of work produced by the ordinary methods which obtain in most factories—and doing it far better. The equipment includes approximately 100,000 tools, jigs, fixtures and dies, of which nearly 20,000 were designed and made especially for the manufacture of Cadillac cars. The expense for tool maintenance alone has exceeded $60,000 in a single year.



CADILLAC FOUNDRIES, BRASS WORKS AND SHEET METAL DIVISIONS

The Cadillac "Thirty" is a thoroughly standardized car. This means that every individual part is exactly like every other part of its kind, without even the one-thousandth of an inch variation where that degree of accuracy is essential. The advantages of standardization are manifold; the disadvantages of its absence can scarcely be calculated.

In the Cadillac, thorough standardization means the absolute interchangeability of parts. It means that when for any reason it becomes necessary to replace a part that the part may be ordered from the factory and that it will fit without the slightest alteration.

In the Cadillac "Thirty" there are 112 parts which are not permitted to deviate to exceed one one-thousandth of an inch—about one-third to one-half the thickness of a hair—from the prescribed limits of measurement. There are many parts in which the limit of variation permissible is cut down to the half of the one one-thousandth.

So accurately is every piece made that thousands of pieces of a kind with thousands of pieces of other kinds are sent to the various assembling departments—there they are all "put together" with the use of only wrenches and screw drivers—not so much as the finest file or emery cloth being necessary.

Standardization means further that the parts will work in perfect harmony. It precludes the possibility of ill fitting joints and bearings. Standardization decreases the great power absorbent—friction. It limits wear. Standardization reduces "automobile troubles" to a minimum. It brings operating and maintenance cost down to the lowest notch.

Standardization produces a quiet and smooth running car. In this respect the Cadillac "Thirty" has no peer outside of cars selling at two to three times its price—and very few of those.

The system of inspection maintained in the Cadillac plant is so exacting that it practically precludes the possibility of an imperfect part being incorporated in the car so far as can be detected by the most accurate measuring instruments known to engineering science. From the time the raw materials reach the warehouse until they leave the plant they are under the careful scrutiny of a corps of experts trained in accordance with the high standards of the Cadillac organization. This inspection extends to the smallest pieces, even nuts, bolts and screws.

While standardization has reduced wear at friction points to the lowest possible limit the "Thirty" is provided wherever possible with adjustments for taking up any wear.

The fact that the Cadillac is a car manufactured practically under one roof instead of merely an assembly of motor, transmission, frame, axles, etc., obtained indiscriminately here, there and everywhere that they may be had at the lowest price, regardless of quality, is a feature which no buyer can afford to overlook.

The Cadillac Company is prepared to furnish an exact duplicate of any part of any car it ever built. No Cadillac user was ever obliged to discard his car because of inability to obtain some needed part. No Cadillac user was ever obliged to pay an exorbitant price to have such part made to special order because the maker had gone out of business, had discontinued making parts for old models or had to depend upon some outside parts maker to supply them.

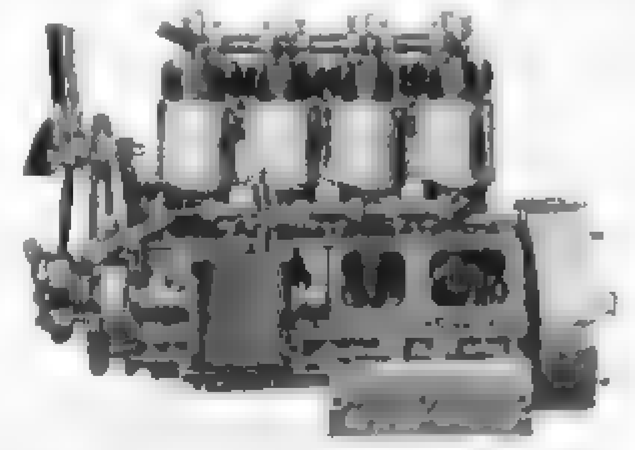
The Cadillac "Thirty" has repeatedly demonstrated its speed capabilities at from five to fifty miles an hour on high gear and its superior hill climbing abilities are recognized the world over.

It is a sturdy and dependable car. Its motor is the most powerful of its dimensions ever designed. Its strong and substantial construction, the perfect fit and perfect alignment of its working parts enables the maximum of the motor's power to be delivered to the ground.

The Cadillac "Thirty" has demonstrated its right to the distinction of being one of the most carefully built cars ever produced. It has demonstrated its right to the distinction of being the most economical multiple cylinder car, both in operation and maintenance. It has demonstrated its right to the distinction of being one of the most reliable and most serviceable cars. It has demonstrated its right to the distinction of being one of the greatest automobile values the world has ever offered.

The Motor

Engineering science has not been able to produce a better motor than that of the Cadillac "Thirty." It is truly a marvel for noiselessness and smoothness in action and a wonder of power for its dimensions—4¼-inch bore by 4½-inch piston stroke. While its power, according to generally accepted methods of calculation figures 28.9 H. P. and which method may be fair enough for motors in general, it is totally inadequate for determining the power of the Cadillac "Thirty" motor. Dynamometer tests show it to develop 33 actual H. P., but in accordance with the Cadillac policy of conservatism it is accorded the nominal rating of 30 H. P.



CADILLAC "THIRTY" MOTOR (Left Side)
(Note accessibility of inside of crank case)

It is the only type of four cylinder motor which does not present disadvantages of one form or another. Notwithstanding the advanced manufacturing methods employed in the Cadillac plant this type of motor is the most expensive to produce. While that construction may necessitate a higher selling price for the complete car than would be required to build a motor in the ordinary way the extra cost is compensated for many times over by the greatly increased service and satisfaction it will render and the lessened expense for operation and maintenance.

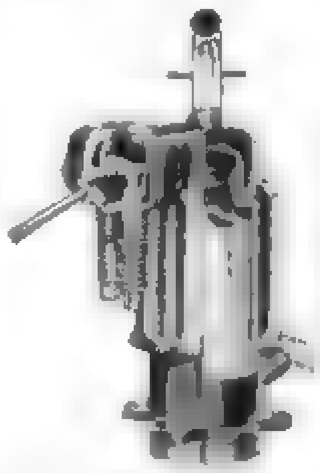
The cylinders are cast each by itself and the cylinder heads containing the valve chambers are also cast separately. The cylinders are surrounded by water jackets of spun copper clamped into position in such manner that leakage is unknown. The advantages of this form of construction are numerous. By casting the cylinders singly they are enabled to make the walls of uniform thickness and by applying the copper jacket, it leaves a perfectly uniform space for water circulation.

The cylinders, pistons and piston rings are cast in our own foundry from special grades of metal made after our own formulas, the result of years of experience, experimenting and testing in our own laboratories. In addition to the remarkable strength and toughness of this metal, a critical inspection reveals a marked absence of the spongy portions and blow holes characteristic of many castings. It possesses the further and very desirable quality of resisting to the greatest possible degree the influence of heat, consequently it is not so susceptible to contraction and expansion as are other castings. The superior qualities of Cadillac castings are so widely recognized and appreciated that our foundry has for years made cylinder, piston and piston ring castings for a number of other automobile manufacturers, making the highest priced cars in America.

In finishing the cylinders and pistons, we do not stop at simply machining. Every one of them is ground to a polished surface with the result that practically perfect compression and consequently maximum power is obtained.

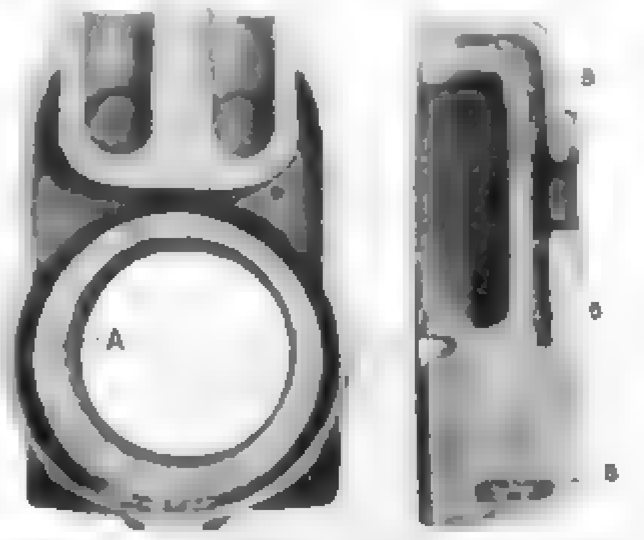
The piston rings, which are finished with the same precision, are made from our own special formula, different from that of which the cylinders and pistons are cast. This metal possesses exceptional spring qualities which are not easily affected by the heat of the motor. In consequence of this, they retain their efficiency long after the ordinary ring has been rendered practically worthless.

These illustrations show some of the advantages of the Cadillac method of construction as against the ordinary practice of casting cylinders, valve chambers and water jackets together. In the second illustration is shown a cylinder with valve chamber and water jacket cast integral. Note the varying thickness of the cylinder wall "A." With this condition existing it will be readily understood that it is impossible for the circulating water to cool the cylinder uniformly. The result is that the contraction and expansion of the metal will be so varying that the bore of the cylinder will not retain perfect roundness. In consequence of this it will bind the piston at certain points of its travel and fit so loosely at others that the lubrication is imperfect, that wear is uneven and disastrous and that there is a great waste of fuel with a corresponding loss of power.



CADILLAC CYLINDER AND COPPER WATER JACKET

Note the even thickness of cylinder wall and uniform space for water circulation.



ORDINARY CASTING OF CYLINDER WITH WATER JACKETS INTEGRAL

Note varying thickness of cylinder walls and uneven water circulating space. Also webs which interfere with circulation.

In the smaller figure are shown the webs "B" which are sometimes formed when the two parts of the core, used in casting, are not held firmly together. This web is sure to obstruct the circulation of the water, causing overheating of the cylinder with its undesirable consequences, and is something that is impossible to detect without destroying the cylinder.

It should not be understood that it is impossible to make such castings correctly, but it is a fact that many are not made correctly.

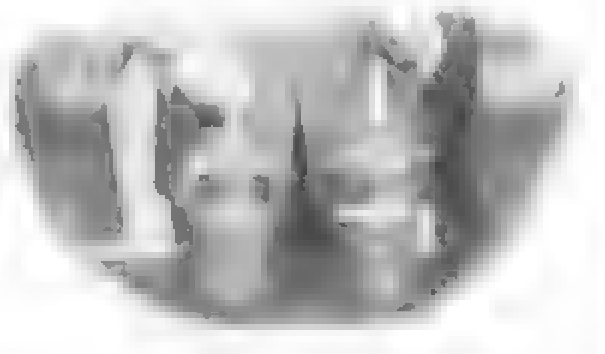
When cylinders, valve chambers and water jackets are made separately, as in the Cadillac, an injury to any one part calls for the replacement of only that particular part at but a moderate cost, while in the case of cylinder, valve chamber and water jacket cast together, and particularly when cast in pairs or all in one, an injury to any one part necessitates taking down the motor, replacing the entire combination casting and reassembling.

The next illustration shows the method of gauging Cadillac cylinders. Every cylinder after being ground must stand this final test. Two gauges are provided. One of them is marked "4.250 Go," meaning that it is exactly four and one quarter inches in diameter. The cylinder must be large enough to permit this gauge to enter. The other gauge is marked "4.252 Not Go," meaning that its diameter is just two one-thousandths of an inch larger than four and a quarter inches, but the cylinder must not be so large that it will permit this gauge to enter. If a cylinder is too small to permit the "Go" gauge to enter, the inside is ground until it is the correct size. If the cylinder is large enough to permit the "Not Go" gauge to enter, it is discarded.

When you realise that one gauge is less than a hair's breadth larger in diameter than the other;

THE STORY OF THE CADILLAC—*Continued*

when you realize that one will enter the cylinder and the other will not; when you realize that there are one hundred and twelve parts in the Cadillac car which are not permitted to vary more than the one one-thousandth part of an inch, which is about half the thickness of the average human hair, then can you form some conception of why Cadillacs are what they are, and why they render the constant service that they do.

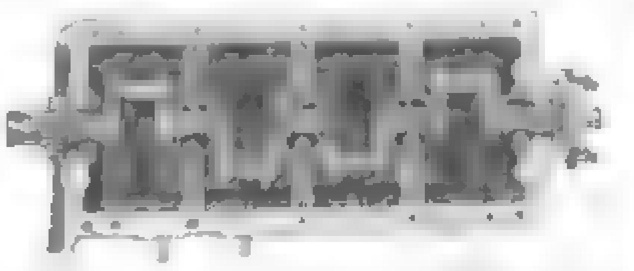


How CADILLAC Cylinders are Tested for Accuracy

Cadillac pistons are gauged to similar accuracy, a snap gauge however being used which gauges the outside diameter of the piston.

The result is that neither cylinders nor pistons can possibly vary in diameter even a hair's breadth. Consequently, ANY piston will fit in ANY cylinder. They do not have to be "paired." If it becomes necessary to replace a piston, all the owner has to do is replace the piston. He is not necessarily obliged to replace the cylinder also, or possibly a pair of cylinders or the whole four as might be the case where they are cast in pairs or all together.

The piston connecting rods are dropped forged steel of "H" section.



CADILLAC OIL PAN AND CRANK SHAFT
Note the five large substantial bearings
Also showing Oil Wells and Distributing Troughs

The crank shaft, which is a special alloy nickel carbon steel drop forging, undergoes a special tempering process which gives it great strength. Its bearing surfaces are accurately ground. At the time of this writing, the Cadillac Co. has yet to hear of the first broken "Thirty" crankshaft, although a vast number of the cars have seen more than a year's service.

The crank shaft is substantially supported by no less than **five large bearings** which insure that firmness and rigidity which is essential to a smooth running, vibrationless and durable motor.

These bearings are of large surface, made of Parsons white brass, die cast. Incidentally, there was occasion to examine the bearings of a car which had traveled 46,000 miles, yet the wear proved not to exceed the one one-thousandth of an inch. Each bearing is made in halves and should occasion require, they may be removed, replaced or adjusted through the hand holes in the crank case without even disturbing the crank shaft.

The crank shaft is offset: that is, instead of being placed directly in line with the middle of the cylinder it is set to one side. The advantage of this is, that when the piston is at the highest point, which is also the time at which the charge in the cylinder is at its highest compression and the time when the ignition should take place, the crank shaft has passed its dead center. Therefore, the force of the explosion is expended to greater advantage than is possible in motors where the crank shaft is in line with the middle of the cylinders when the explosion occurs.

This feature is one which has been used in the Cadillacs since their beginning, in 1902.

Upon the accuracy of the cams and cam shaft and the accurate fit of the cam shaft in its bearings depends the correct operation and timing of the valves and the correct timing of the valves is one of the greatest essentials in the development of maximum power. To insure these requisites we grind both the cams and the shaft, the latter within a half-thousandth of an inch limit. These parts are special heat treated high carbon steel. The cam shaft is supported by five substantial bearings which afford it the maximum degree of rigidity which is not obtainable with a lesser number of bearings.

The inlet and exhaust valves are alike and interchangeable. They are all located on the right side of the motor and are operated by the single cam shaft. The valve lifting rods do not bear directly on the cams. The lower end of each rod is provided with a hardened steel roller and consequently the possibility of wear is reduced to an absolute minimum. This is a feature which, outside of the Cadillac, is found only in the highest priced cars.

The motor base or crank case is cast in two pieces having four compartments. The ends and dividing walls support the five crank shaft bearings. The hand holes in the crank case provide easy access to all parts within. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts which may require attention.

The Cooling System

The cooling system used on the Cadillac "Thirty" is not equaled in any other motor car at any price. The radiator is made in our own factory. It is composed of 150 seamless copper tubes passing vertically through 120 horizontal copper plates—copper because it radiates or throws off heat better than other metals. In the method of manufacturing we have inaugurated a wide departure from the ordinary practice of dipping the entire radiator in molten solder after assembling, a practice which is fo[illegible] to cover up poor workmanship [illegible] rial and a practice which has a de[illegible] to reduce the radiating efficiency [illegible] method is to confine the solder as closely as possible to the points where the tubes pass through the plates without covering the plates themselves. By this method the maximum radiating efficiency is obtained. All parts and passages with which the water comes in contact are made of either copper or brass—no iron or steel or other metal subject to rust. The water circulation is promoted by a gear driven pump. The air draft through the radiator is augmented by a ball bearing, belt driven rotary fan. With Cadillac radiator construction, the copper jacketed cylinders and uniform water circulating space, we have a system that comes nearest perfection of any that has ever been produced. The radiator is mounted on the chassis by our three point contact method. Therefore it is not liable to distortion resulting from the strains to which the car frame may be subjected.

The Clutch

The clutch is the leather faced cone type. It is made of pressed steel, giving it great strength without needless weight. The ring with which the cone engages is split at eight points of its periphery and part of each section is sprung inward. This causes the clutch to take hold gradually so that in starting the car there is that noticeable absence of shock and jar characteristic of most cars. This clutch is devoid of the usual complications characteristic of other types. It is extremely simple and requires the least attention of any motor car clutch ever designed. In the matter of efficiency, ease of operation, dependabilty and service, it is not even approached.

The motor entire is mounted on the chassis frame by our three point suspension plan. By this method, any twisting strains due to uneven road conditions do not materially affect the alignment of the motor and its working parts.

The Carburetor

The carburetor is of the float feed type and as the Cadillac Co. makes it, it possesses several distinct advantages. The body is cast from bronze in our own foundry.

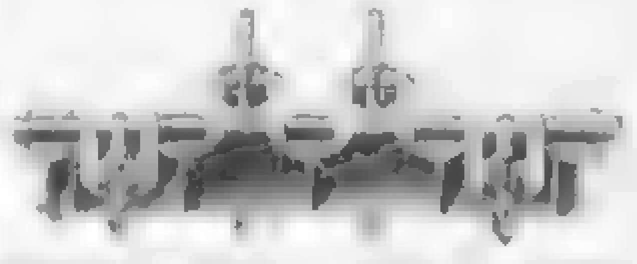
Instead of the usual cork float we make a finely balanced copper float of such a shape that it is not liable to become wedged and cause flooding.

A carburetor to give the best results must be accurately made and its parts perfectly fitted. By doing all the work ourselves and following the high standards of Cadillac workmanship, the greatest possible efficiency is obtained.

This type carburetor was adopted after long and severe tests in our own laboratories and on the road to satisfy ourselves of its superiority in point of speed, power economy, simplicity, flexibility and general efficiency.

Lubricating System

In the important matter of lubrication, the Cadillac "Thirty" is provided with the most efficient, the most positive and the most economical system ever devised, the oil consumption averaging from 500 to 800 miles per gallon. This system in its present perfected form was originated by the Cadillac Company and the fact that it has been used on all four-cylinder Cadillacs since their beginning, in 1905, and the fact that it has successfully met every condition is the strongest possible testimony to its merit.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF CADILLAC CRANK CASE AND CRANK SHAFT
Showing Oil Wells and Distributing Troughs

A quantity of oil is first placed in the oil pan of the crank case, sufficient to fill the wells. An oil reservoir is placed alongside the motor; in this reservoir is located a double acting force pump, the supply from which may be properly regulated. By means of splashers at the end of each connecting rod which dip into the oil at each revolution of the crank, the oil is thrown completely over and upon all the inside working parts of the motor, including main bearings, cylinders, etc.

With the Cadillac system there is no possibility of the oil collecting in either end of the crank case as the sloping troughs on the sides distribute it from one compartment to the other, maintaining a uniform level in each, regardless of road grades, up or down.

There is not a multiplicity of feed pipes to watch that are liable to become clogged up and result in burned out bearings. On the contrary [illegible] out one, and if the oil is shown by the [illegible]ed to be feeding properly and the supply in the crank case adequately maintained, there is positive assurance that all bearings taken care [illegible] this system are being perfectly lubricated. [illegible] nt, the car is liberally supplied with compression grease cups throughout.

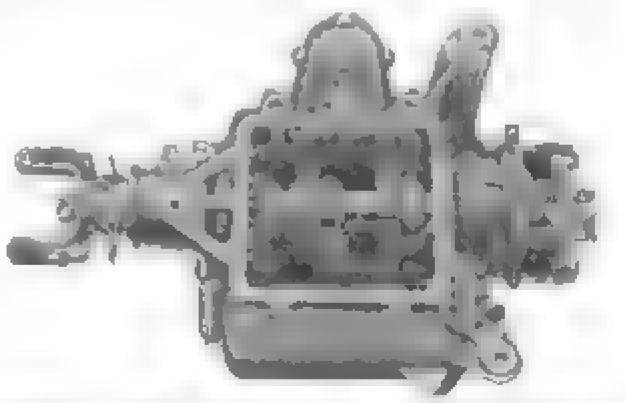
Ignition

In the very essential feature, ignition, the Cadillac "Thirty" marks a long step in advance of the times. It is equipped with two complete and independent systems, including two sets of spark plugs. Either system alone is efficient for operating the car.

In addition to a low tension magneto, we have also adopted the Delco system. In this system there are but three units, viz., the Coil Box and the Controlling Relay, which are located, with the motor, under the hood, and the Switch located on the dash.

The Transmission

The transmission of the Cadillac "Thirty" enjoys a reputation equal to that of the Cadillac motor for the superiority and fineness of its construction. A better transmission has never been made, none more substantial, none more positive, none more dependable, none better in any respect. It is our own design, manufactured in our own factory. It is the selective type of sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse, direct on high. The gears, also the transmission shaft and clutch shaft, are made of chrome nickel steel. The utmost skill is exercised in cutting and finishing the gears and other parts according to the Cadillac system of limit gauges which insures hairbreadth accuracy. These parts are then treated by a special process which gives them extreme strength, toughness and wear resisting qualities.



CADILLAC SELECTIVE TYPE SLIDING GEAR TRANSMISSION

The gear teeth are "backed off" or beveled, by machinery especially designed for the purpose, and it is therefore done more accurately than is possible by ordinary methods. This facilitates the shifting of the gears without the crashing and grinding characteristic of some construction.

The main transmission shaft, the jack shaft and the clutch shaft revolve on five annular ball bearings.

The gear box is of such construction that the lubricant is automatically distributed.

Drive

The drive is directed by a special heat treated high carbon steel shaft through nickel carbon steel pinion to special carbon steel bevel gear, both accurately cut in our own gear cutting plant. The shaft revolves on anti-friction bearings at each end within its steel tube housing, which also takes the torsion.

There is but one universal joint between the transmission shaft and rear axle. This is a telescope joint which revolves in a constant bath of lubricant. It is so constructed that it is self centering, with the result that the friction and binding strains characteristic of ordinary universal joints are practically eliminated.

When the car is carrying its normal load the driving power is transmitted in practically a straight line from the motor to the rear axle, consequently the maximum of the motor's power is delivered at the rear wheels.

Brakes

Nothing in a motor car is more essential to the safety of the motorist than a thoroughly efficient and dependable brake system.

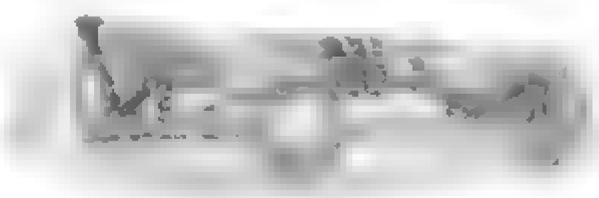
The Cadillac "Thirty" is equipped with two pairs of powerful, double acting brakes which operate directly on the large hub drums of the rear wheels.

It is well known that it is a difficult matter to adjust a pair of brakes so that the tension or gripping qualities will be uniform on both. To overcome this there are compensating devices on both the service and emergency brakes which automatically take up any inequality in the tension and cause the pressure to be applied equally on both brake drums. This not only adds materially to the efficiency of the brakes, but is a large factor in preventing skidding.

Springs

The Cadillac "Thirty" is equipped with the most luxurious spring suspension ever installed on a motor car. The "Thirty" carries its own good road with it.

The forward suspension consists of two semi-elliptical springs. The rear suspension is the three-quarter platform type, which is recognized as the most conducive to comfort, but which makers of cheaply constructed cars cannot afford to use and which few have sufficient knowledge to apply correctly.



CADILLAC REAR SPRING SUSPENSION

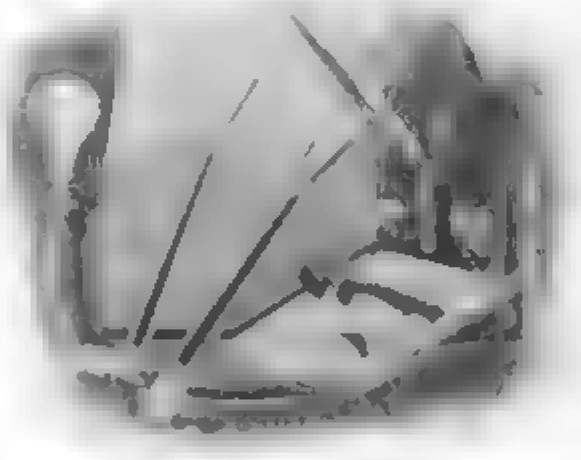
The side and rear members of the rear suspension are hung with ball joint shackle connections.

Steering Mechanism

The Cadillac "Thirty" steering mechanism possesses features of merit superior to any other type ever produced. It is our own patented design and manufacture, of the worm and worm gear sector type. The parts are all accurately cut and hardened, and the worm gear is fitted with two ball thrust bearings. The teeth in the middle of the sector, being the ones which are in mesh when the car is driven straight ahead, naturally perform the greatest service and are therefore most susceptible to wear. To compensate for this the center teeth are cut on a slightly less pitch radius so that any wear may be taken up without affecting the upper or lower teeth of the sector; consequently they do not bind when turning corners.

CADILLAC STEERING GEAR

There is no other car equipped with a steering device capable of adjustment to the degree which characterizes this one.



CADILLAC BRAKE and CONTROL LEVERS

The Cadillac "Thirty" is equipped with the standard form of control. There are no confusing combinations on any one lever; each has its separate and distinct function. There are two hand levers at the driver's right; one applies the internal expanding hub brakes, the other is the speed change lever. There are also two foot levers; one operates the main clutch, the other applies the external contracting hub brakes. The two foot levers are adjustable to accommodate drivers with different lengths of limbs. The throttle and spark levers are located conveniently at the steering wheel.

A foot throttle control is also provided.

Finish

No motor car is better finished than is the "Thirty." Cadillac finish is noted the world over for its excellence and durability. Inasmuch as this work is done in our own shops and not let out on contract, we are able to give it the same careful supervision and inspection which characterizes all Cadillac workmanship.

Styles

The Cadillac "Thirty" is made in five different styles, viz.: Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau (tonneau detachable), and Gentleman's Roadster each at $1,600, f. o. b. Detroit. An Inside driven Coupé at $2,200, all with 110 inch wheel [illegible]

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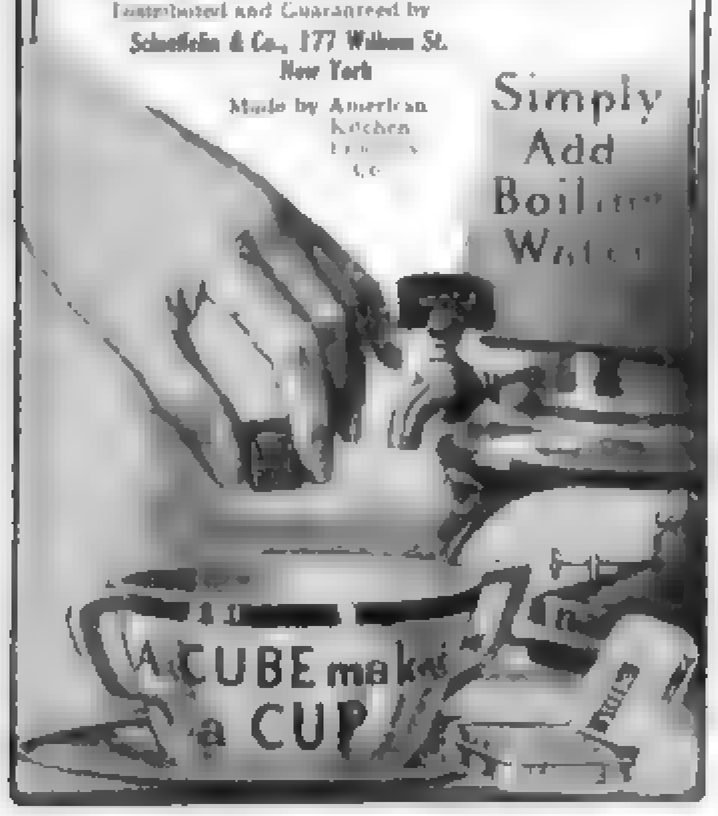
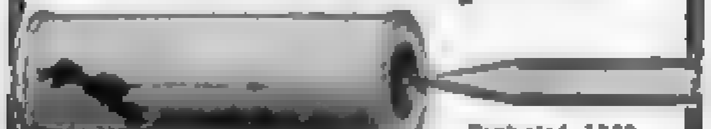


"Dustless" Perfect Pencil Sharpener



Perfected, 1909

With the "Dustless" you can now sharpen your pencil perfectly and neatly, as the polished silver nickel cylinder holds all the shavings and lead dust, to be emptied at an opportune time. It can't wear out, as a new blade can be inserted in ten seconds. Convenient for the pocket or desk. Every pencil user will, after a trial, find the "Dustless" to be indispensable.

If not yet at your dealers we will promptly send by mail upon receipt of price. Ten cents complete. [illegible] Extra Blades, 6 for 15 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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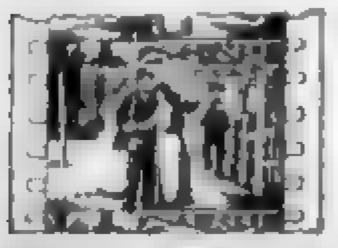

THE WAYS OF MONEY

(Continued from Page 25)

bank on their showing that gold had been engaged abroad. Secretary Shaw was in a receptive mood and he eagerly adopted the suggestion, which gave birth to a new policy in Treasury finance.

In the light of subsequent events it may not be irreverent to say that it was born of Providential inspiration. At any rate, it was most fortunate for the elemental disaster that immediately followed. Be that as it may, the results were astounding. Gold was immediately engaged in every quarter of the globe. An activity in this respect was shown that had never before been heard of. Special treasure trains were run from London to Liverpool and from Paris to Cherbourg. Within a few days gold-laden argosies were threading every ocean path. Marine insurance companies, accustomed to big risks, balked at the obligations they were forced to assume, and premiums rose to an unprecedented figure.

Justice prompts me to pay a tribute to the broad-gauged policy of the great bankers of London. In spite of adverse criticism of some of the would-be financial journals these men freely and gladly lent their coöperation to the movement, fully conscious that not the slightest feature in connection therewith was on any other than a strictly business basis. All of this occurred in the month of April, at the close of which came the San Francisco horror. Property to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars was annihilated without warning. The world was stunned. Not until some time had elapsed was the calamity appreciated. But the nation was prepared. Fortified by enormous gold imports the money markets showed no sudden effects, and the regulation of losses incurred proceeded in an orderly manner.

When Doctors Disagreed

Treasury assistance in importing gold was a novel idea in this country and was severely condemned by our own people and by people abroad. The feelings of our foreign friends were so wounded that they began seriously to consider methods of reprisal. But serious reflection showed them we had merely taken a leaf from their own book. Also, it demonstrated a hitherto unknown potency to draw gold into the country. No wonder it created an alarm. The financial press of Europe promptly took up the cudgels, and those bankers through whose agency the imports were financed were most virulently attacked. Among other things, it was claimed that the granting of credits was the cause of it all, and the result was the wholesale withdrawal of all lines. The discount markets of London and the Continent refused all paper that appeared to be finance bills, but the consequences of such action were quite the reverse of those expected, as will be shown later on. And criticisms in this country were as senseless as they were malicious. The action of the Government was proper, morally and economically. The same thing is done abroad by the great central banks in an even more drastic manner, and the reply to the criticisms from Europe would be that it was simply a question of whose ox was being gored

Under our Sub-Treasury system money for customs and other duties, taken direct from the people, is locked up in the Treasury vaults, an inert mass, an aggravation to the situation in times of stringency. Hence the release of this money against proper security, at a time when the public welfare is in jeopardy, is only proper—a contrary course would be poor statesmanship indeed.

In detail, the Government advanced the money to the bank on receipt of notice that gold had been engaged. Such a notice was accompanied by a deposit of gilt-edged bonds at a valuation much below the market. The gold, when received, was immediately turned over to the Treasury and the bonds released, to be used for further engagements. No interest being charged for these advances, the time consumed while the gold was in transit not being important, it was possible to draw upon more distant countries, such as Australia and the Argentine Republic.

In the fall of 1907 money rose to a premium of three per cent and four per cent. It was not the depreciation of our

Why—

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Ask your dealer or write and tell us what garment you want, ***whether men's or women's***. We will send samples and style book and will see that you are supplied.

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$1.00 Gets a "Jim Heddon" Rod

At last I have succeeded in making a bait-casting rod that I can sell for a dollar, and guarantee! And it comes up to my quality standard in every way.

Money-Back Guarantee

This rod has the regular Dowagiac two-piece construction, which increases casting force and lessens liability of breakage.

Good quality **split bamboo tip;** non-line cutting tip top and ring guide; beautiful white enameled handle and reel seat; nickeled hood and reel band. Well varnished. Length of five feet only. Price $1.00 each, F. O. B. Dowagiac. Silesia bag **free.**

Just pin a dollar to coupon and send **today.** I'll return every cent you pay if rod isn't superior in casting force, perfect balance and durability to other makes selling for **five times** as much.

Catalog of "Dowagiac" rods and baits free. Contains valuable hints on "Art of Bait Casting." Also describes wonderful new Dowagiac Swimming and Diving Minnow. Write **today.**

Jim Heddon

James Heddon & Sons, Box 8, Dowagiac, Mich.

COUPON

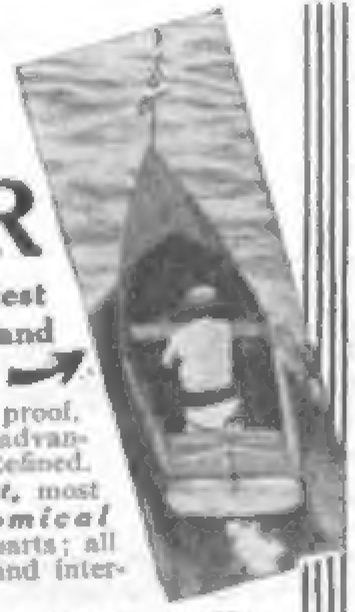
Mr. Jim Heddon, Dowagiac, Mich. (4)

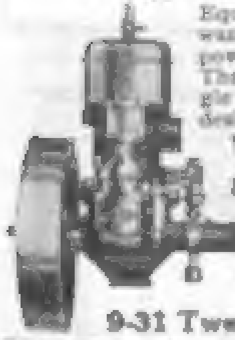
Dear Sir: Enclosed find one dollar. Kindly send casting rod at once to address below. I will pay express charges. You are to send for rod at your expense and refund all I pay if rod isn't exactly as represented.

Name..

Address..

State.................... Send by.................................... Express





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Endurance—310 Miles in 25 Hrs., 10 Min.

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Equal to other 4 or 5 H. P. motors. If you want a light, simple motor, with plenty of power, endurance and strength — get the Thrall. Other sizes up to 12 H. P., single and multiple cylinders. Especially designed for speed and service.

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Motorcycle Comfort

Pleasure in motorcycling means *comfort.* You'll *get it* in

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The *only* motorcycle with a *spring frame and spring fork.* It takes the "shakes" out of the roughest roads and makes motorcycling what it should be.

Get the New Book and learn all about the new line and the new features. All prices all styles.

Merkel-Light Motor Co.
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SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER $15

In one operation, cleans, sweeps and dusts. No pipes, no wires or other installation. Ready for instant use. Weighs only 8 lbs. Lasts in continuous use for years. Unconditional refund if not wholly satisfactory. **Agents and dealers wanted.** Our proposition is a whirlwind for business. Our agents making big money. Write quick for discounts and full selling plan.—**Hutchison Mfg. Co., 320 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa. (Greater Pittsburg).**

paper money, but the dearth of it, that caused this. That form of our currency which was the lowest in quality brought the highest price. I refer to the silver certificate, which, owing to its small denominations, was much in demand for making up pay-rolls and for similar purposes. The consequence of this abnormal increase in the value of money was a natural depreciation in the price of commodities. This was the opportunity of the foreign merchant. Cotton, grain, and other products were exported in unprecedented measure and had to be paid for. Ordinarily this efflux of merchandise would have been settled for by maturing finance bills—to a certain extent, at least. But in 1907, owing to the radical stand taken by the English bankers, few such bills were in existence. It was then they realized their blunder. But there was no help for it. They had to give up their gold. But this they did not do without a struggle. The price in the London market rose immediately, while on the Continent the premium went as high as one per cent. A price of seventy-seven shillings and eleven pence for the open market supply arriving weekly from South Africa was always considered high, but under the prevailing circumstances these weekly arrivals were eagerly snapped up as high as seventy-eight shillings and two pence, and at times even higher.

In all, something like $150,000,000 worth of gold was imported between October 15 and December 1, 1907. This movement relieved the situation to the extent that the premium on money practically disappeared, and hoarded wealth came forth again.

An Occasion for Applause

How did the New York banks handle the situation? In just one way, and that was on a high-minded, broad-gauge plane that should have earned for them the plaudits of the nation, and would have done so had the true inwardness of the situation been thoroughly understood. The customers of these banks never knew from actual experience that a premium on money existed. Of course, they were urged to restrict their demands for cash, as these were invariably placed much higher than their requirements called for. Where such persons were obstinate they were made to feel the heavy hand of conditions. But such instances were rare, and with the mutual coöperation of banks and depositors all difficulties were overcome. As an illustration, I may mention the activities of the bank with which I have the honor to be connected in an official capacity. During the critical period above mentioned we imported $105,000,000 of gold, which represented payment by the foreigners for cotton, wheat, copper, and other commodities. Of all the bills of exchange that were purchased and sent abroad, not one dollar's worth covered anything but a strictly commercial transaction, to the exclusion even of credits previously established by the export of merchandise. Every bill remitted was accompanied by shipping documents. As these ranged in amounts from $500 to $10,000 as a maximum, the amount of labor involved in handling the enormous mass of documents and the nervous strain upon the clerical force may be imagined. This same bank paid out to its customers during that period of forty-five days over $50,000,000 in cold cash, without exacting the slightest premium. And this was done notwithstanding the fact that much of this cash was imported at no little cost to the bank.

Seeing Double

THE judge at a Kentucky horserace one day took too many mint-juleps before he went to his day's work. There was a race during the afternoon between two horses, a roan and a bay.

The horses ran well together until the head of the stretch, when the bay fell down and the roan cantered under the wire alone. Whereupon the judge startled everybody by leaning over the edge of the judge's stand and solemnly announcing: "Dead heat, gentlemen, dead heat."

"What's that?" shouted the owner of the roan. "How do you make it a dead heat? Didn't you see the accident at the head of the stretch?"

"Certainly," announced the judge. "I saw it. The two bays fell down at the head of the stretch, but the two roans finished nose and nose."

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Standard Watch as Time Goes On

Jeweled—tested—guaranteed. In beautiful 20-year gold-filled cases—NINE DOLLARS.

Take an Ingersoll-Trenton in your hand; look at it critically; feel it; wind it. Then put it in your pocket; consult it; depend on it. It will not fail you. It is our business to make fine watches for people to whom the *exact time* is important. We are successful watchmakers. More than one-half of *all* the watches made in the United States come from our factories. Our watches are right *mechanically.* They keep time, and *wear.* Artistically they delight the eye. Into each watch we put experience, skill, conscience and ideals. Back of each watch are our name and guarantee. The worth of that name and guarantee is known to seventeen millions of people who have bought our watches and tested their faithfulness.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is our masterpiece. Into it has gone all our watch-knowledge and watch-inspiration. It is a living, ticking, time-keeping realization of our ideas as to what a good watch ought to be. The *whole watch* is completed under one roof. We make the works, fit them to our special cases; we regulate the time in our own factory before shipment and guarantee it to the buyer. No other watchmakers do *all* of these things. We also *fix the price,* and advertise it so that you cannot be overcharged.

The Ingersoll-Trenton is *sold* by 6,000 enterprising and responsible jewelers throughout the United States. It is *bought* by people of intelligence and thrift who want a *jeweled* watch for *nine dollars*—one that will "stand up" and tell time for twenty years and more.

Ask your jeweler to show you an Ingersoll-Trenton. It is one of the sights of the world of watchmaking. If he can't do it, ask him *why.* Then write and tell us his answer; and *we* will write both you and him and see if we cannot arrange to have the two of you get together in this most important watch transaction. But first ask to *see* the Ingersoll-Trenton; put it up to your *jeweler.* It is his special business to give you the best *watch* at the best *price.* See that he *does.*

Here is the full schedule of Ingersoll-Trenton prices:

$5 in solid nickel case **$7** in 10-year gold-filled case **$9** in 20-year gold-filled case

The famous Ingersoll *Dollar* Watch continues to be the world's best *seller.* It is the watch for the masses. It originally set the pattern and the pace for all low-priced watches that are worth while and is *still ahead.* It is sold by 60,000 dealers.

We have published a little book, bound in an embossed cover. It contains *five facts* worth *five dollars* to any one who is ever going to buy another watch. The title of this book is, "*How to Judge a Watch.*" What is your address? We would like to send you a copy with our compliments.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 21 Frankel Bldg., New York City

You Can Now Buy a Refrigerator At Wholesale Factory Price

The Sanitor Sold to You Direct

DO YOU want a high grade refrigerator? **A Retail Proposition at a Wholesale Price.** We have it. We have decided to sell this high grade refrigerator direct from the factory to the user. This means wholesale factory prices to you. This means you can save from 25 to 40 per cent, or from $5.00 to $25.00, according to size, by purchasing this high grade refrigerator. Let us explain how:

First you write for our free refrigerator folder which gives photographs, full particulars of our selling plan and wholesale factory prices. You select the particular size refrigerator for your needs to fit the space you have for it and we ship it right to you from the factory, **prepaying freight charges.** Thus you cut out the middleman's profits and keep them for yourself. Thus your saving is considerable, yet that saving isn't all, for we give you a better refrigerator than you can buy elsewhere at the price.

First—the outer casings of our refrigerators are **not** oak "finish"—but **genuine oak—all oak—heavy oak**—put together to last a lifetime.

Secondly—the interior of our refrigerators are lined with porcelain enamel, which is guaranteed to be indestructible, absolutely sanitary, and easily kept clean. That's the reason why our refrigerator is called "Sanitor."

A 30 Days' Free Trial Is Given with Every "Sanitor"—With the Privilege of Returning It to Us If Not Satisfactory and Receiving Every Cent of Your Money Back.

Sanitor Refrigerators Last a Lifetime—always keep your food pure and fresh—always protect your health—always insure greatest economy in ice bills. Our various sizes enable you to get just the particular refrigerator suitable to your requirement and which fits the particular space you want to put it.

When writing be sure and ask for handsomely illustrated folder No. 41.

We Prepay Freight and According to Size You Buy

—We Save You $25.00
—We Save You $20.00
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Sanitor Refrigerator Co.
1330 Corn Exchange Bank Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on EYE GLASSES

You will never have eyeglass comfort, convenience or lens efficiency until you wear a Shur-on.

ALL EYEGLASSES ARE NOT SHUR-ONS.

Better mechanical construction makes Shur-ons the best eyeglasses.

Always ask for a Shur-on; be sure you get it $3 and $5 without lenses

Let us send you valuable information. You should have it before buying eyeglasses.

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POULTRY PAYS If **Norwich Automatic Feeder and Exerciser** is used. Rat, rain, sparrow proof. Feeds just enough any kind grain to chickens 6 weeks old and older. Gives exercise, **saves feed—labor; increases eggs,** hastens growth, prevents disease, stops loss; makes poultry keeping pleasant, profitable. Thousands in use, inexpensive. Send today for free trial offer. **Agents wanted—big seller.**

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The World's Standard Motor-Boat Engine

The engine is the deciding factor in purchasing a motor-boat. On that depends your ultimate satisfaction.

We help you not only to select the best engine but the best boats built for all purposes.

Write to us for full information

Whether you intend buying complete boat or engine alone. We can advise you as to the best motor-boats built.

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It tells in simple, non-technical language facts that every buyer and owner should know about the construction and operation of motor-boat engines. Complete description of Ferro Engines, with every working-part illustrated.

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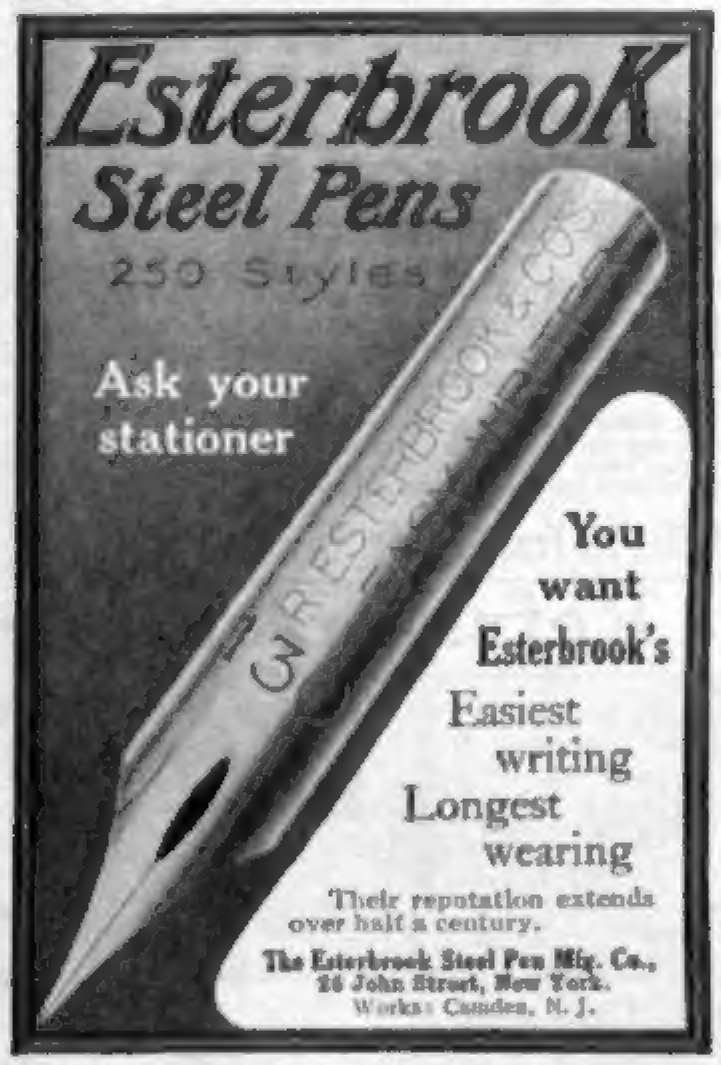
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You want Esterbrook's
Easiest writing
Longest wearing

Their reputation extends over half a century.

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Works: Camden, N. J.

$33 Profit in One Day

made by a man who earned $1174 in 111 days. Ask for proof.

FREE BOOK

Automatic Photo Button Machine and Complete Outfit $25

including enough plates, frames, etc., to net $40. When completed photo buttons are sold at only 10c each. Start a rapid-fire, outdoor, money-making business. Camera takes, develops and finishes picture, ready to wear in 30 seconds. A big money-maker at parks, carnivals, fairs and outdoor celebrations. Can be set up in 20 seconds ready to operate. No experience necessary; complete instructions with each outfit. Easy to move with the crowd. Weighs 6 pounds. Will ship upon deposit of $5.00, balance C. O. D.

SCHNADIG SALES AGENCY, 202 Crilly Bldg., Chicago

5%

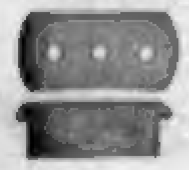
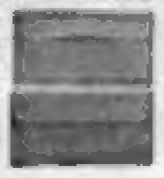
16 YEARS

Our record for that time is open to public examination in the files of New York Banking Dept., under whose supervision our business is conducted.

We have never paid less than 5% a year. Assets increased to over $2,000,000 while accumulating Surplus and Profits of $150,000. Open an account with us at any time, withdrawals upon 30 days' notice. Five per cent paid for every day.

Write for booklet.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co., 1 Times Bldg., B'way & 42nd St., New York



Safety Razor Blades Made Sharper Than New $2\frac{1}{2}$c EA.

Dull razor blades resharpened by Keenedge Electric Process ("the only way"), 30c the dozen. 80,000 repeating customers. Send address for convenient mailing wrapper.

KEENEDGE CO., 608 Keenedge Building, CHICAGO

Sense and Nonsense

The Billet-Doux

AN ACTOR, named Smith for the purposes of this story, went to his club one day and found a letter for another actor of the same name. The letter was from a tailor and read as follows: "*Dear Sir:* Your account is now eighteen months overdue, and unless you pay at once we shall put it in the hands of our attorney for collection."

The first Smith knew the letter wasn't for him, and he put it in another envelope, addressed it to the Smith for whom it was intended and sat down to read his own mail.

In a few minutes the other Smith came along. He took the letter from the tailor, tore it open and read it, while leaning against the mantel. Then, smiling tenderly, he tore it into little pieces and, as he threw the scraps into the fireplace, said so everybody in the room could hear him: "Silly little girl! How she loves muh!"

Prosperity's Pessimist

What's eggs at a dollar a dozen, by jing,
When a feller ain't got any eggs?
What's chickens two shillin's a pound in the spring,
When a feller ain't got yellerlegs?
What's lumber at any price, knot-holed or sound,
If a feller ain't got any logs?
What's pork, sellin' strong at two shillin's a pound,
When a feller ain't got any hogs?

What's beef at a quarter a pound, bone an' fat,
When a feller ain't got any meat?
What's flour at th' price it is now, tell me that,
If a feller ain't got any wheat?
What's fodder at twenty-four dollars a ton,
When a feller ain't got any corn?
What's turkeys at three or four dollars fer one
If yourn ain't never been born?

What's feed at a couple of dollars a sack,
When a feller ain't got any oats?
What's bacon at twenty-five cents fer a snack,
When a feller ain't got any shoats?
What's pasture, wuth hundreds of dollars a field,
When y' ain't got no pastures t' browse?
What's milk at ten cents by th' quart of th' yield,
If a feller ain't got any cows?

What's labor four dollars a day wuth to me,
When I got th' lumbago an' sich,
An' can't do no work, but jist set round an' see
A hull lot o' fellers git rich?
What's jobs wuth two hundred a month, lemme know,
When I ain't seen a one of them loose?
Don't talk no good times, 'cause I don't call 'em so,
An' s'pose if I did—what's the use?

—*J. W. Foley.*

Hopes for the Sick Man

IT IS the custom in many country weekly offices to run a column each week telling how the sick people in that vicinity are getting along.

A paper published in Ohio had such a column and for several months this line appeared: "Willis Randall, who is lying sick at home, is about the same."

This kept up week after week. One day the editor met the brother of Willis.

"Hello, Jim," he said, "how's Willis today?"

"Well," Jim replied, "he was just about the same yestiddy and today, and he'll be just about the same tomorrer, but I'm hopin', Mr. Editor, that by next Monday you kin announce he's all in."

The Law Against Confetti

SOME Washingtonians went out to Hyattsville, Maryland, to a wedding.

"Jim," said one of the Washingtonians to the aged negro butler who was fussing around, "can't you get us some confetti?"

"What's dat?" asked Jim.

"Can't you get us some confetti?"

"No, suh, I cain't, boss, I suah cain't. This yere's bin a dry town for more'n a year an' they ain't a drap in de house."

"Mary, I Forgot To Tell You About Dinner!"

Remember the many, many times you happened to think of something you had forgotten to do upstairs or downstairs, or in some other part of the house? Then, of course, you either had to call for someone or do it yourself. If your home had been equipped with

Western-Electric Inter-phones

you could have telephoned your instructions without leaving the room.

Just think for a moment what it would mean to have in your home a telephone system so simple that by pressing a button you could talk from any room to anyone in any other room—and so perfect in quality that they work just as well as the telephones on the city line.

Inter-phones can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from $5.00 per station up, depending on the type of equipment selected. The cost of maintenance is no more than for an electric door bell.

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS A WESTERN ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Write our nearest house for Booklet No. 8266, giving complete information about the different Inter-phone systems.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT
"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE."

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta.
Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis.
Write our Nearest House.
Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha.
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City.
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Antwerp London Berlin Paris

15 Days' Free Trial

This Typewriter Desk Saves 6 Sq. Ft. Floor Space

15 Days' Free Trial. Ordinary typewriter desks occupy 10 sq. ft. This one takes only four. That means you can put two Uhl stands in space of one ordinary desk. Has plenty space for week's supply stationery. Rigid steel frame, absolutely indestructible. Wood platforms—silent under operation. Movement of simple lever draws up castors so stand is changed from easiest moved of all stands to most rigid and *immovable*. Closes and locks at night (see illustration).

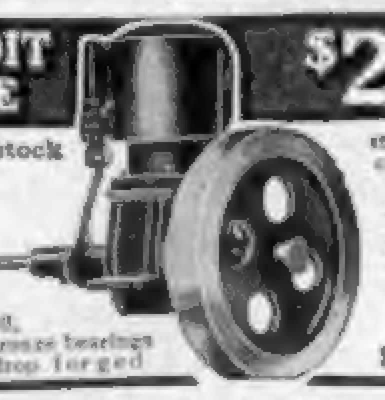
Uhl Art Steel Typewriter Stand and CABINET

We will deliver one to you through your dealer on 15 days' free trial if you will write us on your business letter head and state position you hold. If not entirely satisfactory, trial costs you not a penny. Write for full particulars first if you wish, giving dealer's name. Then make trial. Address

If Not Entirely Satisfactory, Trial Costs You Not a Penny

Open Closed

THE TOLEDO METAL FURNITURE CO., 2003 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio
(1) *Makers of famous Uhl Art Steel Furniture.*


2 H. P. DETROIT ENGINE $29.50 Engine only, without Electrical or Boat Equipment

Other sizes at proportionate prices in stock ready to ship. Single cylinder engines, 2 to 8 h. p.; double cylinders, 8 to 20 h. p.; four cylinder, 50 h. p. Engines start without cranking. No cams, no sprockets, only three moving parts. All engines counterbalanced. No vibration. Special fuel injector burns gasoline, kerosene, coal alcohol, naphtha distillate. Plastic white (no cheap babbitt used). Crankshaft oil, bronze bearings drop forged steel. Bearing surfaces ground. Adjustable steel connecting rod. Waterproof ignition system. For your launch, sailboat, rowboat, stern wheel boat or railroad track car. 20,000 satisfied users. Free catalog and testimonials. **Demonstrating Agents wanted in every boating community.** Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. **Sent on 30 days' trial.** [47]

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
1304 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Why not a prosperous retail business of your own—now?

There are big possibilities for men with limited capital in a profitable line, concerning which I will be glad to give complete information. Write today for 200 page, illustrated book—and stories of truly exceptional successes. A chance to grow from a small beginning into a big department store. The book is free for the asking. EDWARD B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

YOUR SAFETY RAZOR BLADES
carefully sharpened and tested by expert workmen for 2½cts. each, 25cts. the dozen. Blades returned promptly.
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Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?
THE CLENDENING 190 W. 103 St., N.Y. Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet C with map of city.

Wise Dealers—Users—Painters Have Decided in favor of "High Standard" Paint

The first paint ever made was hand-mixed. But there was good reason. The better way was then unknown.

Necessity does not now require that the painter mix your paint.

Today no one wants clothes from cloth woven in a hand loom, from yarn spun on a distaff.

Machines turn out better work at lower cost.

When you use machine-mixed paint you get a better paint—and you *save* the painter's time. That's worth 25 to 70 cents an hour.

But just as some shoddy mixtures are woven by the dynamo-driven machinery of modern woolen mills—so some cheap paints are mixed by machine. It isn't enough to insist on machine-mixed paint, you've got to look out for *Quality* as well.

Paint quality can't be told by appearance. One paint looks like another *in the can.*

How, then, shall you know what machine-mixed, ready-for-use paint to buy?

There is only one safe guide to infallible paint quality—the name of the maker on the can.

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint

is a name that stands, and always has stood, for reliable paint of supreme quality. It represents *evolution* in paint-making—good to begin with, constantly growing better.

What progress has lead-in-oil made meantime? It differs in no way from the white lead of the past—is produced by the same process on.. without the *aging* which made it good in the old days. When there were no gases, no coal smoke, no city dust—when lumber was well seasoned and only the best was used—even *then* white lead-in-oil passed muster only because there was nothing else.

You know how much more is expected of paint today—how it is subjected to destructives from within and without. Paint *must* be more than it used to be. Only a *modern* paint can withstand modern *conditions.*

Lowe Brothers' "High Standard" Liquid Paint is a modern paint. Yet back of it are 40 years of experience, during which we have studied the changing needs of the times and learned how to meet them. And over and above all we have been true to our ideal—*quality.*

"High Standard" Paint and other Lowe Brothers' quality products have the "Little Blue Flag" on the can—your protection.

The Lowe Brothers Company
460 E. Third Street, Dayton, O.

Gentlemen:—Kindly send

"Good Homes by Good Architects" (Enclose 25c.)
"Common Sense About Interiors"
"Paint and Painting"

Mark with X those you want.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

For Every Paint Purpose—Inside and Out—There is a "Little Blue Flag" Finish

LINDURO, an enduring enamel; **VERNICOL,** a high-grade stain for woods, and **MELLOTONE,** the "High Standard" of Flat Finishes—for interiors—combines the washable, durable qualities of oil paint with the beauty of water colors; **VARNISH,** remarkably pale and high quality. The Lowe Brothers' agent near you is an authority on paints and painting, and will gladly give you the benefit of his experience, and show you latest color card. If you don't know his name, write us. **Let us send one or all the following books**—mark in coupon those you want and take it to your nearest agent or mail to us: **1—"Good Homes by Good Architects"**—showing complete houses in color, outside and inside, with floor plans, color schemes, and practical suggestions. The most unique, beautiful and practical book for house owners. Enclose **25 cents. 2—"Common Sense About Interiors"**—a beautifully illustrated book of information about interior finishes, **Free. 3—"Paint and Painting"**—Vital facts that you ought to know about paint, varnish and enamel, **Free.**

The Lowe Brothers Company, 460 E. Third Street, **Dayton, O.**
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Lowe Brothers
HIGH STANDARD
LIQUID·PAINT

The form in which you use shaving soap is not so important as the quality of the soap. The kind of lather that thoroughly softens the beard, lasts until the shave is completed, and leaves the skin soothed and refreshed is the kind you always get from

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams'
Quick & Easy
Shaving
Powder
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

is Williams' Shaving Soap in powdered form, but it is always Williams' Shaving Soap, having the same ingredients, the same careful manufacture, and affording the same creamy, refreshing lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Preparations from others.

Samples of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Either Williams' Shaving Stick, or Shaving Powder, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents, if your dealer fails to supply you.

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.